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# CANADA CAVALCADE

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By ROBERT H. DAVIS

CANADA CAVALCADE

"—THE MORE I ADMIRE DOGS"

BOB DAVIS AT LARGE

ISLANDS FAR AND NEAR

WITH BOB DAVIS HITHER AND YON

ON HOME SOIL WITH BOB DAVIS

BOB DAVIS ABROAD!

BOB DAVIS AGAIN! IN MANY MOODS

BOB DAVIS RECALLS

OVER MY LEFT SHOULDER

THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD: O. HENRY  
(With Arthur B. Maurice)

TREE TOAD: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF A SMALL BOY





GENERAL SCOTT B. MUNIE

*Changqua flies the steelhead on Stamp River,  
Fairweather Island, B. C.*

# CANADA CAVALCADE

THE MAPLE LEAF DOMINION  
FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC

*by*

ROBERT H. DAVIS



ILLUSTRATED

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*To*  
A GOOD NEIGHBOR:  
CANADA



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**PART ONE**  
**WESTERN**  
**CANADA**



## I

### BIRTH OF THE BUTCHART GARDENS

VICTORIA, B. C.

ONCE upon a time, in the city of Toronto, there lived a girl who possessed the euphonious name of Jenny Kennedy. She was round-faced, rosy-cheeked, wide-awake and full of laughter. At twelve she could out-skate any boy in the neighborhood; at sixteen she rode frisky ponies bareback; at eighteen she was the best equestrienne in the park; and always a picture to look upon. When the flying machine came into existence and the world became air-minded Jenny Kennedy was one of the first to sit at the controls, take off for the higher ecstasies and look down upon the landscape. Young men lifted their eyes to her, hoping for the best.

Among her numerous suitors was Robert Pem Butchart, who had attained distinction and prosperity as a manufacturer of cement. His courtship brought Jenny Kennedy down from the high altitudes to the safer community of earth. Jenny became Bob's bride, went with him to Owen Sound and took up her life and the rearing of a family among the limestone from which cement is made. With the development of Canada, and an increasing demand for building material, Robert Butchart left Owen Sound, came to Vancouver

Island and opened a larger plant eleven miles from Victoria, near Brentwood, where an inexhaustible supply of limestone awaited transmutation.

It is here, twenty-seven years later, seated in what in all probability is the finest private garden in the Dominion of Canada, if not in North America, that I learned from the former Jenny Kennedy of Toronto how this fairyland came to be.

"I shall never forget," she began, "the day I first set eyes on this once barren spot. Nothing could have been less inviting than the hard, shapeless masses of limestone that protruded from the earth. It was a triumph in disorder and unattractiveness. With powder and drill, steam shovels and cranes the scene was made even more terrible. Tons upon tons of stone were torn away until, at the end of four years, a yawning pit was formed, a pit that seemed to be the grave of all earthly happiness. One day, while standing on the lip of the ghastly chasm, which, strangely enough, evoked a weird fascination, I broke into a flood of tears. I do not know why, but women must weep. A few months afterward that pit was abandoned and became a silent, unoccupied tomb, in the center of which stood a mound of low-grade limestone and at one end a sheet of blue quiet water, the percolation from hidden springs. Happily, the thought occurred—for which I shall ever thank God—to turn the unsightly spot into a sunken garden."

"Had you previous familiarity with the possibilities in flowers?" I asked.



VIEW OF MR. BUTCHART'S HOUSE FACING  
THE GARDENS



VIEW OF PART OF THE SUNKEN GARDENS



THE INNER HARBOR, VICTORIA



MR. AND MRS. ROBERT PEM BUTCHART

"None whatever," replied Mrs. Butchart. "I was interested only in my husband and daughters and the household duties. The idea of beautifying the earth came to me late in life. Like a flame the limestone pit burst into imaginary bloom. I told Bob of the inspiration. He joined with me heart and soul. Together we set our hands to the task; we brought rich loam, tons of it, into the gray chasm; we imported shrubs, climbing plants, ferns, ivy; we sowed grass and made beds of border blossom; planted rock gardens; transplanted trees from every part of the island and from other lands. Within two years the whole floor of the once extinct volcano was a place of beauty. The very walls were formed into cataracts of color and loveliness. We planted willows around the spring and built arbors and bridges and pergolas, and Japanese miniature gardens and Italian vistas until there was no room for another tree or flower."

"Your tears were not shed in vain," said I, recalling the lachrymal flood.

"Quite the contrary," replied Mrs. Butchart, buoyantly. "I began to live with the one purpose, to make every available corner of this estate come to life, to throw it open to the public, free for all time and to make it better and better as time goes on. Having conquered the pit we extended the garden beyond in every direction until now our house has come to be surrounded with more than four hundred varieties of blossoming plants, all flowering in season. Residents of Victoria began to visit us; tourists from all over the world came to our doors and were made wel-



come. Not since 1908 has any gate that opens on the Butchart Gardens been closed to the public, except the two days we received privately the Sultan of Siam and one day each to three hundred American doctors and the American garden chiefs. Every year Bob and I make a pilgrimage to some foreign land and bring back seeds for planting."

"And in your absence . . ."

"The public comes and goes at will. We built a rest and reading room for those who wish to spend the day. A procession of motors and sight-seeing cars mornings and afternoons, Sundays included. Fifty thousand people a year come to see what we have done with plants and flowers on sixteen desolate acres. It has been a labor of love and is free to all."

"What percentage of the visiting public pick a posy?"

"Oh, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Butchart, "they never even think of such a thing. If any one felt like taking a flower from the Butchart Gardens Bob and I would be the last to object."

"In that event I'll take a rose."

"Welcome, indeed," replied the former Jenny Kennedy, "and if you really care for flowers I would suggest that you go with Bob to the stock-room and let him make a selection of seeds for you. Live in the country?"

I confessed to the Floral Queen that my residence was on the seventh floor of a New York skyscraper and that my garden was limited to a window box. Well, that would be all right, too. So, therefore, if

next spring anybody sees me coming down Fifth Avenue wearing a trio of velvet pansies let it be known that the seeds came from Mrs. Butchart's Garden, where flowers reach the seventh heaven of earthly perfection.

## II

### "URSUS KERMODEI" ARRIVES IN TOWN

BEACON HILL PARK,  
VICTORIA, B. C.

I AM determined to record the true and unvarnished details of the story of the Little White Bear, revealing why the original plan to ship him to the Bronx Zoological Garden went askew. Be it known that the non-appearance in New York of "Ursus Kermodei"—who takes his name from Dr. Francis Kermode, director of the Provincial Museum of Natural History for British Columbia—was a great disappointment to New York's Dr. Hornaday.

The source of my information, coming as it does from one who resided in the region of Princess Royal Island in British Columbia, where Ursus first saw the light of day, reveals all. However, I present the narrative precisely as it came to me from the lips of the narrator, with whom I talked in the presence of the Little White Bear, now a captive in Beacon Hill Park, Victoria.

"I'm gonna tell you more about this here now bear (come here, you little son of a gun) than was ever told before," he began, clapping his hands before the iron bars and making a friendly grimace. "He was took in a hat by a Siwash Indian on Princess Royal

Island durin' May, 1924, near Butedale. What the hell he was doin' away from his folks, bein' as how he was only six months old, I dunno. Look at him. He ain't no Polar, you can lay to that. Got a head and a belly like a grizzly. (Ursus, I like your eye; kinder soft and gentle.) Pipe his pelt. You never saw nothin' whiter 'un he is in winter. Just now the fur shows a smatterin' of rust, but that'll go out in December and then you'll see somethin'. Well, this here Indian sold Ursus to a white man, name of Flowers, for twenty-five dollars. (That right, Ursus? And you was about a foot long. Brought you clear down to Vancouver in his arms.) 'Bout that time a scout, representin' the Bronx Zoo—you know what I mean—the Bronx, New York—heard about the Little White Bear and sets out on the trail of the Siwash, without, you might say, catchin' up with him until the British Columbia Game Board got wind of what was goin' on. (Stand up, little feller, and give us a peek at you.) Weighs 'bout two hundred now. Natur'l diet fish, roots, grass and skunk cabbage, with berries for de-sert in the fall of the year. Bein' fed now on carrots, vegetables and dog biscuits or whatever in hell the public throws to him. Eats anything nobody else wants. (Gimme your paw, boy.)”

“What,” I asked, “had the Game Board to do with the private life of Ursus Kermodei?”

“He was took illegally. Twelve years the Gove'ment declared a closed season agin this here white bear family and full pertection was guarant'd. (That's what they done, Ursus, and by rights you orter be free.

Come over here and lemme lay a hand on you.) Flowers, not knowin' that he was bein' pursued, deposits Ursus Kermodei—which it wasn't yet his name—with the Zoo Super, at Stanley Park, Vancouver, for safe keepin' until he could projec' around and find the scout from the Bronx, New York, and close a deal for shippin' Ursus out of the country. Bad break, leavin' Ursus at Vancouver, where the British Columbia Game Board showed up and confiscates him. (Brung you up here, Mr. White Pelt, didn't they, and stuck you in for keeps? Sit up while I look you over. Atta boy!) He knows me."

Ursus Kermodei for the first time during the interview turned a pair of soft brown eyes upon us and ambled across his cage, rising as he approached.

"You can see," said his biographer, burying a hand in the deep fur of Ursus's neck boa, soft as lamb's wool and thick as a door mat, "that this little devil knows a man from the North country when he sees one."

None the less, Ursus wasn't what you might call crazy to be mauled even by an admirer. When Ursus discovered that his admirer had nothing to offer in the way of edibles he dropped back on his four feet and cut us dead.

"You ain't got no idea," continued the Old Pal, "how this here critter would make up to me if strangers wasn't around. (That right, Ursus? You betcha.) Lemme tell you another thing: This kind of a bear is so scarce that only seventeen stuffed specimens is in

“URSUS KERMODEI” ARRIVES IN TOWN 11

extant. And this now Ursus Kermodei, right here before yore eyes, is the only livin' one in captivity. (Correct, Ursus? Yore damn right it is.) And you boys down in the Bronx ain't gonna get him away from Victoria. Any kids as wants to have a look must come to Beacon Hill Park to see Ursus K. Tell 'em that for me.”

“Just how did the Little White Bear come by his present name?” I inquired. “Why does the Director of the Provincial Museum figure so prominently?”

“Oh, that there was done for a joke by one of them fellers shooting his bazoo off through a meggerphone from a sightseein' bus. ‘This here white bear,’ says he to the rubber necks, ‘is the only one not roamin’ at large. He is knowed as Ursus-Kermodei.’ The name stuck and there you are. Sounds all right at that. (Ursus, yore all right. You sure are.) I’m crazy about him.”

“Has there been any effort during recent years to capture another specimen?”

“Well, yes. A permit was give to Captain Jones of the British Zoölogical Society to bring one in, for exhibition in the Zoölogical Garden in London, but Jonesy ain't had no success in that direction. If you ast me, the Little White Bear is damned scarce, and is goin' to be more scarcer. (Ain't you, Ursus? Dog gawn it, come here.)”

Again the alabaster rascal came stumbling to the bars and once more suffered the ardent Northerner to ruffle his pelt. The spectacle reminded me of a child

mauling a Teddy Bear that had turned up in his Christmas stocking.

For my own account I do not recall having seen in captivity, or for that matter in the wilds, a more beautiful animal than *Ursus Kermodei*, prisoner of the Beacon Hill Park.

### III

#### A VICTORIAN'S VISIT TO LONDON

VICTORIA, B. C.

ONE of the fine features of this city is Crystal Garden, a colossal indoor swimming-pool made of marble, glazed tiling and glass. Growing flowers, trailing vines and light clusters combine to impart a day-and-night luster that could more than compete with the Roman baths of classic Italian history. Indeed, men who have no interest whatever in the mere act of laving the human form are wont to foregather around this luxurious institution devoted to aquatic exercises and while away the time in reminiscence.

"This sitting around in minimum attire," remarked a gray-haired, rather portly gentleman, dangling his feet in the limpid water, "quite appeals to me. Clothing is an abomination. The most disagreeable two weeks of my whole lifetime were spent in London, during a visit with a delegation of swankers, all equipped with complete wardrobes. The day we arrived at the British capital it dawned upon me that I was shy of the togs necessary to get past the sartorial censor."

A liberal display of sympathy on my part won his confidence. "Of course," I said, "you met the issue like a valiant Canadian and held up the honor of the maple leaf."



"Oh, yes, in a sense," he replied, rubbing his bare legs, "but at what cost in personal comfort! My initial step was to send for a valet and put myself in his hands. 'Your job,' said I, 'is to make me fit to look upon. And to keep me that way.' He took me on."

"And you became the glass of fashion and the mold of form."

"Well, I wouldn't say exactly that," replied the valet monopolist, "but there was a trend in the right direction. Smith—that was my valet's name, opened his campaign by asking for a look at my luggage. I threw my bunch of keys on the bed and told him to go as far as he liked. It was made plain to me, as the unpacking progressed, that Smith was a bit disappointed in the exhibit. Shirts, old fashioned; socks, the wrong color; dress coat, n. g. in the waist; vest, black—should have been white percale; trousers, awful; collapsible opera hat. Before he got his hammer out for the skypiece I told him that it was bought for Alex Warren's wedding in Nanaimo, Vancouver Island, 1906, and that it would have to do for whatever festivity came my way in London. He blanched and placed the lid carefully on the dresser. Then he laid out my frock coat and striped trousers. 'What's the matter with 'em?' I asked, rather pointedly. 'Nothing particular, sir,' he said, 'for the period that they typify, but the cut of the trousers is entirely uncalled for in the present generation. As for the coat, sir, beggin' your pardon, if I may suggest—well, it's like this. . . .' 'That will do, Smith,' I said, waving the whole collection of duds into limbo. 'Now let's start from the bottom and

face the music. What will it cost to lay in a whole line of stuff calculated to put me on an equal footing with the properly garbed gentry of your Empire? Junk everything and start fresh.' The Great Smith figured out that at a total cost of what in pounds, shillings and pence amounting to \$403 in Canadian legal tender I could be shot through London society for two weeks without causing audible comment on the part of the general public. Smith asked one day's grace in which to run me through the smart shops and assemble the equipment; most of it ready made, but remodeled to meet my architectural lines."

The Victorian slid his right leg into the pool, kicking up a little spray, but decided not to step off.

"Did Smith have the artistic touch?" I asked.

"He was a genius. Three times a day I went forth from his hands into the very heart of London's best society. The other members of the commission, wholly unaware of the torture I was enduring, looked upon me with envy. I despised Smith's art, but admired his fidelity. It was Smith who schooled me to refrain from inserting thumbs under my suspenders and pulling the braces into view during a conversation; to carry gloves and not wear them; to push a cane, not swing it; to enter a room like a landlord, rather than a tenant; to smoke a cigar, not eat it. But he could not prevent me from sweating blood under my fine raiment and external good manners. Only at nighttime, clothed in my old-fashioned nightgown, chawing a cigar and reading the works of Edgar Wallace in bed, was I completely at rest. Upon departing from London I

offered Smith whatever he chose to select—including the plug hat—from among my original effects, or to sell them below stairs and keep the change. He told me, deferentially, that no British valet ever wore anything of pre-war vintage. Nevertheless, Smith was one of the best of his kind, and a gentleman. My last three days in England were spent as a week-end guest at the country estate of Lord ——. His valet, 'Williams from Wiles,' informed me that his Lordship was by way of being a great poker player. Good news. I took the nobleman for 16 pounds 5 shillings. The next morning I told Williams that I had 'stuck his Lordship across the table.' 'Not fatally, I 'ope,' exclaimed Williams, blanching to his ear lobes, and departing in haste to stop the flow of blood. Oh, yes; I had two grand weeks, all dressed up in London. But I prefer Victoria, B. C., and this swimming-pool, where clothes do not make the man."

"Where were you born?" I inquired.

"Virginia City, Nevada!"

Which explains everything.

## IV

### TRAGEDY OF THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

VICTORIA, B. C.

HE was rather an agreeable old chap, this man I met in one of the numerous parks that add to the natural beauty of Victoria; an individual possessing rare gifts as a spinner of yarns, both grave and gay. Great was his sense of humor. One of his stories, fraught with suspense and no little dramatic action, is worth retelling, if only for the "kick" in the last paragraph.

"At the close of the World War I was a resident of Nanaimo, on the west coast of this island," he said, tamping the ash down in his briar, "and disorganized with the rest of civilization. As you know, it wasn't all beer and skittles locatin' favorable situations in those days. I got a bit of unsteady employment drivin' a motor car for a gentleman who 'ad ups and downs, which in a manner of speakin' interfered with me 'avin' a fixed income, bein' as 'ow I was paid only when he was in funds. But I will say for 'im he was well born and 'ad the instincts of a gentleman, regrettin' 'is irregularities and at the same time 'oldin' out the 'ope that a turn would come when 'e could liquidate as is the custom with refined people, one of which 'e was. I

trust that you 'ave not found this world entirely unsympathetic in your advancin' years."

"Quite the contrary, my dear sir. Thanks very largely to the war, humanity experienced an upward curve in personal relations."

"Hindividually, yes; but not among nitions. Well, as I was sayin', a prime one in 'is way, this gentleman fell heir to a few thousand pounds sterlin' from a relative deceased at the front bearin' arms for 'is country, and settled up with me in full, at the same time addin' a handsome fee on the eve of 'is departin' for Sussex, where 'is folks, such as remained, was carryin' on. Before 'is departure for the old country he secured for me a situation as watchman on the country estate of a gentleman livin' quietly with his wife and a few servants several miles north just off the Malahat highway, which as you know passes through Gawd's own country, which is of endurin' beauty. 'Mr. Brisco'—that's my name—says my new employer to me, 'this estate, open to the public at all hours of the day for peaceful enjoyment, is closed after dark. Your duty is to see that no strangers remain, come dusk. Your quarters will be the cottage in the cedar grove near the entrance gate.'"

Mr. Briscoe knocked the dottle from his pipe, cut some plug tobacco into the palm of his left hand and heeled it leisurely.

"Knowin' the regulations," he went on, "visitors never stayed much after sundown; very seldom was it necessary to remind a couple occupyin' one of the settees in the grove or gardens that the day was fadin'.

Folks seemed to know what was expected of them. After three summer months, patrollin' the four enclosed acres between dark and midnight, and with nothin' else to do, I began to wonder what was the need for a watchman. One afternoon I went fishin' in a sailin' boat, got myself becalmed and didn't get back until 10 o'clock, three hours after the front gate should have been closed. Y'understand. 'Twas a starry night, a soft wind whisperin' in the trees and minglin' the scent of flowers, which richens, sir, with nightfall, filled me with longin' for long life in such a land. Shuttin' the gate, I made the rounds, marvelin' that there was not more romance and wonderin' why people went home at all. 'Ave you ever felt that way of a night-time when the sky is a-shimmer and the weather balmy? You 'ave, sir? Well, I'm glad to 'ear it.

"As I was sayin', in the midst of my rounds I makes out a dark blotch under the spreadin' boughs of a live oak tree along the avenue that leads to the manor 'ouse. 'Who can this be,' I arsk myself, approachin' cautious-like but with determination to see that the regulations was not bein' treated fast and loose. You wouldn't believe it, sir; there, locked, empty and silent, was a two-seater motor car. Wot ho! 'Ere was a pretty kettle of fish. 'And wot 'as become of the occupants?' I says to myself. 'Aht in the garden, 'oldin' 'ands no daht.' Bein' by nature a sentimental man, I decides against molestation, but at the same time I was of a mind to 'ave my little joke, so I opens the air valves and allows the tires to deflate one at a time, until the car was settin' on the rims. Then I returns to the cot-

tage in the maple grove near the gate, sets my pipe goin' and waits for the young folks to come along on the way out—walkin' perhaps—regretting the tire trouble.

"Along about 11:30, a sickle moon comes up over the trees and makes me think of William Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and I saw the injury I was doin' to perhaps innocent people. There was I, after a fine fishin' trip, playin' hookey you might say, inflictin' disaster on others. I was on the point of goin' back to the flat-tired car under the spreadin' oak and offerin' my services to the young folks, if needed. And I 'ad about come to the point where my conscience would allow me to forget about the whole thing in the name of freedom. Moonlight always affects me that way. As I sat there, waverin' on just what to do, the telephone inside the cottage set up a clamor. First time I ever heard it near midnight. Dashin' in I took down the receiver. 'Wot is it?'

" 'Are you there, Briscoe?'

" 'Yes, sir; speakin'.'

" 'If I remember rightly you are familiar with motor-cars.'

" 'Quite so, sir.'

" 'Sorry to bother you at this hour, but could you come up to the manor? Most extraordinary indeed, but the Mayor of Victoria, who has been dining with us, discovers as he is about to depart that all four of the tires on his runabout, which he drives himself, have gone suddenly flat.' "

## V

### GENERAL MONEY REVIEWS THE PAST

#### QUALICUM BEACH

**F**IFTEEN miles north of Courtenay along the east coast highway, Oyster River, which rises in the Forbidden Plateau, bids farewell to its glacial birth-place and plunges into the Strait of Georgia. At the intersection of the road and the stream I came upon an angler lugging a fifteen-pound spring salmon. To my bombardment of questions he replied that the fish had been taken two miles upstream on a fly that had been presented to him by a certain General Money, a "retired English Army officer."

If there ever had been any one unsatisfied desire in my young life it was to see, in action, an individual who had the intelligence and the time to shake off the cares that infest the day and live a sane, peaceful existence.

"And if a stranger were to call upon the General," I asked, "would he be likely to receive a welcome?"

"Yes, most cordial," replied the man with the salmon. "And if you are a fisherman—well, I would advise that you lose no time. You'll find him sixty miles south along the highway in a large house overlooking the bay at Qualicum Beach. The General was with Allenby, who took Jerusalem for the British dur-



ing the Egyptian expedition in 1917. He was also in the Boer War and in India. No chocolate soldier is General Noel Money."

[Two hours later: Retired English Army officer and the writer seated in inner shrine dedicated to angling, hunting and army life; walls decorated with pictures and trophies, maps and flags. Before us, spread on the center table, three bound volumes, constituting the pictorial and written record of Noel B. Money's activities with rod and fowling piece, dating back to his boyhood, beginning when he was fourteen, fifty years ago.]

"To have lived in the open, more hours than I have spent indoors," said he, "to have given all the time I could spare to field and stream; to have had my wife, my son and my daughter for companions under the sky has indeed made my life a happy one, and the better fitted me to serve my country."

"How did you come to select Qualicum Beach as your last stand?" I asked.

"An accident, if you will. In 1913, with my family, I was on the way to Campbell River, seventy miles north, to fish for the tyee salmon, king among the swimmers of all waters. When my eyes fell upon the bay that sweeps in from the Strait and I beheld this noble landscape that rises behind me and compared it with all other spots that I had ever seen, I came to the great decision. To build a home and remain here was the one desire. Before the walls were completed war was declared."

Brigadier General Money arose from the table. I was more than ever impressed with his youthful bearing: Six feet, straight as befits a soldier, thin and hard as iron, bronzed, gray-eyed and serene.

"When the Armistice was declared," he went on, "I returned to Qualicum and finished my home, as you see it now."

"In your forty-seventh year when the call to arms came?"

"Yes," he replied with a flash in his eye. "One is never too old to follow his flag. At any rate, they took me, and by the grace of God I am still alive to go again if needs be. At sixty-four a man who has spent his days in the open and kept himself fit is in the prime of life. It would be an easy matter for me to go through another campaign, but there seems to be a well-defined belief that war is an occupation solely for young men. Perhaps it is; they appear to regard conflict as their special privilege. In the meantime, I am making the most of the years to come." Turning, the General waved his hand toward an outline tracing of a trout that hung upon the wall. "There," said he, "is a fourteen-and-one-half pound rainbow trout taken thirty miles from here on a fly. I killed him in fast water on a five-and-a-half-ounce rod. On this wall is a steelhead, eleven pounds, taken by my daughter."

"Does the young lady follow you into swift rivers?" I asked.

"My dear sir," said the soldier, "my daughter and I fish together. Where I go she goes. We both wear wading boots that reach to the waist, and enter the

streams until a proper spot for a foothold is reached. And then, sir, with high hopes we proceed to cast. Her mother was equally efficient in her younger days. There isn't a mile of water on Vancouver Island that hasn't floated a fly from one of the Money family. Not in all the world can one find better salmon, trout and steelhead waters than exist in this piece of ground, over which we have walked, ridden and camped for fifteen glorious and incomparable summers and winters, with more to come."

"Now that you have so much to look forward to," said I, "could you not turn backward and recall something of those campaigning days when with Allenby you entered the Holy Land and set the British flag within the sight of the Sepulchre? What particular event in that occupation stands out in your mind as the most significant?"

"I would say," replied the retired English Army officer, "in response to your direct question, that next to the conquest of the Turks the outstanding triumph was the engineering feat of bringing fresh water for the British Army into Jerusalem from the Wells of Solomon across the nine miles of the desert. During three hundred previous years the Holy City was without a proper supply of drinking water." A chime of bells echoed in the next room. "Come, luncheon is served; we'll talk about Allenby and Jerusalem over cold ham, chicken and—something liquid.

"General Allenby," said he, setting down an empty sherry glass, "aware that for more than three hundred years Jerusalem had been without proper drink-

ing water, directed his engineering corps to make preparations with a view to piping it from the Wells of King Solomon, nine miles distant. The best-officered, best-equipped, best-trained army in the world cannot function without water, and plenty of it."

"What were the conditions as to a water supply in Jerusalem prior to the arrival of Allenby's troops?"

"Very bad; rain caught on roofs and impounded, or taken from wells that to say the least were unsanitary. Pestilence and disease were unavoidable. Bathing and cleanliness in living was difficult indeed. By the use of chemicals, boiling and filtration the army made the best of it until an aqueduct could be constructed between the Wells of Solomon and the city. An interesting development of the initial survey was the discovery on the part of the English engineering corps that the most direct route for the placing of the mains had been utilized B.C. for similar purposes. Beneath the accumulated sands along the same course selected by our army surveyors the ancients had installed their water pipes, made from blocks of stone hollowed full length in half circles and united with cement. How long these mains had been in use is pure conjecture, but the records disclose that for at least the last three centuries the wells had ceased to supply Jerusalem. As an achievement in surveying and construction the old aqueduct was a model. To-day as a consequence of the British occupation Jerusalem is equipped with a sanitary water system ample to meet all demands. For that achievement civilization is in debt to England."

"Where do you place Allenby as a tactician?" I asked.

"Among the great soldiers of history," said General Money. "He was endowed with that extraordinary quality of leadership by which commanders are enabled to hold the absolute homage of officers and men. The defeat of the Turks was a stupendous military maneuver executed entirely along lines laid down by the commanding general. There was not a single hitch in the proceeding, which had its inception in one mind and was a culmination of disciplined unity. His orders were never questioned. Before the final advance began he called into his presence those officers to whom he wished to give specific instructions. 'Gentlemen,' said he, addressing his staff as a group, 'the plan of battle will be as follows': He then for the first time, as you say in your country, laid his cards on the table. To individual officers he addressed himself in particular. 'At 8:30 take this hill. . . . Be prepared for an attack up the Jordan Valley. . . . You will take and hold this pass. We will make every attempt to relieve you at 9:30. . . . At 10 you will move toward this position behind the Turkish headquarters. . . . At 11 you will come up with the relief. . . . At 12:30 proceed as follows to be supported at 1:15 by So and So, provided you survive. Do not surrender a single position. The Turks will attempt a flank movement here. You must stop it. At 2 P.M. the Sultan's army will have ceased to exist. . . . Gentlemen, these matters are now in your hands.'

"It was agreed between both armies that there should be no fighting within two miles of Jerusalem. The compact was kept. The action elsewhere was terrific and, as General Allenby had planned, we had defeated the Turkish Army and had taken 95,000 prisoners. That battle closed the Balkans against the invasion of the Germans and sealed Egypt for the Allies. Military authorities place a high estimate upon that achievement brought about at a critical time. Allenby's place in history is assured."

"What brigade were you commanding on that occasion?"

"The 159th, made up of two Welsh battalions and two Cheshire battalions," answered General Money, glancing at a snare drum hanging upon the wall in an outer room. "That was the first drum to enter Jerusalem. It was presented to me by the 159th Infantry, Forty-fifth Battalion of the Welsh regiment. Not since the Armistice has it been struck. Nor will it ever be struck again—I hope. Nevertheless, it remains a pleasant memory."

Draped over a screen in the vestibule was a blue flag bearing upon its central field the white outlines of a dancing elephant.

"That," advised the retired army officer, "is the national emblem of the King of Siam, who visited Vancouver Island last September in the hope that he could capture a tyee salmon at Campbell River."

"The royal hope was not gratified," I informed the General. "But the Crown Prince hooked into a thirty-

five-pounder and landed it. I am on my way back to Victoria after a trip with Herbert Pitcock, who took the King fishing and showed him how to handle a real fish in action."

"That being the case," said General Money, "I hope some day you will return to this island and go steel-head fishing with me."

"Can do," said I, in the vernacular, "and will!"

On another occasion, when we were discussing the present status of this disordered world, he observed that civilization, so called, was, is and always would be somewhat confused.

"In the Hebrides," said he, "off the west coast of Scotland, there are many natives who still believe in fairies. In the Isle of Skye, where Flora Macdonald dressed up Bonnie Prince Charlie so that he could escape the Germans, who were on his trail, you will find grown men who will not go home at night alone for fear of encountering the fairies. Mrs. Money and I, salmon fishing in that section several years ago, came upon the ruins of a castle. The open space around the building had become a pasture for sheep. The grass, though quite thick, had been eaten close to the roots, a fact that I called to the attention of the gillie who accompanied us. He informed me quite seriously that it was grazing ground for the fairy cows that flew over in the night time to munch their fill. He still believed the legend of the Norwegian princess supposed to have been turned into a bovine. Moreover, when that same gillie went home after dark he and

another old man always walked hand in hand, certain that the fairies appear only to people who are alone."

"The simple faith of a simple people," said I. "Not so bad."

"Oh, they weren't so simple," replied the General. "Don't forget the Macdonald-MacLeod affair that took place in Dunvegan Castle, stronghold of the latter line. For more than a thousand years Dunvegan has been occupied continuously. No other homestead in Great Britain has been tenanted for so long a period. The MacLeods invited the Macdonalds to convene at Dunvegan for the purpose of a peace conference—you've heard about peace conferences, I suppose? Nothing new. Well, the Macdonalds came and sat down to a sumptuous banquet. Beside each guest was a MacLeod. In the midst of the festivities, when it seemed that the two warring factions were to lie down together like lambs, the MacLeods whipped out daggers and stabbed each and all of the Macdonalds in their backs. Great strategy in those brave days. That was less than two hundred years ago. The feud burst out anew, naturally.

"Have you ever heard of the Fairy Flag? No? Very interesting. I saw this relic when I visited Dunvegan. It appears that one of the early MacLeods fell in love with a beautiful fairy whose ancestral background did not satisfy the MacLeod family, so the courtship was broken off by tacit understanding. At the ceremony of farewell, the fairy gave the MacLeod a small silken flag, eighteen inches square, and faded



yellow in tone. 'In times of distress,' said she, 'the MacLeods may wave this flag for succor and victory will be theirs. But they may not wave it more than three times.' The first flag waving occurred when the Macdonalds were massed to wipe out the MacLeods. The tables were turned and the Macdonalds were abolished instead. The second waving was brought about by a threatened potato famine. More and better potatoes appeared."

"And the third and last time? . . ."

"Sorry to disappoint you," replied the General, observing my anxiety, "but there is yet one more shot in the locker. The reigning Chieftain of the MacLeods told me when I visited Dunvegan that the Fairy Flag should have been waved for the third and last time when Lloyd George put on the land tax. However, nothing was done about it, and there you are. I doubt if waving a Fairy Flag would do any particular good—now."

"And, besides, we are all busy," I commented, "attacking the corporations, a new pastime left for the twentieth century."

"So?" he exclaimed. "Come with me and you'll find that baiting big business is nothing new." I was escorted into the reception-room of the Qualicum Beach Hotel, where the General removed from the wall a framed placard and passed it over to me. "Read that; found among my father's papers years ago. There is nothing new under the sun."

I quote the broadside in full:

*BOAR AND CASTLE INN*

Livery Stables.

No. 6 Oxford Street, London.

Universal Coach, Van-Waggon, Steam  
Packet, Canal Boat, and General  
Carrying Office.

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WIVES, MOTHERS, SISTERS AND AUNTS BEWARE!

Believe not your Relatives with regard to the

BRIGHTON RAILWAY

(If you have shares)

For a Gambler will sacrifice his dearest  
relation rather than Lose by a Fall  
in the Share Market.

AVOID A DREADFUL DEATH

and

MUTILATION!

GO BY STAGE COACH

This is by far the SAFEST and most  
PLEASANT mode of Travelling.

---

London, 1847.

Westward in a gold and purple sky shot with opal  
and blue tones a yellow sun flared farewell to depart-  
ing day. Southward stretched a chain of mountains, its  
peaks frosted by perpetual snow; northward, undulat-  
ing hills where the Malahat road lost itself among  
the dark forests. In the foreground reposed the ver-  
dant fairways and velvet putting-greens thrown hap-  
hazard upon the earth. Beyond, the sea. . . .

What a lovely world for sinful mortals in which to  
live.

VI  
VANCOUVER ISLAND VIGNETTES

*I*  
MIKE THE BAR DOG

**W**HEN you find yourself about ten miles along the east highway traveling north out of Qualicum Beach, keep your eye peeled on the right side of the road until you reach the Bowser House, a licensed pub where refreshment may be had.

Whether you are thirsty or not makes little difference, just step in, take a seat and look natural. Immediately, a mongrel wire-haired and sheep dog, quivering with receptivity, will dash out from behind the bar, jump into the nearest chair and wag his tail furiously as in welcome to a long lost friend.

This particular mutt, known throughout the island as Mike, makes it perfectly plain, in dog language, of course, that he is there to take your order. His eyes, his tail, his whole demeanor express the inquiry, "What'll it be?"

If you are an old customer, familiar with Mike's abilities, you will ask for a bottle of beer, the only drink dispensed at the Bowser Inn. Promptly Mike bounds from his chair, leaps behind the bar and receives from Mine Host, Charles Winfield, a pint of

the amber fluid, which the dog seizes in his teeth and brings hot-foot to the customer, setting same right side up and capped.

"Bring me an opener."

Mike bounds back to the supply department and returns with the gadget in his teeth. Leisurely, with the dog fraternizing in the adjoining chair, the patron drinks his pint and reaches for the price, a maneuver that sends a thrill through the "waiter," who begins to lick his chops. Once the coin rings upon the table, it is snapped into the teeth of the collector, who jumps back on the bar, drops the money into an open till, where Boss Winfield forks out the change, if any, which Mike brings back post-haste and drops in front of the consumer. When the bottle is emptied, Mike takes it between his teeth and carefully deposits it with the other dead soldiers in a box provided for the slain.

When business is brisk at the Bowser House, Mike can handle a dozen or more visitors, distribute and retrieve the bottle, collect the coin and return the change without the least confusion, never, under any circumstance, doing business with the wrong man.

"I would rather close the place up than replace him with a human being," said Winfield. "Not in the three and a half years since I trained him, has he shirked his job. My license is for a beer parlor only and this dog is my one assistant. With me behind the bar and Mike on the floor, this is what you might call a good business. I could get my own price for him any day

of the week, but it would be like selling my own child."

"Where did you find him?"

"A fisherman came through here four years ago and left him in my keeping. I haven't seen the man since nor did he ever communicate with me. Mike was then six months old. In less than thirty days he learned the business and if you know of a smarter dog, I'd like to have you tell me where he hangs out."

"What else can he do as well as he slings beer?"

"Man alive," exclaimed Winfield, swabbing the bar, "he can do anything. Without even being told, he trots over to the news-stand every morning at eight o'clock, comes back with the *Colonist*, puts it on my desk, and twice a day—Sundays excepted—goes for the mail. Whenever Mrs. Winfield wants anything from the market or the grocery store, she writes a note and sends Mike for it. Yes, and he knows the difference between the word butcher and grocer. He can carry in his teeth anything up to eight pounds, and nobody can take it out of his jaws once he starts home with it."

"Has he ever shown evidence of reasoning power?"

"You betcha life he has. One day the missus sent him for a jar of mayonnaise. Halfway on the return trip the package became unfastened and the jar rolled out on the road, leaving the cardboard box in Mike's teeth. Did he bring home the empty package? Not in a million years. What he did was to trot back where the bottle slipped out, then he looked the situation over carefully, dropped the empty cover, picked up the jar by the metal cap and came home with the mayonnaise. Is that thinking? I'll say it is. Another time I

sent him to bring a small pail I had used to feed the chickens. He picked it up in his teeth by the rim nearest him, lifted his head to start back, but the pail tilted forward and completely covered his eyes so that he couldn't see where he was going. Inside of ten feet he put the pail down, seized it on the opposite rim and trotted home with the receptacle lying against his chest. And you ask me can he reason. Man alive, he don't do anything but, all the time."

"Where does he sleep at night?"

"With me," replied Winfield, tapping his chest, "and he eats seated in a chair at the family table, from a plate set for him. We carve his food and treat him like a prince. Whatever we have, our dog has: chicken, tenderloin steak, dessert—anything he wants. And if I do say it, his table manners are of the best. We talk to him just like we would to a human being. By Gad, he is human and nothing is too good for him in this life or the next."

Boss Winfield turned to Mike and without lifting his voice said: "You're not very well dressed this afternoon."

Like a shot, Mike disappeared into the next room, returning with a dog collar, all his wearing apparel, which the proud Winfield adjusted midst much caressing, whilst the mongrel licked his face, reiterating in dog language of course, "This man is good enough for me."

It is a pity O. O. McIntyre, a true lover of dogs, wasn't with me that day to see the look in Mike's eyes.

As I said before, don't fail when passing the Bowser

House to drop in and have a pint of bottled beer with the smartest dog on all Vancouver Island. He won't short change you.

## 2

## THE DUELING PISTOLS

During the early 1840's, in the city of Dublin, Daniel O'Connell, distinguished among the Irish liberators, made a public speech denouncing the Dublin Corporation, violently anti-Catholic, as a "beggarly group," organized for the destruction of Irish ideals in Erin's struggle for independence. Although the broadside, in comparison with O'Connell's usual explosions, was regarded as somewhat mild, one D'Esterre, a member of the Dublin Corporation, challenged the Liberator to meet him on the field of honor. So definite and provocative was the challenge that O'Connell had no option other than to accept, pistols being the weapons.

The meeting took place in Phoenix Park with the result that D'Esterre received a bullet through the bladder. O'Connell, desiring only to wound his antagonist, had deliberately fired low, but the shot proved fatal; D'Esterre died within forty-eight hours. Despite the sensation that ensued, friends and families of the deceased declined to prosecute, and the affair, which happened at the very peak of O'Connell's career, was dismissed from the public tongue.

Not so, however, from the memory of the survivor, who, in his heart, felt a deep remorse to the end of

his days. With all the delicacy at his command, he offered the widow an annuity, which was declined, to be accepted afterward by D'Esterre's daughter, who received a stated sum annually up to the time of her death. Some years later, O'Connell, hearing that Mrs. D'Esterre was involved in a lawsuit, threw up two lucrative briefs, went down to Cork, pleaded her suit and won, for which he took no reward save from his conscience.

In after years, whenever he passed the house of D'Esterre, he was observed to lift his hat, while his lips moved as if in prayer. The Liberator, whose declining years were fraught with pain and illness, died, 1847, in Genoa, Italy, while on his way to the Vatican. His will bequeathed his body to Ireland and his heart to the Eternal City. The former is enshrined in the Cemetery of Glasnevin outside of Dublin, the latter in a crypt near the tomb of Lascaris, in the Church of St. Agatha, Rome.

After a lapse of more than a century it would seem that the O'Connell-D'Esterre affair had been entirely forgotten. Perhaps it might have been but for the arrival in Victoria, B. C., shortly before the World War of a Major Wheeler, who identified himself as one associated with Kitchener's army in the Sudan campaign. While in Victoria Major Wheeler met James G. Yates, from whom he borrowed a sum of money that because of reverses he could not return. For the debt Mr. Yates accepted as payment in full a pair of muzzle-loading dueling pistols with the necessary appurtenances, all snugly packed in an oak case bearing



on a small silver plaque the name "Alex Cockburn, Esq."

In 1914 Yates, with his family, moved from Victoria to Comox, on the eastern shore of Vancouver Island, where I found him and learned the startling sequel to the duel fought one hundred and twenty-one years ago in Phoenix Park, Dublin.

With the Alex Cockburn weapons lying between us, snug in the velvet recesses of the historic oak box from which they were last brought forth to defend the honor of O'Connell and D'Esterre, Yates finished the story to which the preceding paragraphs are but an introduction.

"After taking up our home here in Comox, where I brought the pistols received from Major Wheeler, we soon became acquainted with the residents, among them the D'Esterre family, owners of the Elk Hotel, headquarters of tourists who come from all over the world to fish for the Tyee salmon that are so plentiful in Comox Bay. One day my daughter, in conversation with S. B. W. d'Esterre, asked if he knew anything about dueling pistols, volunteering the information that on the inside lid of a box of weapons in my possession there was written reference to a DeDestee [sic], who had lost his life. . . ."

Mr. Yates stopped abruptly, whilst I read aloud the inscription:

#### "HISTORY OF DUELING PISTOLS

Was once the property of the late Chief Justice of England, whose celebrated son, another Chief

Justice ——— tried the Tichbourn claimant, who was prosecuted by the Crown for fraud. These celebrated pistols were used by the great Irish patriot, Daniel O'Connell, in his duel with Mons. DeDesterre [sic], Phoenix Park, Dublin; was also used by Henry Grattan, Major McDonell, Colonel Long, Judge Murphy and several other famous duelists. The original cost was eighty guineas, £84."

"Mr. Stephen d'Esterre reported the matter to his brother, Lieut-Col. J. C. E. d'Esterre, who called upon me and asked to see the weapons," continued Mr. Yates. "When I opened the box, disclosing the weapons, he turned deadly pale. After examining both with the utmost care, he admitted that he and his brothers had ransacked Ireland and England in search of them. They had seen several pairs alleged to be genuine but of these now in Comox he had no doubt. Had not my daughter observed the name D'Esterre on the legend pasted in the box, I question whether these historic weapons would ever have been brought to the attention of his three great-grandsons, my neighbors for many years and in my opinion the rightful owners. At any rate, a change in ownership will take place this evening." And so it was.

Each weapon, both in perfect condition, bore the name of Wallace deeply engraved on each lock and the word Dunburg on the barrel.

I was present in the Elk Hotel when Mr. Stephen d'Esterre, the youngest of the three brothers, was making a critical appraisal of the lethal relics, one of which, at least, had, after an interval of one hundred

and twenty-one years, come again into the hand of a D'Esterre.

It is interesting to record here that the houses of Yates and D'Esterre, in Comox, where the pistols have been for twoscore years, are but a few yards farther apart than the duelists stood that gray morning in Phoenix Park, Ireland, waiting for the signal to fire.

## 3

## MEET A PIANO TUNER

## COMOX

At the mouth of the Courtenay River, rising in the neighborhood of the Forbidden Plateau, lies Comox, one of the surest shot salmon fishing centers in all British Columbia. Whosoever wets a spoon in these waters sooner or later brings in a swimmer that will tip the scales anywhere from twenty-five to sixty pounds. These are everyday figures any time from the middle of July up to the first week in September. Many of the guides who handle tourists during the salmon season are otherwise occupied in trade and professions the remainder of the year, termed by them as the "slack period."

Occasionally a guide inadvertently referring to his legitimate occupation will let slip something worth while, thus enlivening the intervals between bites, and there are intervals—in everything. If interrupted by a strike, the conversation terminates in the middle of a sentence, and he is again a fisherman.

From the guide staff at the Elk Hotel, overlooking the salmon waters, I drew Stephen Erickson, a giant of a man who could make a skiff behave like an aeroplane in any sort of a tide. And he knew where the salmon were. In the course of our victorious raid, I inquired as to what might be his job when winter came.

"Piano tuning," he said, without changing the rhythm of his stroke, "headquarters in Vancouver. For the last ten years, come August, I take two or three weeks' vacation at Comox, guiding anglers. When off duty, I fish for my own amusement. For that brief interlude from harmonizing the seven and one-third octaves between A natural in the lower scale and C natural in the upper, I live an entirely separate existence, without which I should go mad. Do you play the piano?"

Had he asked about my ability as an angler, I could have lied like any other fisherman. But being minus in matters musical, I came clean and confessed. However, it had long been my desire to get a piano tuner cornered long enough to make a few inquiries on the subject of piano construction. "What is the pressure on each string when it is in tune?" was my first question.

"Reel in the line and have a look at your spoon. We are passing through float sea weed—an average of 160 pounds I should say. That figure applies to each string from the shortest, two and a quarter inches in the treble to the longest, thirty-nine inches in the bass. The combined pressure represented in the eighty-eight strings of a properly tuned piano is about fifteen tons,

which tension, preserved by equal distribution, is imperative in keeping an instrument in tune.

"Most complicated and delicate in point of construction, is the sounding-board, which is the soul of a piano. Its slightest defect is multiplied a hundred fold when the keys are struck. Perfect strings, flawless tuning and the finest of key movements will not avail if the sounding-board is defective in the slightest particular. The average instrument, played in the household, should be tuned every four months; every three months in warm climates. Professional musicians carry a piano tuner with them and point up the instrument before each recital.

"There are pianists like automobile drivers, who can throw an instrument out of key in no time. Liszt, probably the greatest instrumentalist that ever lived, could practically kill a piano with a program of rhapsodies. In the frenzy of emotion, he was merciless; unavoidable, of course, for the reason that during his régime the pianoforte had not reached the high state of perfection to which the modern instruments have been brought."

"From where do the best strings come?"

"Up to a few years ago, Germany was far in advance, but with the development of steel in the United States, piano strings reached perfection. There was a time when fine copper wire was used to wind twenty strings in the lower register. Recently it was discovered that soft iron could be wound tighter and produce better tones than copper, although both are still in use. Only to the most sensitive ear is there a perceptible

difference. Player pianos, operated mechanically, made a tremendous advance, enabling the world's greatest concert players to reproduce technic and tone flawless to the nth degree. Mechanical music has made great inroads in piano manufacture, as also has radio. Among the many musical inventions, I think the Hammond electric organ stands first. There is nothing that can get out of tune. Once coördinated, it remains so forever."

"What is the future for piano manufacturers?"

"Fewer and better builders. Before the war, more than four hundred accredited firms were listed. Wholesale reorganization reduced the number to less than fifty. There will be less. We ought to get a strike right along here by the red buoy. Last week a New Yorker took a fifty-two pounder out just along this bank . . . a gold button fish. Any sea weed on the hook?"

I reeled in and scanned the spoon. All clear.

"Funny thing," said Erickson, still keeping time with his oars, "but it has been brought to my attention that a blind musician can always call the key of a sharp, flat or natural note struck singly. Alex Thompson, the blind English pianist, who of course can't read a note with his eyes, is infallible with his ear alone. Ever heard him play? Marvelous. If you get an opportunity by all means . . ."

Bang! My reel began to hum. . . . One hundred, two hundred feet, the rod tip lashing in frenzy.

"Let him have all the line he wants," shouted the piano tuner.

"He's got it," I replied in a high discord. "A gold button salmon, this one, Steve. . . ."

Reel music is good enough for me . . . everything is in perfect tune. See you later. . . . Don't wait. . . . We're gonna be awful busy . . . me and this piano tuner. . . .

N.B.—It was a false note.

## 4

## "TYEE!" THE KING SALMON

## CAMPBELL RIVER

Not elsewhere in the waters of the seven seas, other than along the bays and inlets of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, does the spring salmon, also known as Tyee, King, Chinook, Columbia River and Quinnot, attain his maximum magnificence. Here this bravest and most beautiful of the genus *Oncorhynchus*, fresh from the mysterious depths of the sea, comes by thousands during the spawning season, July to September inclusive, to make a three months' holiday for knights of the rod and reel.

The Tyee Club, with headquarters at the mouth of Campbell River, where the use of light tackle is made possible by conditions found only at the mouths of rivers, where the fish concentrate en route to the spawning beds, is the mecca for fishermen from every land. One paragraph from the 1935 year book will suffice to present statistics that no angler can read without a perceptible increase in both respiration and heart beat:

"New members, 27; fish over thirty pounds, 112; total weight, 4,125; average weight,  $36\frac{3}{4}$  pounds. Over 300 fish of lesser weight. Buttons issued: One diamond, three gold, fourteen silver, fourteen bronze."

The button trophies are for weight. Thirty pounds or over, bronze; forty or over, silver; fifty or over, gold; sixty or over, diamond. One special button entitling the winner to be called a "Tyee Man" is issued annually to the top rod. A salmon weighing sixty-four won in 1936. Since the founding of the Tyee Club, 1924, tons upon tons of button fish have been hauled out by pilgrims from the four corners of the earth.

Comox, on Courtenay River, forty miles south of Campbell River, and Sayward, forty miles north on the Salmon River, also situated in the Tyee belt, can be depended upon to produce plenty of big fish when the season is on. A high blood pressure is not necessary to swell one's arteries at any one of these three points during July to September.

Tackle specifications, as formulated by the Tyee Club, while rigid in some particulars, are such that any fish hooked even by a beginner is pretty likely to reach the club weighing scales and have an even break for a button.

No rod may be less than 6 feet long over all, though more than that is optional with the individual. With a one-pound weight hung on the tip of the rod, there is a deflection test of 6 inches, starting at 6-foot rods, to 40 inches up to 12-foot rods. Length of line unlimited but breaking strain is set at 25 pounds. Wire leaders limited to 6 feet in length are allowed. Hand



lining a fish or catching one with a broken rod is forbidden. No regulations regarding lure, though only one hook may be used. Once hooked, none other than the rod holder may touch the rod, reel or line, but the boatman or guide is permitted to release the lead and steady the line while gaffing the fish. Fishing from a motor-driven boat means ostracism.

The uniform rig, alterable at the will of the angler, is a spinner or wabblers bait, attached to 6-foot wire trace, swiveled to the line; a 3-ounce sliding sinker 20 feet above. This combination, with 30 or 40 additional feet off the reel will bring the spoon to action at a depth of 18 or 20 feet in average tides. Live bait is not necessary. The fish congregate at the river's mouth in pools large enough to accommodate 40 or 50 row boats, manned by professional guides. A strike is the signal for the boatman to make the quickest possible exit from the pool and out into deep water—where the battle can be fought without interference. None question the fortunate fisherman's right of way—at least not audibly.

It is worth a long trip from any quarter of the globe to witness the Tyee in what is probably his first and last entangling alliance with the human ingenuities. Not all of the fish hooked come to the surface. About 50 per cent lunge for the depths, taking long stretches of line in repeated runs, or hit for the deep water, there to sulk until the steady retard starts them off in a frenzied effort to shake out the opposing steel. Others, despite their great bulk, come leaping to the surface, there to plunge about in maddening resist-



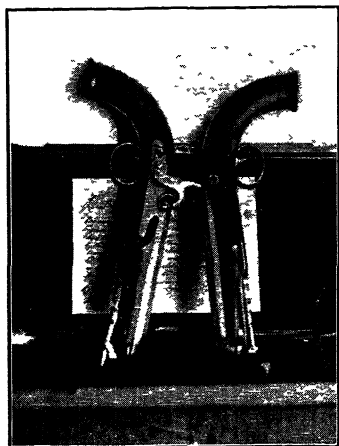
PATIENTS AT THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA SOLARIUM  
*All smiling through under the sun*



WHERE THE TRUTH IS  
 WEIGHED: TYEE CLUB  
 SCALES



MIKE THE BAR DOG AND  
 HIS MASTER



DANIEL O'CONNELL VS.  
D'ESTERRE  
DUBLIN, IRELAND, 1840



GAVIN WOOD, THE BOY  
GUIDE OF FORBIDDEN  
PLATEAU



URSUS KERMODEI, ONLY SPECIMEN IN CAPTIVITY

ance at the sudden interference with their liberty. Truly, the king salmon comes honestly by his inheritance.

On mean high and low tides, when conditions are right and the fish are biting, it is not unusual for from ten to thirty Tyees to be taken in the space of thirty acres within two or three hours. At other times the ponderous creatures, rolling, splashing, flashing full length into the air, besport themselves in all directions, showing supreme contempt for the button hunters gnashing their teeth in rage at such widespread indifference. It is just too bad to sit in a skiff while a herd of Tyee salmon splash water in one's face and decline to come aboard. The guides have a word for it.

All Tyee anglers are slightly unbalanced. Once a button fish is caught the victor is seized with a sort of madness, a maniacal complex that feeds upon renewed effort.

When two-score or more button bugs foregather on the dock of a morning or afternoon to take off for the salmon pool they behave like parents who have just received news that the public school-house is on fire and the children burned alive. Hurry, hurry, hurry—or lose your child!

As for me, long addicted to the taking of small-mouth black bass in fresh tideless water, and brook trout from a burbling stream, it is indeed difficult to troll in a medium where not less than sixty varieties of unclassified specimens of sea weed befoul one's tackle, while a pale ninety-pound débutante in the next boat

snatches a gold button Tyee from under my nose, without going kaffloocy or shooting the guide who has me on his hands.

Nevertheless, I must admit that taking Tyee salmon on light tackle appears to be the sport of kings.

## 5

## PRAJADHIPOK ARRIVES

## TYEE CLUB

In 1932 on the trail of a visiting nobleman who had developed a passion for salmon fishing, I arrived at Campbell River.

In high expectation I brought up in front of the post-office and made inquiry as to the whereabouts of Mr. Pitcock.

"There's two of 'em," replied a bystander. "Which do you want?"

"The one who took the King of Siam salmon fishing."

"Oh, that would be Herbert, president of the Campbell River Board of Trade. If you want to try your luck in these waters, Herbert's your man."

"Would a guide to a monarch have time for a mere civilian?" I asked.

"Listen, my friend," spake up the native. "Being president of the Board of Trade and showing sultans how to snake salmon out of these tides is only a side line with Herbert. To him every fisherman is royalty. Take this road to the left, follow it across the river bridge until you come to Joe Painter's place. There you

will find Herbert, who'll treat you just as though you was born with a crown on your head."

Following directions I found the Pitcock who for three days had the Siamese nobleman in tow. He didn't look any more like a president of the Board of Trade than I look like James M. Barrie, nor did he in any particular give evidence of being the sort of an outdoor person that he proved to be, until we got well out on the water away from the haunts of man. He seemed surprised that I wanted to hear about the Oriental potentate.

"He was a nice little fellow," said the city official, "but not much of a fisherman. His name is Prajadhikok. Only weighed ninety pounds—dressed. Looked to me as though he was too finely bred; sort of delicate, like a wax doll. He sat right where you're sitting now. His hands were very small and tapering and his feet too frail for use. He had no savvy in casting a fly so I rigged up a spinner and let him troll with sixty feet of line. He was too late in the season to fish for Tyee as they had all gone up the river to spawn. 'Gosh,' I thought, 'what'll he do if a twenty-pound spring salmon or a leaping coho takes a belt at his hook?' His face was like a mask, slit with two black eyes brilliant as shoe buttons. Never uttered a syllable for the first fifteen minutes after we got away from the dock; just sat there all nerves, like a man listening for something. He gripped the rod until his fingers whitened. I expected him to crack. All of a sudden bang! The tip of the rod smacked the water. 'Strike!' I yelled. But too

late. The fish, a twelve-pound coho, pricked but not hooked, came out of the water, threw a spray like a rainbow and plunged below. The King, pale to his gills, was trembling like a leaf. I felt sorry for the little man."

Pitcock wiped some imaginary sweat from his brow and bit his lip. "Right along here," said he, picking up his stroke, "you are due to hook something. Don't hesitate to whang the steel into him."

"Did the King make any comment when his first fish escaped?" I asked.

"Not a word," answered Pitcock. "He was too scared. I told him to leave the spoon out and try it again. In a few minutes the color came back under his brown skin and he found his tongue long enough to remark in good English that his hook had received a 'powerful blow.' In a few minutes he got another strike—a beaut—and the hook went home. Oh, man, what a scene! Five times the fish came out of the water and threw somersaults in an effort to flip the spoon. I kept yelling at the King to check the reel and keep the line taut. Well, sir, you wouldn't believe it, but I'm damned if he didn't wake up suddenly and tumble to what was expected of him. Setting his small feet against the cleats and lifting the tip of his rod, his Majesty got right down to brass tacks and made a fight of it. After fifteen minutes of cracking action he brought a thirteen-pound coho alongside, belly up, and I gaffed. . . ."

Whango! A spring salmon had taken a smash at my hook and was fast for fair. I'll say he came aboard

and that he tipped the scale at fourteen and three-quarters. Now we'll get back to the King:

"And after that," I asked, "was he a fishing fan?"

"Never saw anything like it," said Pitcock, smacking my salmon over the bean with a piece of gas pipe. "Just went mad and for three days ran me and the royal party ragged with fish talk. He broke an important engagement to get out on the water and several times cut short his meals. I had a hard time getting him to quit before darkness set in. Altogether he caught about twenty salmon running between twelve and twenty pounds, and toward the end became fairly expert in handling his tackle. The Queen wiped his eye with a twenty-three-pound spring salmon and the Crown Prince hooked and landed a thirty-five-pound tyee, for which, in a burst of gratitude at winning a membership in the Tyee Club of British Columbia, he rewarded Joe Painter with a cash prize of thirty-five dollars, one dollar for each pound. When the King saw the most coveted of all salmon prizes he announced that he would raise the rates to five dollars a pound for any man who would fasten him on a tyee. I did my best, but the salmon is no respecter of persons. I can tell you one thing: the grand mogul of the Kingdom of Siam is now a first-call angling nut, if you want to put it that way, and wherever he stops off in future, plans had better be made to take him out in a boat, and place a rod in his small hands."

N.B.—For the information of those who are interested, I took five salmon out of Campbell River between the hours of 3 and 6 P.M., two on No. 6 buck-



tail flies of black, red and white pattern. The fishing license costs but one dollar a day, or ten dollars a season if one wants to behave like a king.

## 6

## ‘‘COUGAR SMITH’’ EXPLAINS

After hearing all sorts of thrilling stories about Cecil Smith, employed by the Government of British Columbia to keep down vital statistics among the cougars of Vancouver Island, I deliberately went upon his trail. It was like tracking a man-eating Bengal-tiger; the nearer I got to him, the more formidable he became until at last I visualized him as something between Tarzan the tree-top tourist and Frank Buck who cleans out jungles with his naked hands.

Well, nothing could be further from the truth, as I discovered when at last I found him seated on the veranda of his snug little cottage in the midst of his family, surrounded by an old-fashioned garden, under the shade of whispering pines. For a certainty, he does not look the part of a varmint slayer, yet the number of cougars, deadliest enemies to the domestic live stock and deer of Vancouver Island, that have fallen to his gun during the last thirty years, is well nigh beyond calculation. A milder-mannered, gentler soul than ‘‘Cougar Smith’’ never strolled through a forest; or ran a marauding cougar to his doom.

If I were called upon, which of course I won't be, to find fault with this particular Smith, I might com-

plain of his obvious contempt for heroics. He doesn't believe his occupation is dramatic or thrilling.

"Whenever the critters go too far slaying sheep, calves, barnyard fowl and the like," said he, "it is my business to do whatever cougar killing seems necessary. I am subject to call at any hour of the day or night, same as a doctor. A summons for me and the dogs means action. Oh, yes, it keeps us moving, but like the Royal Mounted who always get their man, we are expected to get our cougar. And do, knowing their habits. Really, my friend, in spite of the cougar's marvelous intelligence, he hasn't a chance."

What did "Cougar Smith" mean by intelligence? Would he mind giving me some particulars?

"Glad to," he said, somewhat relieved that I had shifted from him to his victims. "All the family from wild lions to alley cats have the best brains in the animal kingdom. The lynx, the leopard, the panther, the cougar, all possess reasoning power, particularly when called upon to protect their own. At least, so far as the female is concerned, that has been my observation. A cougar with a litter is harder to run down than one without. Her performances are uncanny, and she will deliberately sacrifice herself if in so doing she can save her young.

"When the cougar litters she becomes the head of the family, the male deferring to her superior wisdom. And so it remains until they get their growth and the family disbands, each for himself alone. A litter of three is the average. For the first few months they are kept under the eye of the mother, who holds herself

responsible as the food purveyor, the male being occupied with feeding himself. If he makes a kill which will help to supply the family, all good and well, but the female, having little or no confidence in his ability as a go-getter, attends to that detail herself."

"Do you mean to say that the male cougar is not looked upon as a good provider?"

"Yes and no. Any voluntary contribution is appreciated, but if he were to be removed altogether, the female would carry on without him and make no complaint. There is another peculiarity about the cougar mother; she is a gypsy. While the cubs are growing, she wanders from place to place, making an abode wherever the fancy takes possession of her. Nothing could be more systematic than the program under which the young are brought up. When the female decides that it is time to move, she goes on the trail, four, five or six miles from home, makes a kill and covers the carcass with a mound of leaves, rubble and turf. Without pausing even for refreshments she returns to her family, breaks up housekeeping and under cover of night, escorts the cubs and the male to the new home site, already stocked with provender. Her first care is to pick a section where there is plenty of game. For a year or more, covering the four seasons, the cougars, changing their residence six or eight times, train their young in the art of living in the wild and bring them to sturdy independence, the mother in charge. Not until the young are full grown, the males larger than herself, does she consider her responsibilities ended."

"What is the preferential diet of a cougar?"

"Spring lamb, and plenty of it. Mature mutton isn't good enough; too strong. A cougar will kill a sheep only for the blood. I know of an instance where a single cougar in one night killed eighteen ewes and sucked the blood from their clawed necks. Lamb is different. A terrier in a rat-pit is less destructive than a cougar in a drove of sheep. Weight? I've known them to tip the beam at 200 pounds; the average is about 160 for a full grown. They will tackle a deer on the run and break his neck. I never saw one in the act, but I have come upon many a venison brought down by cougars, and in every instance the vertebra was broken just below the horns back of the ears. Frankly, I would like to know just how they accomplish this terrible result. There is much yet to be learned about cougars, and some things perhaps that will never be known."

"Smart as a cat," I said, quoting the old line.

"And so, even among the domestic bred," replied the cougar man. "Mr. Peacey, who runs a drug-store over in Cumberland, sent a pet cat to Victoria in a closed wooden box, a distance of 150 miles. Three weeks later, apparently none the worse for travel, smiling like the legendary cat that had swallowed the canary, pussy walked into the drug-store. What do you think about that?" asked Cougar Smith of a hound dog lounging on the veranda steps.

And when a hound dog wags his tail, that's an answer.

## 7

## THE FORBIDDEN PLATEAU

Between Alexander Peak, 6,934, and Mount Albert Edward, 7,000, on the eastern side of the island, the ground slopes away to the east, forming a considerable tract of land made up of lakes, mountain streams, virgin forests and fertile meadows; a region more Alpine in its general characteristics than exists in British Columbia, or for that matter, elsewhere on the North American Continent. Its average elevation from the Straits of Georgia, less than fifteen miles distant, is about 4,000 feet.

It appears on all existing maps as the Forbidden Plateau, a name handed down by the Punledge and Comox Indians, among whom it was regarded as the place of evil, where sickness and red men's wars brought about extermination. Long before white men invaded the region, it was taboo with its first inhabitants, and is still shunned as the abode of pestilence and ill fortune. About thirty years ago lumber barons, wielding the merciless ax and the soulless saw, swarmed up the mountain that fronts the haunted land and laid waste the ancient timber, leaving untouched the Forbidden Plateau, with its open spaces, lakes and streams, where timber was necessarily limited.

Eventually its great beauty and value as a fish and game section attracted a Vancouver Island resident by the name of Clinton F. Wood, regarded by all as a visionary and a dreamer destined to fail in his Christian

endeavor to put the Forbidden Plateau within the reach of nature-lovers and sportsmen. Undaunted, Wood, with the savings of a lifetime, acquired some acreage among the slash lands on the naked mountain, built a nine-mile road through fallen timber and defiant boulders, to the rough habitation he constructed for his wife and children. That was back in 1925. The residents of Courtenay, situated in the rich valley along the Straits, and those as well who occupy Comox, one of the favored haunts of the Tyee salmon, for three months of the year, watched the single-handed pioneer work out his destiny on the slope from which he intended sooner or later to make a highway into the plateau.

Perhaps the best way to present this pathfinder, who to-day has the satisfaction of escorting a steady procession of summer tourists over the trails that he has made across the mountain top into the matchless Forbidden Plateau, is to quote the stories he told me while seated on the front steps of his half-way house one evening while we watched the sun set in a flood of red and gold.

"It wasn't so long ago that this was a primitive country," he said, "a land where unbelievable things happened. Old Mike Manson, who lived to be over eighty, told me of the time he was captured by the Indians and threatened with death. In his knapsack he had an insurance policy—fire, I think it was—covering a forest section. Mike, who talked Comox, spread the document out on the ground and invited his captors to have a look at the signature of 'Queen Vic-

toria, owner of Vancouver Island,' claiming she had written and asked him how the Comox people were getting along, and to let nothing happen to them. 'Right there is her name,' said Mike, pointing to the red seal on the lower left hand corner. 'And the first Indian that lays a hand on me will drop dead.' They sent Mike back to his cabin under an escort.

"I remember when Eric Duncan, not later than 1909, when invited to take a ride in an automobile, scratched his head, looked the car over carefully and said: 'No, I'm in a hurry.' At seventy-six Eric came to this house to spend the night with me. At 5 A.M. I went into his room and found the bed empty. At seven o'clock he returned and sat down to breakfast. 'Woke up feelin' brisk about half past four,' he said, 'and took myself a walk up to the snowline. Wrote my name on a piece of paper and set it on a rock with a pebble on it.' I found the signature a week later. Eric had done nearly ten miles up and back that morning, before breakfast.

"Have you heard about the red snow of the Plateau? Well, it's red all right and there is considerable of it. Some sort of an algae, forming in irregular blotches, like blood that had run wild, as though something had been slaughtered. Scientific men have identified and authenticated the red snow. Another thing: Right from where we are seated I have seen through the clouds repeated lightning flashes and heard deep thunder while a bright sun shone in a blue sky overhead. Why don't you drop in on Cougar Smith, who

lives just a mile or so out of Comox. He'll relate some hair-raising things."

I told Wood that the cougar man had given me an interview only the day before.

"Did he tell you of the time his dog roped him in the presence of a bear? No? Well, it's worth hearing. Smith, unarmed, was leading one of his hounds on a long leash, when Bruin came out on the trail. The hound, for some reason or other, lost his head and ran around in a circle, making about six laps, binding Smith's legs so that he couldn't move. The bear stopped dead still, sniffed, rose up on his hind legs, and walking up to within three feet of the hunter, let fly a loud cough, bolting into the timber."

A small boy suddenly appeared on the veranda and later joined us on the steps. "If you are looking for a guide, Mister, I would like to show you where the trout are in the plateau," he said. "I'll take you up and back, seven miles, for a dollar."

"My son, Gavin, aged six," said his father. "He knows the country in every direction. It is impossible to lose him. A Daniel Boone in the woods if ever there was one. He has cat's eyes and can see in the dark. As sure on the trail as any man who ever trod one. I can't explain his uncanny sense of orientation or his confidence in himself.

"Have a talk with him," said the father, "and you'll find him marvelously equipped to take you safely through territory broken up by forests, lakes, mountain brooks and open spaces. He might even tell you how he does it, or at least why he doesn't get lost



doing it. I'll leave you to settle this question of woodcraft between yourselves."

With that the sire of the boy guide took himself off in search of a cayuse that had wandered.

When Wood, Senior, got out of the way, I opened the conference with a direct question: "Who taught you to guide?"

"Nobody," replied the boy, without the slightest suggestion of boasting. "If I ever been a place once, I can always go back to it or come home from it, without ever stopping to find out where I am."

"When you first go through a new country, do you take much notice of what you find along the trail?"

"Y—e—s, sir. When I go to a new place I look at everything I come to: Rocks, trees, brush, water, brooks and flowers, if they is any."

"Why flowers?"

"Because different kinds of flowers grow high up or low down on the mountains, and they show which side of the hill you are on, and how close a feller is to the top. Rocks and trees have moss on one side and none on the other, which means a lot to a guide like me."

"Do you know the points of the compass, North, East, South, West?"

Gavin grinned. "Yes, sir, but I don't guide that way. All I want to know is where is the sea. Over there." He pointed to the east. "And that means the plateau and Lookout and Beecher and the way to the trout lakes over there..." A thin arm swung to the westward. "Up and down on both sides of me is timber

and more lakes and more rivers. But I don't guide into that country."

"Suppose you got turned around..."

"But I can't get turned around on a mountain. I gotta go up to get to the plateau," said the embryo Daniel Boone, startled at my ignorance.

"Very well, Gavin, the plateau is more or less a level in some places and it would be quite easy for anybody to lose his way if the weather was bad and the sun hidden, or a fog came up from the sea."

"Wouldn't make no difference to me. All I gotta do is look at the tree moss and start home. I never been lost in my life. Last year I took a man to a lake in the Forbidden Plateau, where he fished until late in the afternoon. When we started home he kept telling me that I had lost my way, and that we was coming to places he had never yet seen. I brought him back after dark, but before I went to bed, I asked my mother to tell him when he got up in the morning that I was a regular guide and knew what I was doing."

"Weren't you pretty tired, Gavin?"

"No, but the other man was," replied this full grown child, who had at least the heart if not the stature of an adult. "When I hear a man say he is tired of walking or is blowed, I wonder what is the matter of him."

Again I returned to the first query, "Who taught you? A man must first be shown where to go before he becomes a professional guide..."

"Oh, yes, I know what you mean. Father always took me out in the timber with him wherever he went

and blazed the trees with an ax showing the trail. What I always do when I am alone is to find a shorter trail up and a shorter trail back. Tree blazes might help some to find the way but I always know where I'm goin'. . . . And I always did know far back as I can remember. My big brother, Stuart, had to go to school to learn what he knows. If a man is a good guide he don't have to be taught. My brother Norman, four years older than me, would be a good guide if he did what I do. Norman and Stuart are always talking about the big towns, over there"—a sweeping gesture. "Where do you live?"

Not daring to disgrace myself with Gavin Wood, Esquire, I told him in confidence that most of my time was spent traveling along back roads looking for good places to fish, and that next year I would probably turn up again and go with him into the Forbidden Plateau. At this juncture Gavin's mother stepped out on the veranda.

"Mrs. Wood, I am arranging a trip for 1937, with your son for my guide. We shall do the entire plateau."

"By that time he will be able to take you anywhere on Vancouver Island," said his mother proudly, "he was born in motion. We have a hard time getting him to bed. I don't know where he gets his energy. When he chops wood he wants an ax, not a hatchet; would rather walk than ride a horse; the first one up in the morning and the last to close his eyes. But when sleep does overtake this man of ours, he is just a little boy, like all other little boys. Awake, he is head of the family and prefers to lead rather than follow. He is

yours next year if you want him, and he won't lose you."

Salute to Vancouver Island, where boys are men.

## 8

## ALONG THE HIGHWAY

I have never known a man entirely free from the inclination to protest against what he called the "bad breaks" received now and then along the route. All of us are prone to complain when anything goes wrong with our program, and it doesn't take much either to start the squawking.

After a bad morning on a trout stream, a blowout in the neighborhood of Cobble Hill, the loss of a sweater alleged to be a rain shedder, and fried instead of grilled salmon served for lunch, I was induced by my fat friend, George Warren, to halt and have a look at the Queen Alexandra Solarium for Crippled Children, along Malahat Beach off the main highway on the east coast of Vancouver Island.

"What is there that can be turned into copy?" I asked. "Aren't all solariums pretty much alike?"

George said they were, but none the less drove into a maple-lined road half a mile onward and stopped his car before a long two-storied building extending north and south into a beautiful grove of jack pines, the whole set in a garden of old-fashioned flowers blooming riotously among rocks and on trellises.

"We shan't be long," he said, wallowing out from

behind the wheel. "It will do you good to see what is being done here in the name of humanity. Come along, only one short flight."

Automatically I followed the fat man, with no interest one way or another. But as he had insisted. . . .

At the second-floor elevations we came out on a wide platform facing west by north, and deluged in yellow sunlight, tempered by cool breezes from the Georgian Straits filtered through endless forests of pine, fir and spruce trees, extending to the blue sea. Against the back wall, on seventy-two cots, spread with immaculate linen and pillows, enlivened by an occasional colored blanket, lay seventy-two children, in slips and breech-cloths, with nothing between them and the sky. In years they ranged from four to twelve. Not among them all was there boy or girl free from affliction, in the majority of cases, pre-natal. Brought into the world incomplete, knowing naught of any life save one of pain and physical restrictions, they had come, even in childhood, to accept life with resignation. From these misshapen, stunted, unconscious contortionists, most of them flat on their backs, came no single word of complaint, no murmurs of discontent. There they are, disciples of fortitude and hope, living legacies in no way responsible for their presence in this vale of tears.

Dr. Glenn Simpson, acting medical superintendent, conversing with or touching tenderly each child as he passed, informed us that the solarium patients have a 50 per cent chance for complete recovery, and that about 70 per cent are permanently benefited. For more

than ten years this institution, supported almost exclusively by voluntary subscription, feeds, clothes, lodges, educates and heals, and regardless of race, color, creed or money holds open the door to the crippled child, perfecting preventable measures for the benefit of the living and those to come.

After an hour not unmixed with considerable serious reflection that there should be so much misfortune and so little complaint among the solarium waifs, we returned to the open road, the luxury of liberty, the dissolving view that is part of freedom.

"What do you think now of the bad breaks we get and the ill luck dealt to us grumblers?" asked George Warren, fumbling the wheel of his car. "Adults can't take it like those kids. Few of us stop to think...."

I laid a restraining hand upon his corpulent knee. There was nothing more to be said, anyhow, that is, nothing that words might convey.

However, to those who read these lines, more especially to those who go through life complaining, I would suggest, if opportunity offers, that they drop in at the Queen Alexandra Solarium for Crippled Children, Malahat Beach, Cobble Hill, Vancouver Island, B. C., and get a true interpretation of the words patients and patience, spelled two ways, but both meaning one and the same thing.

On a small steamboat crossing Juan De Fuca Strait between Victoria and Port Angeles, I observed that nearly all of the passengers, except an old man who sat quietly in a corner by himself, went seasick.

"That cove has got it on the rest of these guys," volunteered a deck hand, who seemed much amused by the widespread distress.

"In what way?" I asked.

"Blind as a bat," replied the marine. "I've spent nearly twenty years on the water and never knew a blind man to lose his lunch. Unless you can see the horizon teetering or spot something rocking from its level, you don't get seasick. If you don't believe me, ask any sightless man."

Near Oyster River, I put up for the night with a logger who boasted the luxury of a bathtub and plenty of hot water. Aware that I had done considerable traveling, he asked me to explain to him why water in the act of draining from a receptacle always revolved to the right. Not caring particularly which way water departs when I am through with it, I confessed complete ignorance of its peculiarities.

"Okay, pardner, in the morning when you pull the plug after your bath, take notice which way the water spins: always to the right. Now if you was south of the equator, the water would revolve to the left," said the scientific lumberjack. "Why, the hell, I don't know."

What's more, I made the experiment several times and verified the statement; nor was it possible to start the draining water the other way. I have taken a solemn oath, the next time I cross the equator, to be in a bathtub and out comes the plug one minute after I make the invisible line.

Further particulars when and . . . or if I bathe on that occasion.

## 9

## WHY CAPTAIN RUTT SHOOK THE SEA

## KILMALU

Out of Victoria flows a winding road known as the Malahat Drive. Over hill and mountain, through gorges and valleys it penetrates a landscape that at every turn reveals flashes of the sea. Along this highway, which is little less than an endless panorama, appeared a signboard upon which was the single word: "Kilmalu."

"Who lives there?" I asked of George Warren, at the wheel.

"A retired sea captain, who spent most of his life in Australian waters," he replied. "An old friend."

"Swing in. Mariners are my meat."

After a drive of two miles on the down grade, to the very shores of the Pacific, which ebbs and flows through a thousand islands that completely surround the parent Vancouver, we brought up in front of a five-gabled cottage set in the midst of fruit trees and flower beds. What an ideal spot for a man of the sea to spend his wise and concluding years.

The Captain, small in stature, straight as an arrow and still this side of sixty, stepped out on his veranda like a master mariner treading the bridge of a ship, and announced without waiting for the social formali-



ties that we were just in time for luncheon. That's the sort of man I like to visit.

"Captain Rutt," once my feet were beneath his excellent table, "what induced you to retire from the high seas and take up your abode in this haven of quiet?"

For a full minute he fixed attention upon me and then launched into his narrative, his eyes wandering from time to time over the marine paintings that decorated the walls of his dining-room. Although, in a manner of speaking, his feet were on terra firma, his mind was on the bounding main and the memories of those brave days when the wind was in the rigging and his hand was on the helm.

"I shipped in 1887 at sixteen," he began, "on a sailing ship out of Liverpool, serving five years as an apprentice, able seaman and eventually as officer. That was in the windjamming days."

"The era of adventure!" I interrupted.

"None for me," said the Captain, "that is to say nothing of great importance; just the straightaway life of a sailor with no drama worth mentioning. In the course of time I got out from under canvas and came into the steam era, covering the seven seas and seeing pretty much of this world from the quarter-deck, principally in South American waters and in the Antipodes."

"And in all those forty-odd years nothing thrilling occurred?"

"Not on a ship," answered the Captain, cryptically. "But something that happened to me on a dredge

might be considered more or less exciting, if that's what you mean. It is rare that one who has captained first-class passenger ships should meet the big moment of his career on a contractor's scow, but I suppose you want the truth. In December, 1911, down on the East Coast of South America, I was commissioned to deliver for construction work in Buenos Aires an old-fashioned square-ended bucket dredge to the mouth of the Rio de la Plata along an inside passage between Lobos Island and Maldonado. I had but six men in my crew. We were moving along about 4 A.M. in quiet waters at four knots, the maximum speed for a dredge, when a black pall suddenly darkened the breaking day. Nothing faster or more appalling ever came over me in all my experience at sea. I knew at once that we were in the path of the dreaded pampero, which breaks with the fury of a hurricane; a wind of such velocity that even a reefed sailing ship, or a steamer, is practically helpless in its path. But a dredge, square-butted, carrying a burdensome superstructure and containing a well under half the forward end and about as seaworthy as a wood box, was the last thing afloat to stand against the thunders of a pampero. We were in about five fathoms of water four miles from shore, and the whole bed of the sea appeared to be lifting into a mountain of water upon the crest of which we were tossed like a cork. Seamanship was of no avail. Under the tearing blast boards became detached from the structure amidships, as though a lumber yard was being hurled upon us by a cyclone.

"All light faded from the sky and pitch darkness

descended in the space of ten minutes after the first gust of wind and water struck us. As it was impossible to stand against the atmospheric pressure that increased every minute, we hugged the deck, clinging to any fixed objects we could lay hands upon. When the tempest was at the apex of its indescribable bellowing an electric display broke overhead, illuminating the sheets of rain traveling obliquely with the hurricane. For nearly an hour the lightning, accompanied by crashes sounding like artillery, and forking in every direction, made the firmament resemble a vast field of cracked chinaware, splitting the upper regions into geometrical fragments. Onward in the grip of the pampero the groaning dredge hurtled, struck a sand-bar on St. Rafael's Beach, six miles east of Maldonado Point, which we had passed at 4:05 A.M., rose on the tidal wave of wild water, cleared the bar and piled up a hundred yards inland, a total wreck. All hands dashed ashore through water waist deep. By 6 o'clock that same morning the dredge was smothered under a blanket of sand, where she remains to this day. Captain and crew of the ill-fated wood box walked four miles through dense underbrush to a place of human habitation. Twelve years later I left the sea, and while returning to England halted at Mill Bay, Vancouver Island, liked it better than any place I ever saw, and here I am. But there are two other reasons for my quitting the sea. Here they are," concluded Captain Rutt, rising and opening the door, "just home from a walk in the woods."

His wife, who had wisely robbed the sea of a sailor, and his little daughter, a beauty—entered the room.

We arose and made a respectful salute while Captain Rutt presented me two visiting landlubbers.

## VII

### BOOM TOWN AND THE NEW TOMBSTONES

**W**HAT brought me to where I am now," said the old miner, shifting from the cracker-box to the counter, where the prunes were in reach, "was my belief that all men, in the natural course of e-vents, must die. That, and a passion for bein' prepared to meet what is known as popular demand. I don't suppose you ever seen a man who had such a steady run of bad luck as what I've had."

"How long has the jinx been on your trail?"

"About twenty years, ever since I fell heir to that cemetery up in B. C. Inheritin' a buryin' ground was sure bad business for me."

"How many guests would it accommodate?"

"Considerable more than showed up. And that's what busted me. The place where this disgrace befell yours truly was one of the most promisin' camps I have ever seen. Five hundred people rushed in there, put up a main street, assay office, elected officials to run the town and got set right. A certain public-spirited gent from Fraser River clears himself half an acre and sows it with grass seed. Along the front, which was supposed to be facin' the city, he puts up a three-foot stone wall with an entrance consistin' of two stone pillars six feet high and capped with rustic flower-boxes.

Says he was out to build a permanent home. Did considerable big talkin' and was goin' along good. Sent away for some archytects' plans for a stone shack. One night he gets stewed in a bar-room and starts a rough house. All I can say is that he was shot up good and plenty; which the same made him sore on the town, so he fades out. But before goin' he calls me to the place where he was con-valessin' and says to me: 'You have fallen heir to my homesite. It is yours—stone wall, pillars and green grass. I am through with this town for keeps. Here's a deed to the half acre.' Them was his very words. 'What'll I do with it?' I asked, takin' his hand like in gratitude. 'Turn it into a cemetery,' says he, 'and I hope 60 per cent of the population dies and is buried there.' That's what he said."

"A generous act," I remarked.

"Say, mister, you ain't heard my story yet. Wait'll I get through. Somethin' is comin' to you. A few days afterward he was able to leave on a pack mule. I never got wind of that misguided lunatic again."

The ancient apostle of ill fortune selected a dusty morsel from the near-by prune box and stowed it in his face. "Believin' that I was acquirin' a real property I gets myself a hand-painted sign and slaps it up across the two stone pillars, readin' as follows:

<p>TRAIL'S END CEMETERY NO QUESTIONS ASKED</p>
--

which I thought was sayin' it all. I sent down to Wrangel for three tombstones, a plain flat one, three by six; a column six inches square, five feet high, mounted with a broken base, and one carved angel with her wings spread in the act of flyin'. Marble! She was a beaut. I sent out notices that any one who was prepared to die could get the best accommodations at my buryin' ground and sleep under green grass that would be guaranteed six months a year. Just to give the people an idea of what was in store for 'em I transplanted some select wild flowers and I fixed up a model grave. It sure was the kind of a place where a God-fearin' man would like to be laid to rest. The out-look was beautiful. Mountains, lakes and rivers spread out in every direction."

The old mortician swallowed his prune—pit included—selected another.

"How many silent processions," I asked, "passed through those stone portals?"

"None whatever," he replied, after a spell of painful quiet. "I waited around in that camp for three years hopin' that somebody would pass out. The tombstone, which was on exhibition at the entrance of the cemetery, got yellow and began to scale; the model grave grew into weeds, poison ivy climbed all over the stone wall and the rustic flower-boxes on the pillars fell to pieces. Have you ever seen a buryin' ground that has gone stale? Death from sickness was unknown in them parts. One day I heard that a miner had lost his life. I went on his trail. He was dead all right. A blast had done for him. Wasn't enough left of the remains to

inter. Another citizen was drowned in the river, but the body was never recovered. Lost that case, too. I heard about a woman who had died thirty miles over the mountains. She had a relative in our town. I asked him for the privilege of openin' my cemetery by plantin' his aunt free of charge. He said he wouldn't live in a town where that woman was even buried. You can see how it was. It took the heart out of me.

"To make matters worse the camp petered out and the population drifted away. I sold the flat tombstone and the marble column to a gambler who went to the next camp and built a gamin' hell. He turned the column into a hitching-post in front of his place, set the flat stone down for a door sill and called his dump the 'Marble Palace.' "

"What became of the angel?" I asked, solicitous for the welfare of the flying symbol.

"Oh, her? Five dollars bought that marble female. She finally wound up as a water witch at a salmon cannery on the Skeena River. The owner bored a hole the full length of the figure, from the feet to the lips and leaned her forward over a waterin' trough. The stream from her mouth kept the basin full. I saw her ten years afterward spoutin' for fair."

"How did she look?"

"Oh, she looked the way I felt; kind of seasick."



## VIII

### AT THE CASTLE OF BEN-MA-CREE

#### UNDER THE NORTH STAR

**T**HOSE of my readers who are displeased with average weather conditions are invited to come with me on a little journey to the West Arm of Lake Taku, which lies just across the Alaskan border in the northwest corner of British Columbia. It is reached by the White Pass and Yukon Railroad, which unites Skagway with White Horse.

I was one of the last travelers in 1928 to leave that completely isolated corner of the Far North and return to America with all the attendant comforts in rail and steamship travel. That is to say, I came out in a physical sense. My thoughts, however, are still snow-bound in the log cabin which Captain G. F. Partridge, then seventy-eight years of age, born in the Isle of Man, and his wife, seventy-seven, both now deceased, choose to call "Ben-ma-Cree" (My Loving Home). There with them were two others: Swanson, who is known as the "Faithful Swede," and Miss Ridgeway, who in the dark months of the Arctic winter teaches school at Carcross, fourteen miles distant.

The story of how Ben-ma-Cree was builded at the base of a towering mountain, on the west arm of a lake more beautiful in summer than the lakes of Killarney,

Italy or Switzerland, is an epic in fortitude; a tale the discontented living in balmy climes can well afford to read in reverence and with admiration.

In the year 1897, when the news that gold had been found came echoing out of the Yukon, Partridge, then a skipper of an English ship, put the helm hard down and went into harbor for keeps. Both he and his wife, then in the prime of life, decided to go adventuring hand in hand over the land routes. They came into the new country by the White Horse Trail, buffeted by weather more distressing than anything the Captain had ever encountered at sea, compared to which the hardships of the forecabin and the quarterdeck were nothing.

Carried along in the current of humanity, which ebbed and flowed contrary to nautical regulations, the sailor and his bride arrived at the West Taku Arm in 1911. Here the sailor-miner found the precious thing he sought. On the mountain side, above the lake shore, he uncovered a vein of gold ore. He put up his notices as claimant, built Ben-ma-Cree, set out a garden, fashioned a domestic landscape and developed his mine. Into the property he returned his profits. Every indication pointed to an ultimate bonanza.

Then the Gods of the Mountain, resenting the invader, sent down an avalanche of glacial ice, wrecking for the time his hopes. His personal fortune, amounting to \$150,000, was swallowed up in the calamity. He went to England, secured more funds, organized a company and returned to begin anew, bringing with him a complete mining equipment—cables, conveyor

belts, hoisting engines, ore buckets and machinery of the most improved type. On the shore of the lake he built bunkhouses and adjoining Ben-ma-Cree an assay office and a bullion room in which were delicate scales to weigh the pure gold and silver. Sixty-five men were employed on the property and the earth was again made to give up its treasure. The garden blossomed, the lawn spread. The mine paid. The man of the sea was at the helm of an industry of earth. The business barometer recorded fair weather.

Again the glacier yawned, the mountain shook and the mariner's mine was pitched by a second avalanche into the valley; swept away as a ship is wrecked at sea. Undaunted, Captain Partridge surveyed the devastation and set about to uncover his buried property. Along came the Government mining engineers and held a consultation. By imperial edict the mine was closed four years ago. The gods of the mountain were pacified.

Of the sixty-five miners only Swanson remained. Hence "the Faithful Swede." Piles of unused machinery are rusting on the dock that extends into the West Arm in front of Ben-ma-Cree, though the flower garden attended by Mrs. Partridge is for three months of the year a blazing diadem amid snow-capped mountains. The bullion room is empty; the scales hang on dead center; the bunkhouses are without tenants. An unsightly gash in the face of the mountain is all that remains of the claim, into which \$300,000 has been tossed, never to return.

Twice a week from June to September a steam-

boat bearing tourists came to Ben-ma-Cree. Captain Partridge and his wife, both snow white, and nearing the octogenarian border, received the travelers in stately dignity. White damask, cut glass and sterling silver were spread; beautiful flowers decorated the table and the living-room; game, home-made wine, delicate pastries, salads and trout from the Taku were served. A toast to the King and the guests; a banquet fit for both.

When the feast was over Mrs. Partridge, who on visitors' day wore a black silk dress and a rare lace collar, took her seat at a three-octave cottage melodeon. The Captain, garbed in a black frock coat, made a speech of welcome and asked for song. If the guests be American he called for "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," if English, "God Save the King." Always one heard the quavering, soft, musical voice of the woman at the instrument, blending with the still sonorous tones from the Captain. We sang "Annie Laurie," "When You and I Were Young," and "Mother Machree."

The reception-room of Ben-ma-Cree was rich with paintings, old furniture, ornamentation and five thousand volumes of the best literature. Whosoever crossed the threshold came as a guest. There was no charge for anything. Mr. and Mrs. Partridge were delighted to receive their friends. That, and nothing more.

They believed that the mine would some day reopen and were content in the interval. God and the North Star look down on them during the long night. June visitors from the outside world would come again.

Home is where the heart is.

## IX

### A CERTAIN TAXICAB PHILOSOPHER

VANCOUVER, B. C.

**M**Y last experience before stepping off of the American continent on the way to the Hawaiian Islands brought me into delightful contact with a soldier and a gentleman, who was engaged in the not too lucrative business of driving a taxicab. It is my opinion that sooner or later he will attain the prosperity he deserves.

I found him parked across the street from the Hotel Vancouver, reading an afternoon newspaper, pending the arrival of a customer. Trained in the tricks of traffic, I inquired the rate to 3200 West Forty-first.

"Stranger here?" he asked.

"Yes."

"It's a seven-mile trip, by the bridge road. Would a dollar be satisfactory?"

Recalling the numerous occasions in New York when I had punbled up an equal sum for a ride from City Hall up to the Grand Central Terminal during congestion, "Oke," said I and climbed in.

"Are you in a hurry?" he asked after we were out of the traffic jam.

"I'm never in a hurry."

"When is your engagement?"

"Six-thirty."

"Would you like to see some of our Vancouver gardens, all in full bloom? We've got plenty of time. Miles of homes; lawns in every yard; everything set in color. Marvel-ous. And such a day."

"You are not expected to give me the keys to the city for a dollar," I said.

"I would like to show you some courtesy. We've got a pretty fine city and I want you to take away a good impression. Half a pint of gasoline is nothing to me."

With that observation, he swung into Angus Avenue, blazing with floral beauty, over the undulating section known as Shaughnessy Heights, strewn with multi-colored blossoms, shrubs, climbing vines, flowering trees, rock gardens mottled with rainbow hues, and beds of tulips blazing like a painter's palette. Every zephyr was laden with subtle perfume and each unfolding vista revealed kaleidoscopic variety. It was like passing through a land of rainbows, without a cloud in the sky.

"Are you familiar with the name of all these flowers?" I asked.

"Every one of them," he said. "I've got a little book about each flower, tree and shrub that grows in British Columbia. Also a pamphlet about foreign plants that were brought into this country. I never bring a fare across the bridge without coming or returning through this section. Most people seem to like it."

"Were you born in Vancouver?"

"No, I'm from Minnesota, in the prairie section; wheat country. Not so much for flowers. Been here

twenty years. Soon after my arrival the war broke. I enlisted with the Canadian Expeditionary Force and went to the front. Played in good luck through plenty of action until the tide began to turn. Looked like I would come through without a scratch. Then I got gassed and was sent home, down and out for two years. I had plenty of company and decided to remain here among the comrades that were left. When things picked up, after the effects of gassing left me, I had no trouble finding work. By 1925 I had saved enough money to buy a taxicab and join the chauffeurs. This is my car you're riding in. I'm what they call an owner taxicab-driver. Better for a man to be his own boss. If I was driving for a company I wouldn't be allowed to bring you over here without collecting extra mileage. That wouldn't suit me."

"Have you a family?" I asked.

"Never married."

"Why not? You seem to be the sort of a man who should have a wife, children and a garden."

"Yes, I suppose so," he said, slowing down and lowering his voice. "That's as it should be. Home, family, a place to live. . . . But I'll tell you something." He swung his car in to the curb and stopped, as though he had stepped off the highway to sit down and rest a moment. "Something," he went on, "that you may not understand. War—I mean the sort of war where men are destroyed by invisible enemies, shells fired out of nowhere, gas that comes on the wind and wipes out whole regiments; war from the skies; war from the depths of the sea; war in the darkness, makes a man

hesitate about bringing a family into the world. I'm afraid of the future. The nations go on building battle-ships, training armies, boasting of power, hating their neighbors, threatening frontiers. Lying, bragging and stalling is all we hear. Unless the whole world disarms I am not sure what lies ahead or that it is worth looking forward to. There are millions of men who think the same way. If the next generation is to be saved the time to start the ball rolling is now, or never."

Slowly he threw in the clutch, pressed his foot gently on the gas and proceeded along the flower-festooned highway.

"You must excuse me," he said, "for talking about war, but when you spoke of a wife and children I thought it best to tell you how I felt about it. Perhaps I'm entirely wrong. When the mess clears up I may look at it in a different way. Here we are at 3200, with three minutes to spare. I'm glad you took time to see the gardens of Vancouver. Hope to see you again."

I stepped down, expressed my thanks for the delightful detour, handed him a dollar bill and 50 cents in silver. A delicate situation. However....

"Thank you," said he, returning the half dollar, "but there is no fee for a tour through Vancouver's gardens. The taxi fare is one dollar, as agreed upon; paid in full and perfectly satisfactory. The rest is my party."

Waving his hand and with a smile of cordial good-fellowship the soldier and gentleman—taking, I am sure, his favorite route along the highway of flowers—hustled back to town.



## X

### ABOUT THE MONSTER OF CRAIGELLACHIE

CRAIGELLACHIE, B. C.

**I**N the high Rocky Mountains between Revelstoke and Sicamous, on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, is the hamlet of Craigellachie. Population sixty. It was at that spot on the date of November 7, 1885, that Lord Strathcona, then Donald A. Smith, drove the golden spike which rang the wedding of the Atlantic and Pacific from Montreal on the east to Vancouver on the west. The line was originally planned by the Canadian Government but came to grief. But for the efforts of Mount Stephen, Strathcona, Van Horne, Shaughnessy and others the undertaking would probably have ended in national bankruptcy. The building of the road by the syndicate and the uniting of the provinces made confederation possible. The Canadian Pacific now bridges two oceans and links four continents. Craigellachie was the scene of the nuptials.

But that ceremony is not the only distinction in Craigellachie's history. It was there that a howling and bellowing monster, spreading fear and superstition among the people of the Rockies, came into existence. In one night that normally peaceful station was turned into an abode of dread, the headquarters of terror. The Indians fled before the stark and terrible thing,

while white men retreated to their fastnesses and wondered what had broken loose. That was more than forty years ago.

Last night, from the lips of an old mountaineer who was in Craigellachie the night the horror came to life, I heard the true story. I give it to posterity in the narrator's own words:

"I was sittin' in the Canadian Pacific station chinin' with the agent," he began, "when all of a sudden a feller busted in from the outside dark. He was swinging a railroad lantern which wasn't lit, and his face was white as chalk. You never seen a man so plumb upset. Was wearin' a vest over his underclothes but didn't have no pants onto him. Tried to talk but did nothin' but stutter. We asked what was ailin' him. After a while he got his tongue workin' and said that there was a killin' goin' on in the storehouse down the track."

"Why didn't he interfere?" I asked.

"I dunno. Swore that at least four men or more was doin' murder and smashin' everything up in the grub cache next to which he had a sleepin' place. The station agent told him he'd come down soon as Number Three, which was about due, went by. He gave him a lantern that was lit and told him to go back; the same which he didn't do. Soon as the train tore through and the blocks was set we went out with two more lanterns and found the caretaker waitin' for us. I want to tell you, mister, that when we came near the storehouse we heard one hell of a racket. Howls

and moans and screams like a mob of drunks was fightin' to the death. They sure was bustin' things up proper. Boxes, barrels and crates was topplin' and it sounded like a whole passel was aimin' to kill one another. You ain't never heard no such a commotion. Well, the bangin' and howlin' got louder and fiercer as we neared the shack. 'How did them parties get into that grub cache?' asked the agent, 'and what are they scrappin' about?' The caretaker said he didn't know, unless they climbed in by the window. All he knowed was that he was woke up by 'em and skipped out for help. The riot was increasin' in intensity and they wa'nt nothin' fer us to do but wade in by the shortest route, through the window which was busted. The agent and me swung our lanterns over the sill and what do you suppose we seen? Give a guess."

"A massacre," I ventured, thoroughly keyed up.

"Nawsir. A four-hundred-pound black bear had broken in, stove the top out of a ten-gallon keg of New Orleans molasses and had got his head stuck for fair. He was gallopin' about the premises half suffocated, strivin' for to get hisself free. He was bellerin' into that keg and gruntin' and snortin' in a panic. Couldn't see where he was headin' and had knocked down all the boxes in the place. The floor was littered up with all the canned goods in the world. Crackers, dried fruit, macaroni, starch, oatmeal, sugar, flour and whatnot was just naturally rainin' in all directions. He lunged this way and that, blinded and wild, messin' up them stores in a scandalous manner. The molasses was runnin' down his pelt and smearin' him up proper."

The mountaineer was gesticulating in description of the bear's plight, and rolling with laughter. His mirth clogged the narrative repeatedly.

"Well, mister," he continued, after getting his breath, "we got out an ax and went to hackin' at the cask, chasin' him all the time, until we loosened two of the hoops. What was left of the molasses then ran all over him and he began to lick himself and swipe the stuff from his eyes. Couldn't see a-tall and went rampsin' around and rollin' in the cracker dust, the flour and Quaker oats until he was as big as a hoghead. He had two hundred pounds of mixed cereal groceries glued to hisself in no time. Then he got his eyes open and seen us. Lord, mister, you should have been there when he made his bolt for the window. Took the whole casin' with him, and went howlin' down the road.

"Injuns, white men and Chinks who seen him comin' climbed telegraph poles, trees, signal towers or took to the hills. He scared the packin' out of Craigellachie citizens who happened to be up that night. Old trappers and gun-fighters just collapsed as he tore through. An Indian runner went out in the lodges and spread the news that a devil was loose in the Canadian Rockies and all the medicine men went to work the next day to put the curse on him. Elk, moose and bear that seen him in the brush started to leave the country. Must have took him all the rest of the year to shake that coat of molasses and groceries. He drew all the black flies and ants for months. The birds followed his trail and got fat on the pickin's. I guess, take it all and all,

that black bear for once got his fill of something sweet. But he sure put on a great show in Craigellachie and put the fear of God into quite a mess of adults. For ten years afterward, mister, that skairt caretaker always slept with his pants on."

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PART TWO

INTERIOR

CANADA

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## I

### WALES GETS A FARM JOB OFFER

#### STRATFORD

**I** CAN tell you a story about the former Prince of Wales in Canada," said the ex-railroad man who shared the smoker with me. "I'll give you an illustration that dates back to 1919 when I was in the traffic department of the Grand Trunk, since absorbed by the Canadian National Railways.

"We were making a Canadian grand tour out of Toronto with the Prince of Wales, as of course he was then, and his retinue. The month was August and the royal party got an eyeful of one of our bumper crops. It is the custom in this country when a member of the royal family is traveling to stop the train whenever and wherever the guest of the Government wants the air brakes applied.

"When we got to Stratford, Ontario, down by Lake Huron, the Prince was pretty well fed up with lounging in a special car. He wanted to get out and try his dogs on the landscape; do a good hard hike and limber up. The official in charge of the special was sent for and invited to suggest a proper spot for the King's son to get off and ramble. Of course, that meant the tying up of traffic, as we were on a single-track line. But



Canada is always ready to stop work when the Prince comes through.

" 'Just a little jaunt for about an hour will be quite all right,' said the Prince, 'and I'll be fit again for another thousand miles on wheels.'

"Surest thing you know; and three miles beyond Stratford the engineer gave the train the air and we brought up alongside of a country dirt road. It was a bit dusty, but the Briton insisted that he wanted it rough and would be ready for the walk in a few minutes. In a very short time the Prince and his equerry, Lord Claude Hamilton, a bit taller than his walking mate, stepped off the train dressed for exercise. Both wore hob-nailed shoes, loose walking trousers, close buttoned coats and plaid caps. Each carried a stout cane. They fired a couple of pipes and started up the road swinging along like cross-country champions.

"The train crew got out in the fields and played baseball. Farmers hauling hay and grain came along and joined in the sport. We fooled around there for over an hour. About six o'clock the walkers came trudging back, covered with dust, and in a good sweat. With the Prince and Lord Hamilton were two farmers in overalls. The four were holding an animated conversation as they came down the road. I walked up with the train official to meet the quartet. Wales and his Lordship passed on and joined the baseball players.

" 'Say, boss,' began one of the farmers, wiping the beads of sweat from his forehead, 'what's the matter with this country?'

" 'Looks all right to me,' replied the official of the royal special that was parked a hundred yards down the line. 'I never saw Canada in better condition. What is the trouble?'

" 'Well, I'll tell you: The crops are so heavy here this year that we can't get enough farm hands to gather them. I see by the papers that there are idle men who want something to do. That's all bunk. People don't want to work. Just to show you. We saw those two birds without any baggage hitting it up along the pike and asked them if they wanted to put in the next four weeks at good money. "How much?" asked the big fellow. I told him forty dollars a month, board and lodging found. "That doesn't seem very much to me. What kind of work do we do for that?" he asks, sucking at his pipe. I told him that they had to pitch hay, help with the stock, tinker around helping us build a root house and get in shape for the threshing machine when it came through.'

" 'How did he take it?' asked the official, much interested.

" 'Put up a hell of a howl. Couldn't see it a-tall. Said he had never done any farming for less than fifty dollars a month and found, and that he wouldn't do any carpenter work on a root house for nobody.'

" 'Did you meet his raise?'

" 'Not right then. We walked along with 'em and boosted the rates to forty-five dollars and finally came up to fifty dollars. Say, mister, you haven't any idea how bad we need farm hands up here.'

" 'Then why don't you pay 'em?'

"Isn't fifty dollars a month during a nice dry season like August in Canada enough? I used to farm down in the States and never got more than that even in the winter. They're out of a job, ain't they?"

"'Why didn't you take the big fellow on at fifty dollars, the sum he asked?'"

"'That's the point. We had him going and he was on the edge of taking the job when the little feller butts in and wants to know what kind of vittles we feed our farm hands. That's what *he* wanted to know. I told him he'd eat what we ate. Hah! Hah! What do you suppose was the next question he asked? *"What time do we have to turn out in the morning?"*'"

"'Well, that's a fair question,' said the railroader. 'What time do you turn out?'"

"'Five o'clock,' says the farmer.

"'I wanted to bust right out laughing, but I didn't dare. You never saw a man so hot in his collar.

"'We tramped along with those two coves for three miles, but they didn't want to work a-tall,' continued the spokesman. 'There they are now, down there playing baseball with your train crew. What's Canada coming to when her people won't work? That pair ought to be deported. Where the hell did they come from, anyhow?'"

"'England,' replied the old man solemnly. 'The big chap pitching the ball is Lord Claude Hamilton and the young fellow at the bat is the Prince of Wales. Come along and I'll introduce you.'

"He led that pair of grangers into the midst of royalty and presented them formally. They were flab-

bergasted for a time, but the Prince invited them to refreshments, gave each a box of Havana cigars and wished them prosperity. Said he was a Canadian farmer himself and was on the way to his ranch. The special pulled out with the royal feathers flying from the locomotive flag-staffs. The two farmers cheered us as we departed westward."

## II

### CHARLES DICKENS'S SON IN CANADA

#### SASKATOON

**W**HILE I do not in any way regard myself as a psychic the conviction has come upon me that this city is a central battery throwing off communications intended for my ear. The opening chapter harks back to Vancouver, where, in a conversation with a Northwest Mounted man, I asked why the members of that arm of Canadian law insisted upon wearing the bright scarlet coat. "A constant invitation," was my comment, "to the bullet of one who lies in wait with murderous impulses. It is always a shining mark."

The N. M. P. gave me a satisfying answer: "It is one thing to draw a bead on a red coat, but another to fire a slug through it. The criminal who finds the sights of his rifle lined up on a Mounted man usually, before pulling the trigger, comes to the realization that it is not the mere wearer of the red coat but the Government of Canada that he is shooting at. Most of them just naturally hold their fire. If not that, they lose their nerve—and miss. Then we get 'em."

That's logical.

"By the way," continued the M. P., "did you know that a son of Charles Dickens, the famous English novelist, was a captain of the Northwest Mounted

Police at Fort Pitt, evacuated April 14, 1885, after a twelve-day siege at the hands of the Cree Indians under Big Bear, who on the date of April 2 led his braves into the Frog Lake settlement near the North Saskatchewan River and massacred nine of the male inhabitants?"

"What became of Captain Dickens?" I asked.

"Haven't the slightest idea. You may run into an old-timer who can tell you more about him. I believe he died somewhere in the States. Sorry I can't give you further particulars."

Two weeks following this conversation destiny took me in hand. I stepped off the train at Saskatoon and started for the news-stand in the Canadian National depot. Emerging from the waiting-room was a thin, wistful-looking chap who caught a glimpse of me and stopped suddenly, as one who has come upon a familiar. The recognition was mutual. We first met thirty years ago in the publication offices of *Field and Stream*, New York. He, William Blaesdell Cameron, was editor; I a penny-a-liner hawking wares at so much a thousand words.

We rushed into reminiscence. Bill had returned to Canada, where he was born. What was he doing? "Oh, reviewing the past; writing books; taking life easy. My volume, *The War Trail of Big Bear*, a history of the Frog Lake Massacre, already out in Canada and England, is soon to be issued in the States. Twenty-one illustrations and . . ."

"How do you come to be the historian to that bloody chapter of the Canadian frontier?" I asked

nervously, quite aware that something I sought was near at hand.

Cameron's reply staggered me: "I lived at Frog Lake, was present at the massacre and narrowly escaped the fate of my fellows. Yellow Bear, one of the raiders, whom I had previously befriended, got me through the zone of bloodshed into the lodge of a Wood Cree. I was held captive for a period of two months to be finally rescued by General Strange and the Alberta Field Force on the trail of Big Bear. The battle of Frenchman's Butte on the night of June 1, 1885, found me free again.

"Yes, it is true that Captain Francis J. Dickens was then in command of the Northwest Mounted at Fort Pitt. When called upon to surrender he replied that he would hold the fort 'while there was a man able to point a gun.' Eventually he got all the men, women and children to a point of safety without losing a life. Amid the loot of the Indians was a gold watch worn by Charles Dickens during his lifetime and bequeathed to Francis upon his father's death. A few days following the evacuation and while I was still a captive of the Crees, Alfred Schmidt, a half-breed, brought me the timepiece. I examined it carefully. On the inside of the hunting case was traced the name of Charles Dickens, and an undecipherable date. The outside of the watch showed considerable wear. A small gold locket attached to the chain contained a miniature of Mrs. Dickens and a braid of her hair. You can imagine my reflections as I held this precious relic in my hands. The *Christmas Carol*, *Dombey and Son*,

*David Copperfield, Oliver Twist, Tiny Tim, Scrooge*—the tales my mother had read to me when I was young. The watch of Charles Dickens in my hand; red men chanting death-songs by the camp-fires; blood of white men on the ground. 'I give you for fifteen dollars,' said Schmidt.

"But I could not buy the timepiece of Mr. Pickwick. It was not for this prisoner-pauper to acquire that priceless jewel. Into the hands of the half-breed I placed it tenderly and turned away sick at heart. Later I had the satisfaction of learning from Captain Dickens that on the surrender of the hostiles, he had recovered his prized memento. He died the following summer in Indianapolis, and I have every reason to believe that the watch, the miniature and the lock of hair, are now in the possession of one of the great Charles Dickens's grandchildren."

And that's why I say Saskatoon throws off communications intended for my ear.

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### III

#### THE HANDWRITING IN THE SNOW

BUFFALO HEAD RANCH,  
EDEN VALLEY

**B**EAR'S ROBE, high in the councils of the Stonies, refugee Sioux who came into Canada after the Custer massacre, adopted me in my nineteenth year. To his death-bed in 1907 he summoned his son, Spotted Wolf, and in my presence said to him: 'This white boy, renamed by me Mountain Child, is henceforth your blood brother. He will share all your possessions and be kin to all our flesh. If you are called upon to die for each other, die as I would die—gladly.' It was thus that the son of Bear's Robe more than twenty years ago became my brother. Amid these mountains and plains we have been brought close together. The bond is indissoluble."

Thus spoke George Pocoterra, a native of Venezia, Italy. At the beginning of the present century, lured by the romance of frontier life, he left his native land and came to Canada. Here among the cowmen, the Indians and the ranchers he settled down, acquiring lands and herds and finally an estate of 3,000-odd acres through which runs the Highwood River. Twelve miles away is the Canadian ranch of the Duke of Windsor.

Pocoterra, still in possession of an elusive Tuscan

accent, has been absorbed body and spirit into the new empire. At his fireside I heard a tale of hand-to-hand conflict between a red man and a grizzly, the record of which was written on a carpet of snow through which the blood of man and beast had splashed a red pattern.

Pocoterra again speaks:

"With Spotted Wolf, exploring rivers and canyons, I roamed over this section of Canada for twenty years. One summer we made a trip to the headwaters of Upper Kananaskis Lake in the Rockies. On the crown of a small mound under the shadow of high peaks we came upon a crude corral, built around a clump of stones. 'Here,' said my blood brother, 'is the grave of the great bear killer; the grave of the red man who fought and won—and lost. There, below the mound, is the field of battle. No man saw the fight, yet it was written for those who came afterward to read.'

" 'If no man saw,' I asked Spotted Wolf, 'and the red man lost, who wrote the tale for other eyes?' My blood brother, always a mystic when he talked of his own people, pointed to the open space below and beckoned me to follow him. 'Come to the spot, Mountain Child, and I will show you where the story was written on the white snow. I will fight the grizzly again for your eyes and you will see where and how the end came to the slayer and the slain.' He led me to a vantage point where we had an excellent view of the open glade upon which the tragedy—which every Stony Indian knows—was enacted in the early half of

the 1890's. 'Think, my brother,' said he, 'that the earth is covered with snow to the depth of a man's ankle; think that you were here when the fight began. It will help you to see what others saw when they found the hunter and the hunted, and death had come.' I was somewhat skeptical about his ability to make me see just what had once occurred on that piece of grassy earth.

"Be not surprised at the poetic speech and the imagery of the Indian. For twenty years I have spoken the language of the Sioux tribes and I assure you that nothing could be more exhilarating to the ear than the flow of speech from a red man wrapped in his subject. Spotted Wolf was no exception. Moreover, I could comprehend him. 'It was at this place where we now stand,' Spotted Wolf went on, 'that the first shot was fired. The grizzly came out by the pine tree grove across the open, and was standing up. The bullet found his shoulder. See the drops of blood on the snow . . . the beginning of the red trail . . . His enemy ran to the east a short space and pumped in another shell . . . You can see the first one lying there where it was thrown out. Look, Mountain Child, the bear returns to the shelter of the trees . . . the hunter follows . . . into the open. The bear returns and stands bleeding. See the pool? . . . At the length of ten strides the red man fires again. Come, I will show you another empty shell . . . Here it is . . . The grizzly is coming—upright . . . Blood is flowing fast, an endless river between his foot-prints . . . There! The Indian has turned and is running to the north . . . the grizzly is

crossing to meet him . . . the hunter circles, the bear after him. Round and round they run, trampling the snow. See what happened here: the grizzly turned and met the Indian. Footprints of moccasin . . . paw prints . . . fight, hand to hand. Black blood, red blood . . . man and bear blood. Open your eyes, Mountain Child. What do you see? Both dead; the man underneath.

"The story is written in the snow. Look at the Indian's gun. A shell has jammed in the chamber . . . a shell unfired. Look at the bear's heart. It is mutilated and torn apart. With a death wound he came onward to victory. The first shot in the shoulder, the second shot in the heart . . . the jammed shell . . . the pursuit . . . silence. Those who came afterward found the story in the snow. Do you not see, Mountain Child, the footprints, the empty shells, the blood, the dead grizzly and the dead bear-killer, who won—and lost?"

George Pocoterra, standing before the fireplace, his splayed hands extending over an imaginary horror, had made me see what Spotted Wolf had visualized on the battle-field in the Rockies. Into the sitting-room of his log cabin he had brought a scene of carnage, a drama in which both man and beast had met in mortal combat, matched courage to the uttermost end and died breast to breast.

That night I dreamed of red snow drifting across the Rocky Mountains, over the prairies, into space.

## IV

### TRAIL OF THE VANISHED BUFFALO

ALONG THE RIGHT OF WAY,  
C. P. R. R.

FOUR of us were seated in Superintendent J. M. McKay's inspection car, which clicked at fifty miles an hour over the Canadian prairies. Wheat fields on either side of the track stretched away to the horizon. Numerous tales were told as the landscape, a vast golden panorama of riches, glided past and melted into the perspective.

"Have you ever," asked one of the quartet, "heard the story of the Swede who was selecting a winter coat?"

"Among gentlemen," said another, "all stories are heard for the first time. You have the floor."

"The youth asked to be shown something in fur. The salesman expostulated at great length on wearing the hair inside, the hide outside. He argued that it had been scientifically demonstrated that insulation against cold was thus assured. 'Nobody nowadays will use a coat made any other way,' said the clerk. 'What you want is a garment with the fur next to your person. Here is a beautiful model. Price \$37.50. Slip it on.' The Swede began to laugh. The clerk got huffy. 'I hope you are not finding amusement in my state-

ment.' The Swede started for the door. 'No, mester,' he said, 'A 'ust bane tank what a damphool is der buffalo.' "

The word "buffalo" awakened something in the backwash of McKay's memory. "That reminds me of something that might interest you gentlemen. As a boy I lived up in northwest Manitoba province, where water for our stock was the great problem. Every day I drove our horses and cattle three and a half miles to a prairie pool and back again. Not much of a trip in summer but tough in winter. Alkali water was plentiful but unfit for drinking.

"One day I came upon a buffalo wallow which but for a small space in the center was practically dry. My mother had told me that in days gone by the bison used to come there and paw the mud over themselves as a protection from the flies, and that at a shallow depth fresh water fit to drink percolated into the ruts. Well, I announced my intention of digging in the old wallow for fresh water with the hope of shortening the daily seven-mile trip. My father expressed the belief that I was crazy. Nevertheless, I went to work with pick and shovel, removing an incrustation of eighteen-inch peat, under which I found a deposit of beautiful white sand through which seeped a steady flow of cool, crystal clear water. After enlarging the space to twelve or fifteen feet in circumference it filled with sweet water which supplied the wants of our herd. I developed several wallows with similar results, and opened up great possibilities on our acreage. You are not to believe that I was the first to develop the

buffalo wallow as a water supply, but the fact remains that since then many of the old drinking-holes of the bison are serving civilization on the Canadian prairies. Up in Douglas, 120 miles north of Winnipeg, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific, the water for our engines is drawn from a reclaimed buffalo wallow. Wherever the beasts located one of those oases, even to this day can the fresh supply be tapped close to the surface. It is always clear, sweet and free of alkaline salts."

"The buffalo of the continent got a rotten deal," interposed a listener. "Millions of them were wiped out and the species all but exterminated. The herd of seven or eight thousand now at Wainwright Park, Alberta, with a few privately owned animals protected on ranches, about represents the living remnant. Conservation at the right time would have enabled this noble animal to thrive and multiply through the United States and this Dominion. There was no excuse for the destruction."

"My dear sir," said McKay, who has spent all of his life in the bison country, "the coming of settlers, the opening up of the farming country, the advent of the railroad spelled the doom of the buffalo. There was no way on earth to save him. By nature he was a drifter, roaming unrestrained over three thousand miles of territory; in British North America from the Rocky Mountains to the wooded high lands 600 miles west of Hudson Bay. Its range in the United States at one time was as far west as Oregon and further south to the Great Salt Lake Basin, even to the Sierra

Nevadas. East of the Rocky Mountains the range extended southward of the Rio Grande, and eastward, including the great valley drained by the Ohio River and its tributaries; northward east of the Mississippi to the Great Lakes.

"There were detached herds south of the Tennessee River and east of the Alleghenies in the upper districts of North and South Carolina. Stop a moment and reflect on man's opposition to such meandering over a whole continent. The buffalo was driven by regional changes and sought his fodder in two zones, moving north and south with the sun. With the coming of the white man there came also the market for hides; 2,000,000 a year between 1865 and 1875 reached the Eastern market. The range of the buffalo was partitioned by civilization. Up went the barbed wire fences. The bison, corralled by the barriers of mankind, gave up the ghost."

McKay, evidently at the end of his discourse, turned to me. "What do you know about the buffalo? New York has the floor."

"Little or nothing," I admitted with my accustomed modesty, "beyond the fact that upon the day of my birth in Brownsville, Neb., on the banks of the Missouri River, I was wrapped in a buffalo robe and inserted at intervals into a luke-warm brick oven as a protection against the ices. When I was five years of age—and that was fifty-four years ago—three hundred thousand buffalo, consuming three days and nights, thundered past our humble prairie home and raised a dust that was visible for twenty miles. The Indians



told my father that some day the paleface would perish from this continent and that the buffalo would return and graze again upon the land which the Great Father intended for the Red Men. Beyond that your deponent knoweth not."

## V

### HERDING ELK WITH A LOCOMOTIVE

#### WINNIPEG

**A**BOUT seventy-five miles south of here," began Mr. Ned Sawyer, picking up his turn in the smoker, "between Manitou and Morden, in the fall of 1893, when the wild life of this empire was the marvel of the continent, I saw a spectacle that can never again be duplicated."

"Just a few months before Prof. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution began his flying experiments on the Potomac," remarked an aviator, who also had been spinning some history into our ears. There being no further interruptions the first speaker continued:

"I was a fireman on the C. P. R. R. at that time. Between the two points mentioned there was a grade so stiff that when the overland trains came through we met them at the bottom of the hill with an extra locomotive and lent a land. The lay of the land in that section of the Pembino Mountains was such that the whole valley through which we passed was visible from the top of the grade. The engineer, James Marshall, now a resident of Bloomfield, N. J.—who can verify this story—was at the throttle, backing the engine down hill into Morden, or rather letting her slip along under the influence of gravity. About three miles

ahead of us we made out a moving mass proceeding slowly along the right of way and extending on either side of the tracks.

"Marshall thought it to be a band of horses, although it was quite impossible at that distance to distinguish the units. He let her out a couple of notches and in a very short time we were near enough to make out the buff rumps and to identify a herd of elk numbering at least five thousand."

"What a take-off they must have made," observed the aviator, in the terminology of flight.

"Not at all, my friend; no commotion whatever," answered the fireman, "a circumstance that gives this story additional interest. Elk to the number of five thousand were not unusual throughout the Northwest in the early days, but what transpired on that particular occasion among that particular herd has no parallel on the frontier. It is the invariable habit of moving elk herds to proceed slowly and in formation—the old stags protecting the outer rim; next the yearlings, then the cows and in the center the calves. Viewed as a whole the herd was perhaps a mile in length and half a mile in width just about equally divided by the unfenced railroad track. As the engine approached the herd began to display signs of nervousness. Marshall shut off the power and moved along at quarter speed with as little noise as possible, coming at last to within twenty yards of the tailers.

"At regular intervals the leaders communicating around the whole outside rim of the living oval would halt and look back at the engine still creeping down

grade upon them. The cows and calves, huddling against each other, seemed like a great field of buff velvet in a circle of antlers, a soft tan quilt from which the glistening eyes of the wondering creatures shone like black spangles. And then the signal to proceed would be given—a signal that went whistling around the rim—the myriad heads would turn, and the spangles would vanish.

“After it became evident that the herd was not to be hastened and that there was no display of panic, we crawled up to their very haunches. When it was plain that we were going through the ranks the outer stags divided, and Marshall backed the tender of that forty-ton locomotive straight into that moving mass. At any time we could have reached from the cab windows on either side and touched the cows and the calves. Except for the signaling that was going on between the stags—and the response of the cows—there was no sound other than the rhythmic beating of twenty thousand hoofs on the soft earth and the shuffling of bodies in close contact. From the humid aggregation arose a musty odor almost stifling.

“By the time we had got well into the herd and were completely surrounded there was a signaling from all sides that must have meant ‘Oblique right!’ In any event, that is what ensued. The whole movement was in that direction and without undue haste. It was apparent to the elk that we meant no harm. They seemed to realize that something had drifted along, caught up with them and wanted to go through. The oblique right maneuver came into perfection without a hitch,

the left wing drifting across the track at a long angle and joining the right wing with geometrical precision.

"Surrounded by five thousand elk we steamed gently along for a distance of five miles, coming upon clear tracks without striking a single animal or causing the least bit of alarm. When they were entirely free from the right of way and realigned along another course we gave three farewell blasts of the whistle. The circle of stags halted, the frame of antlers was again lifted; the cows and calves froze like stuffed creatures and the black spangles flashed once more. Marshall then pulled her wide open and we lit out. The elk, being a drifter, has no particular idea of time, but the Canadian Pacific expects its engineers to stick to the schedule.

"In the early days of railroading we were frequently stopped dead short by prairie hurricanes, especially when we had a haul of box cars heading into the wind. But when the breeze was on our tail the flight was described as 'coming home with a train load of straw hats.' And that's the way we left that herd of elk and came into Morden."

"Are you still in the railroad business?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, in a sort of straw-hat way," he replied. "I left the locomotive cab in 1898 and became general manager of the Railroad Department of the International Correspondence Schools. I drift over 50,000 miles of railroads every year and take observations. I'm sixty-five years of age, but I don't expect during the remainder of my life to see anything that can match driving five thousand elk with a forty-ton locomotive. And I believe Jim Marshall feels the same way about it."

## VI

### A BAD MAN PLANTS SOME EVIDENCE

#### MALIGNE CANYON

**M**ALIGNE LAKE, seventeen miles in length and the largest glacier-fed body of water in the Canadian Rockies, lies before me, the high mountains, heroic in the garb of coming autumn, reflected on its placid bosom. The winds ride over the high peaks, leaving no ripple upon the blue mirror. Timber, undisturbed by tempest, stands erect as arrows along the shore. A loon's cry echoes and reëchoes across the arc, expiring in the far reaches.

With one booted foot braced against the belly of a cayuse a horse wrangler is throwing the diamond hitch over a pack saddle. We are preparing to move on to the next splendor of the range.

"You're from New York, ain't you?" asks the frontiersman, tying the last knot in the operation.

"Yea, bo," I responded in the lingo of the mountains.

"Where they have them crime waves?"

I explained that a large percentage of the residents on Manhattan Island were law-abiding citizens.

"Well, what do you know about this here thing called indisputable evidence? Much of that there?"

"Plenty of it. What's the idea?"

"I can tell you something along them lines," he said, slapping his pony on the flank. "Something that'll make your hair stand."

I declared my interest in one word: "Shoot."

While the pack horse browsed and selected for himself a lunch of wild clover and timothy, the wrangler unfolded his tale:

"I gotta tell you at the go-off that this yarn come to me from a hombre who was pals with one of the participants, which I aims not to name 'ceptin' as Shorty. And I will 'lude to the other party as Pedro, which it ain't his right name either. If you was to ask me where all this happened I'll like as not lie to you. All you need for to do is believe what I'm tellin' you, because it's true.

"Pedro was cow punchin' in a country where the grass was short and the life hard. He does a foreman trick for a gent who has a likely homestead which was run proper. Workin' for the boss was a gal who was some good looker. She could do stunts with a cook stove that won the everlastin' love and affection of the broncho-buster. One night he gets himself a shave and some clean trappin's. In the dark of the moon he leads two horses in back of the house, whistles the dame out and beats it for the township, where he marries the skirt right and proper. The honeymoon lasts six months and then Pedro gets himself a mash on a dance-hall girl and stampedes with her. The gal wife goes back to sluggin' chow for a livin'. Two years slides by.

"Pedro and the flipperty-gibbert gets to clawin', as

you might say, and splits up, leaving P. on the brink of the D. T.'s. Some of his bunkies rounds him up for repairs and sends for Shorty, who, seein' that Pedro is in rotten shape, sends for the gal wife, who throws up her cookin' job, rides all night to the bedside of the big stiff and starts in for to reclaim him. She done that little thing and gets him a job ridin' herd for her old boss. It looks like things is goin' to be O. K., but Shorty says fer her to keep an eye peeled on Pedro, to which she says, 'Oh, pshaw! a good woman can hold a man with love.' Like hell she can!

"Well, it happens that Pedro's wife had rounded up some dough which she had saved from her cook job. She wants to buy a piece of pasture ground and put out some stock for the market. Believin' that Pedro was all to the good again, she sends him to town for the spondulix—four hundred bucks. He rides to the bank, eight miles away, takes out the smackers and inherits a few drinks. Whilst chasayin' round he picks out a short-card crook and the pair fixed up a swell job. After dark them birds ride out of town in different directions so as to throw a false scent. At midnight they meet at the sheep corral along the road, and the card-player ties Pedro hand and foot with a hemp lariat, wrappin' the rope around his face over a bandana handkerchief, for to gag him, and ties the end of the lariat around Pedro's neck, knottin' the hemp kind of playful.

"I orter tell you that before the hog-tyin' Pedro and his accessory friend kicks up the ground and makes a lot of indisputable evidence tending to show that one



whale of a scuffle had been pulled off before Pedro was robbed, gagged and left by the roadside. It was a grand stunt them polecats rigged up, the idea bein' to meet later and split the cash fifty-fifty. Anybody could see that Pedro fought hard before he was overpowered by the highwayman. Indisputable evidence to burn."

"Who found the gentleman?" I asked.

"Shorty," answered the wrangler, after a moment of quiet, broken only by the munching of the pack horse in the wild clover. "And he found something else that Pedro and the other crook had overlooked. Something that showed up out of a clear sky—mebby: A rainstorm! Pedro was soppin' wet; so was the rope lariat. You know what water does to hemp? Yep, shrinks it. Pedro's tongue was hangin' out, his eyes bulgin'. . . . Same as any other man strangled to death."

The card shark admitted five years later, while passing away in the grasp of tuberculosis, that he had a hand in the roping of Pedro but wasn't expecting rain. Shorty had already married the widow.

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## VII

### FIRST MAN TO SEE LAKE LOUISE

#### BANFF

**A**UGUST 23, 1882, while taking supplies into the Canadian Rockies for engineers seeking a pass through which the Canadian Pacific Railroad might reach the western ocean, Tom Wilson, in charge of the pack train, made camp beside the Pipestone Creek, thirty-seven miles west of the present city of Banff, Alberta Province. During the intervening half-century amazing changes have been wrought, but when Tom Wilson arrived with his white men, Indians and horses, and unrolled his blankets in the grass along that wild mountain brook, few, save redskins, had come that way.

By the grace of God, and in consequence of a temperate life among the eternal mountains which he calls home, the pack-train leader, now in his seventy-third year, hale and hearty, is still alive to tell me the tale of what he heard on Pipestone Creek, the night of the 23rd, and what he saw on the morning of the 24th of that historic August, fifty years ago. Tom Wilson speaking:

"With the exception of two Indians guarding the horses the fall of darkness found the whole camp stretched between blankets, asleep.

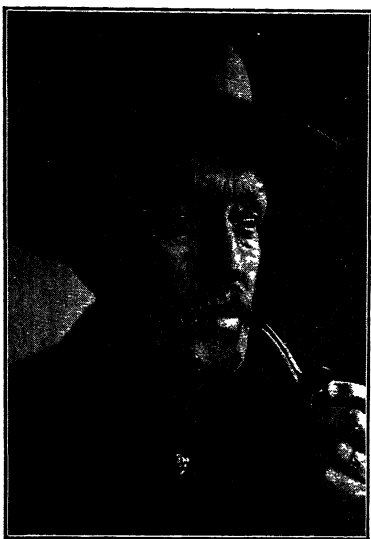
"About midnight I was awakened by a distant clap of thunder; thunder out of a cloudless sky sprinkled with stars. I rolled out just as a second clap, louder and more penetrating than the first, rumbled like far-away cannonading. Avalanche, I decided, but where? One of the Indians came up to me. 'The Great Spirit speaks at the Lake of the Little Fishes,' he said in the Stony tongue, which I understood. 'How far?' I asked. 'Five miles; at the feet of the ice mountain, where the blue picture is painted; the picture that the Great Spirit made for the Indians. White man's pictures all fade. Indian's picture last forever.'

"By this time the whole camp was awake. None of us knew exactly what the buck was driving at. We gathered that a glacial flow, melted under summer and autumn sunshine, had formed a lake of some sort; a common thing in these mountains. But the red man tried to impress upon us that nowhere else was anything like the Lake of the Little Fishes.

"What impressed me was the idea of good fishing. 'We go to-morrow, daybreak,' I said. 'You go get some sleep.' At the crack of dawn the Stony was ready for the trip. Five miles up untraveled mountain canyons, thick with windfall timber, boulder-strewn brooks and side-hill Indian trails, is tough traveling. But I wanted to see the spot where God made thunder and painted indelible, permanent masterpieces, with good trout fishing thrown in. In a reverent mood, as though guiding me to the gates of paradise, the Indian led the way. After a five-hour climb, I discerned through treetops



THE PRINCE OF WALES  
(1928) ON HIS RANCH



TOM WILSON, FIRST WHITE  
MAN TO SEE LAKE LOUISE



CECIL "COUGAR" SMITH WITH HOUND AND  
COUGAR PELTS



LAKE LOUISE, INCOMPARABLE JEWEL OF THE  
CANADIAN ROCKIES



TEN BEARS AT BREAKFAST, JASPER PARK LODGE

the crest of an ice dome, and as we traversed a white water brook, glistening scarps from which glacial masses had broken away. A fresh gap, about five hundred yards in width, evidently the thunder-maker of the previous night, was plainly evident. Impatient and breathless I hurried up an embankment heavily fringed with trees and broke through a barrier of thick brush, certain that something too magnificent for words lay beyond. I could define the inclosing mountains coming down to a wide open space, and felt that a great moment was upon me. The Indian let me pass him, so that the spectacle would be mine first. Suddenly it burst upon me. . . .”

Tom Wilson removed a pair of amber-tinted spectacles from the bridge of his nose and looked me in the eye. “As God is my judge,” he said, “I never, in all my exploration of these five chains of mountains throughout western Canada, saw such a matchless scene. The surface of the lake was still as a mirror. On the right and left, forests that had never known the ax came down to the shores, apparently growing out of the blue and green water.

“The background, a mile and a half away, was divided into three tones—white, opal and brown, where the glacier ceased and merged with the shining water. The sun, high in the noon hour, poured into the pool, which reflected the whole landscape that formed the horseshoe. I tell you, sir, no man has ever been able to describe that picture painted for the Indians by the Great Spirit. I felt puny in body but glorified in soul,

for I was the first white man to look upon it. I was then twenty-three and believed in God. I am now seventy-three, and know there is a God." Tom Wilson replaced his spectacles.

"I reported my discovery to the Canadian Pacific Company and named the body of water Emerald Lake. Also I blazed a trail. In 1884 Dr. G. M. Dawson, head of the Geological Survey, and Lord Temple, president of the British Association, renamed it Lake Louise, as a compliment to Princess Louise, wife of the Marquis of Lorne, at that time Governor-General of Canada. I approve the new name. There are hundreds of Emerald Lakes, but there is but one Lake Louise. And it was painted by the Master, first for the Indians, and now for all the world to look upon."

"Can you take me to the exact spot," I asked, "where you first set eyes upon this flawless picture?"

"Can and will," said Tom Wilson. "I'll call up Pat Brewster and get a car. We'll go to-day. Ask your wife to join us."

Pat responded immediately. The frau, Tom and myself reached the shores of Lake Louise in an hour and forty minutes from Banff and walked out on the grassy shore to the exact point where half a century ago Tom beheld for the first time the lovely scene that myriad people have since gazed upon, enraptured beyond human expression.

After making a picture of the gray trail-blazer looking again across the Lake of the Little Fishes, I drew him to one side and confided that the date of his dis-

covery, August 24th, happened to be my wife's birthday.

"How old was she then?" asked the ingenuous Mr. Wilson.

"I don't know. And haven't the nerve to ask."

"I get you," said Tom, his eyes fixed upon the great miracle.



## VIII

### TURNED A HOBBY INTO A PROFESSION

#### BANFF NATIONAL PARK

**H**IS name is Dan McCowan. Twenty-six years ago he turned up in the Canadian Rockies and began to putter around among the wild animals, with whom he established such friendly relations that when the last trumpet blows and all the noses are counted Dan McCowan will be found coming down a canyon in the company of grizzly bears, elks, mountain sheep, whistling marmots, moose and wildcats. And he will be leading the procession.

"I was once in your town with Mrs. McCowan," said he when first we met, "and much to my astonishment saw at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway a chocolate-winged, white-fringed Mourning Cloak butterfly fluttering above the congestion."

"What business," I asked, "would a butterfly have in Manhattan?"

"If I remember rightly," replied the naturalist, "there is a molasses-covered popcorn product sold near the corner on the uptown side. The Mourning Cloak, blown over New York by New Jersey zephyrs, had got the scent of hot sugar, come down to get lunch, and got the gate instead."

From wandering butterflies we drifted to the wild

animal kingdom, a subject that one might say is Dan McCowan's meat. "Naturalists," he said, "have come to the conclusion that comparatively little is known concerning the habits and characteristics of wild beasts. It is a book of closed pages into which students seeking knowledge peer bewildered; a volume of unsolved mysteries. After years of observation and research we are still in the dark.

"By way of illustration take the red squirrel, supposedly a paragon of thrift and wisdom, who gathers food in the fall against the approaching hard winter. As a matter of truth the squirrel, viewed economically, is a time-waster, evidenced by the fact that during the autumn he gathers ten bushels of pine nuts and absolutely forgets where he has hidden nine of them. Ninety per cent of his accumulation is absolutely wasted. On the high branches of the trees he deposits numberless mushrooms to dry. Just where he doesn't remember. Hence a banquet for the birds. The squirrel is a master at hiding food—from himself.

"The grizzly bear, long regarded as the most ferocious of monsters, is the most timid of the bear family, fleeing from real and imaginary enemies unless driven into a corner. Then, and then only, will he resist. He is a vegetarian, subsisting on berries and roots, except when the fish come into the mountains to spawn, when he gluts himself on salmon and trout to the point where he is hardly able to wallow into his upper berth in the rocks above the timber line, there to enjoy his six months of indolent hibernation. A coward and a glutton, this far-famed monarch of the mountains.

"Rip Van Winkle of the slumberers is the hoary marmot, who goes to his rocky couch in September and snores until April. Seven months plus in stupid semi-extinction. Originally the marmot did his napping in an earth burrow, where he was raided by the bear. In self-defense he moved up the mountain among the protecting stones. That, at least, was evidence of reason.

"Observe the polygamous elk, lord of a herd of cows, over whom he stands guardian against any living or moving thing that dares invade his dominion. So jealous is this noble animal that he will charge a squirrel or a chipmunk intrepid enough to spy upon his privacy. With equal valor he is prepared to battle an automobile. Red rage and hatred dominate his entire mating season and occupy his brute mind until a better and younger elk comes upon the scene and dethrones him. There are no old-age pensions among the wild."

"Which among the animals of your acquaintance has the best appetite?" I asked.

"The shrew, smallest known quadruped," replied the naturalist, "weighing one-tenth of an ounce. A full-grown shrew can pass easily through one's little finger ring. Konrad Kain, a guide, informed me that he observed a single shrew over a period of five days consume an entire gray squirrel. Calculating the weight of the squirrel at one pound and measuring the digestive apparatus of the shrew at a fraction of an inch, this would be equivalent to the consumption of twenty-five steers or 250 sheep by a human being. The regular

diet of the shrew, sometimes called the dormouse, and possessing a piglike snout, is slugs, insects and worms. Every waking hour of the shrew's existence is spent in continuous foraging. Who can calculate the procession of life that must pass into its maw?"

"Hibernation must be quite a holiday to the shrew."

"Not so," exclaimed Mr. McCowan. "Anthony of the American Museum of Natural History, leading authority on hibernation, declares that the shrew does not hibernate. All the more astounding, therefore, when one stops to consider that this infinitesimal quadruped roams as far north as the arctic circle, where no animal life is supposed to exist."

"How then does the shrew exist?"

"That is another mystery in the book of natural history. Somehow or other this ravenous creature survives even there, and breeds and fills its belly. Among the thousand enigmas the life of the shrew stands out as one of the greatest. We live in a baffling world, and the half, or even a fraction, has not yet been disclosed. Indeed, there is much to learn."

Dan McCowan, who calls himself an amateur naturalist, has lectured before the Field Museum in Chicago, the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, the Brooklyn Institute and the Boston Free Library. Once a month at Banff he delivers a free illustrated lecture to tourists, packing Mount Stephen Hall.

## IX

### REDGRAVE, B. C.'S BARON MUNCHAUSEN

#### YOH0 VALLEY

**M**OST people who stretch the truth are looked upon as plain liars. But it remained for Sheriff Redgrave to inherit such an exalted title as "The Rocky Mountain Romancer." Here in Yoho Valley I learned all about this great Ananias from Colonel Phillip A. Moore, president of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, an organization of twelve hundred men and women who have ridden, hiked and mushed through this hill country for distances ranging from 50 to 2,500 miles. Most of the trail riders have heard about the great Redgrave and appreciate his powers of exaggeration, but Colonel Moore often saw the sublime old tale-spinner in the flesh.

"There was a splendor about his imagination that filled his auditors with awe," said the Colonel. "His Home was in Golden, British Columbia, over toward the Columbia River. It is an established fact that during his entire lifetime Redgrave never made a single statement that had the slightest basis in fact. I once heard him hold forth on the subject of a pair of young beavers with which he shared his domicile, to use his own words, 'like a couple of setter pups.' I

won their confidence with kindness,' said the Sheriff, 'and not once did they complain of the absence of aquatic pastimes under my roof. Naturally I came to the conclusion that the little fellows had lost interest in all their hereditary riparian rights and were satisfied with the culture and civilization that infested my shack. But what finally occurred only goes to prove that human beings have no conception of the life, manners and peculiarities that rule in the animal kingdom. And this is especially the case with regard to beavers.

" 'One day I was called away from home to round up a bad man who had taken it into his head to shoot up a mining-camp in the hills. Being as how I am a human person, one who thinks always of the comfort of live stock and household pets, I cut for the beavers a supply of succulent yellow birch branches and stacked them in the kitchen so that the beavers would not go hungry or want for something to play with. Well, sir, when I returned after an absence of four days I got the shock of my life. Those beavers, left alone and without the hand of man to guide them, had gone plumb back to nature; forgot that they were domesticated and went to building. With the birch branches they mapped out a plan of operation. With the leaves they plugged up the windows and then went to work gnawing the kitchen table, the shelving, the wood-box and the cupboard into proper lengths for constructing a dam. I reckon that job consumed about two days. And then, I'm blowed if they didn't turn on the spigot at the sink and fill the room with water right up to the ceiling.

“ ‘A contractor couldn’t have done a better piece of dam building. Of course, the beavers, unfamiliar with the peculiarities of unlimited flowing water, had to take the consequences. That is to say, when the kitchen was full, with no escape for the water except through the chimney, both beavers, deprived of air, were promptly drowned. That taught me the lesson not to monkey with the private affairs of the beaver family. I haven’t had one around the house since.’ ”

At this point in the recital of Sheriff Redgrave’s adventure with the beavers Colonel Moore was summoned to the long-distance phone to receive the announcement that a delegation of hikers was moving up the Yoho Valley, all wet with ambition to win gold, silver and bronze buttons as a reward for covering distance on foot and horseback. Quite naturally I moved onward in search of other testimony touching on the life and lies of the late Sheriff Redgrave.

Tom Wilson, the old pathfinder who over fifty years ago discovered the beautiful body of water now known as Lake Louise, proved to be the man I sought. Having been a former bunkie of the great romancer, Tom told his story:

“The Sheriff once explained to me how he made a difficult grade with a two-horse team traveling on a muddy road. ‘I could see,’ said Redgrave, ‘that with the wagon tracks flowing mud and a steady rain falling, I was due to have trouble getting up the hill. So I tied the reins on the hames, which allowed the horses liberty to pull. Then I picked up a good-sized rock,

large enough to set under one of the hind wheels and hold the wagon while the horses rested between hauls. "Giddap," I yells from behind, and the team started hell bent. "Up, up, up, with me carrying the rock in the rear. Tom, I am ashamed to admit it but with the weight of the rock and me out of breath I'm damned if I could make them plugs hear my command to whoa. I didn't dare drop the rock, for fear I would have nothing to block the wheels if the horses made up their mind to halt. And I was falling behind every second. Before I knew it the team was mounting to the crest of the hill toward a clump of jack pines. "If they can only make it," says I, panting. "If they stop—good-by; horses and wagon will slide back for the finish." Listen, Tom. They came to a dead stand right at the peak, the wagon still on the downhill with the dashboard swinging wide open. I waited for the crash. Nothing happened. Breathing hard, I made the grade and saw—Whadda you suppose I saw, Tom? Nothing 'cept those faithful equines with their teeth clamped on two strong jack pine branches, holding tight till I showed up with the rock. Yes, sir, Tom, they were waiting for the brakeman. One of 'em was a mare. I bred her to a hill stallion and developed a strain of horses that with their teeth pulled enough freight through the timbers of British Columbia to build cities all along the rivers and valleys of this section. Lots of people think horses have no brains. When you consider the amount of work horses will do—for nothing—mebby they haven't. I dunno.' "



## X

### A FRIEND OF THE KING OF SIAM

#### BANFF NATIONAL PARK

UP to June 27, 1932, when a powerful but dissatisfied populace arose in response to popular demand and announced the formation of a constitutional monarchy, Prajadhipok was absolute monarch, in all that the term implies, of the Kingdom of Siam, where, prior to the readjustment, all executive power rested in the frail hands of his Majesty. Overnight he was relieved of all responsibility and the pangs of government.

The rumble that went through his empire crossed the frontiers, creating no little comment on neighboring borders. Brother potentates, some of them in exile, others still at home but stripped of authority, sat up and asked what next.

However, the unseating of a monarch does not necessarily destroy his popularity; at least not with individuals. Be it known that out here in the tall timbers and among the taller mountains Prajadhipok has in Mr. Dick Roberts, Head Guide and Keeper of the Horse for the Canadian Pacific at Banff Springs, as staunch a friend as monarch or civilian could wish for.

More to the point, Dick Roberts's esteem for the Oriental is not something of the moment; it began

twenty-five years ago when Prajadhipok, wearing an Eton collar, which is the starched badge of learning in Great Britain, was a mere Prince in England. Perhaps I had better let Dick Roberts tell this story in his own way as he told it to me while we were rambling among the Canadian Rockies:

"At that time, 1906," said Dick, "I was with the Homand Lodge Stable at Leadbury, Hereford, as a riding instructor. The Prince, then fourteen and physically quite small, came to Eton for special instruction in English, in which he had already been schooled by teachers in Bangkok. Even in those days the lad possessed an unmistakable dignity; that something which is in the fiber of kings. While studying at Eton he resided at the home of Lady Henry Somerset. His legal guardian, a Mr. Bell, brought him to the riding school where I was teaching. Mr. Bell very kindly explained that the Prince was a nobleman and that I should make a special effort to treat him with the distinction to which he was entitled. Frankly, the boy merited it. None could treat him otherwise."

"How did he look in the saddle?"

"A born horseman, afraid of nothing, and if not watched was inclined to give rein to his animal. We had a bad-tempered jumper that much appealed to him, a horse known as Ugly Buck. A tough mount if ever there was one. Oh, yes, the Prince could ride," said Roberts, rattling his spurs. "When I heard that he was on the way to Canada it seemed as though one of the old town boys was coming through, but I had no intention of presuming upon that fact as a basis for discus-

sion. General Panet, Chief of the Canadian Pacific Railway police, and in charge of the royal entourage, told the King that one of his former riding instructors at Leadbury was similarly occupied at Banff. In fact, I was pointed out to him as the man who had a hand in his early training. He looked me square in the face for a moment and said in perfect English, quite pleasantly, but definitely, 'I don't remember you.' To which I replied, 'Twenty-five years is a long time, your Majesty. I presume we have both changed in some particulars. In the interval you have grown up and I have grown old.' . . ."

That was a fine line of diplomacy for the old riding-master to toss off under the circumstance. But as a matter of fact, Dick, now in his fifty-fifth year, is at the top of his form.

"I couldn't really say anything else," continued the horseman. I then spoke of Lady Somerset, recalled the horse, Ugly Buck, and referred to Mr. Bell, the legal representative of the then Prince. 'Mr. Bell is dead,' said the King reverentially. And then, as though the past had come tumbling back into his memory, exclaimed: 'I know you now; you're Dick Roberts!' He did not offer to shake hands with me nor I with him, but he was genuinely glad to see me again. Kings have a way of displaying their feelings in a manner that satisfies them absolutely.

"Does his Majesty run to conversation?" I inquired.

"Not exactly," said Roberts. "When the subject of his Eton days and Mr. Bell gave out we hadn't much to talk about, although we did considerable riding to-

gether while he was in the park. I'll say for him, however, that he comes as near to being a monarch as any man I ever set eyes on. Small, yes, and among normal men he must be aware of his diminutive stature, but he doesn't indicate it. In a way I'm sorry for him. To be set down from a throne in the prime of life is no joke. From his infancy he has been taught to regard himself as sacred. Now he finds that some of his subjects, a large majority, don't believe in that sort of thing.

"When he was here the customs of his country, as nearly as it was possible to preserve them, were in vogue. A special touring car was remodeled so that the King occupied a slightly raised platform, from which he could look forward and observe the scenery ahead. The other occupants, three or four in number, as the case may be, looked upon the person of the King, relatively to the rear. The only other occupant of the car who had his eyes on the road was the driver. The passengers had to be content with gazing upon his Majesty. They seemed to like it. After all, custom is custom. Now that the King of Siam has more time in which to travel, I hope he will come back to Canada for some good horseback riding and salmon fishing, both of which outdoor pastimes are the sport of kings."

One thing certain is that if Prajadhipok desires to go on a free-for-all picnic, the special automobile designed for his use in Canada during the days of the monarchy is just the thing and his for the asking.

## XI

### GRIZZLY, WITH A MAN UP A TREE

#### BANFF

**A**BOARD the Canadian Pacific for Vancouver, there to catch the next steamer for Honolulu, I made a half-day stopover at Banff, one of the gateways to the beautiful Lake Louise country, and sought out the intrepid James I. Brewster, who is regarded in these parts as the Allan Quatermain of the Rockies. When not occupied with following the spoor of the big game that abounds in these noble mountains, Brewster spends his time making it possible for visitors to inspect the grandeur that is here in magnificent profusion. Since his tenth year, with a short interruption due to the Louis Riel rebellion, when his father, who was an Indian scout under General Middleton, removed his family to the safety zone around Winnipeg, young Jim has haunted the peaks and canyons and roamed about at will, monarch of all.

"Is it true," I asked, "that one hundred and fifty-six grizzly bears have fallen to your firearms?"

"Who ever told you that," said Jim, with a substantial blush under his well-tanned cheek, "has raised the ante. The figure is one hundred and forty-six. And there are a whole lot that I missed, and a good many that I hit and didn't stop. Some do get away."

"Are you thinking of the one that you didn't kill on Middle River in 1905; I mean the old silver tip that ran you up a tree and all but closed your career?"

"Well, not particularly, but now that you mention it— Say, who told you about that?"

"A man I met on the train coming up from Regina. He says that you shinned right up a pine tree and stayed there until daybreak. Yes or no?"

"Yes," blurted Mr. Brewster, "and it was the brightest thing I ever did. Don't let anybody tell you that getting away from a hot-under-the-collar grizzly is an act of cowardice. I certainly took it on the run and you are welcome to the details. Believe it or not, I did some quick thinking that evening. Some friends and myself were hunting over in Middle River, B. C., in the springtime, the season of avalanche slides, when the snow, slipping from the slopes exposed to the south and southwest sun, cleared spaces for the growth of wild celery, a vegetable much coveted by the grizzly bear.

"We downed some fine specimens, but there was one big fellow foraging around in an open space that I much coveted. He generally came out toward evening. So I went after him as the day was waning. Straight up the mountain side—I must tell you that with the falling temperature the air flies downward and the game can't scent the hunter. After a tough climb, partly concealed by some brush, I came out at the point where I thought the old boy would be. He wasn't in sight, so I took up a position under a tree and waited. Unfortunately, a light cross current of air betrayed

me when I came abreast of him, and my scent hit him square in the nostrils. Or else he must have heard me. At all events, I observed, about seventy-five yards away, something was moving in the brush.

Also I heard the heavy cough and the snapping of teeth, unmistakable evidence that a mad grizzly was coming out to make a fight for his pasture. All bears have bad vision; small eyes like pigs. When he broke through the brush, stood up on his hind feet and began to squint like an old man sensing something he couldn't locate, I put the bead of my rifle on the spot under his left arm, just over the heart, and fired. He didn't drop, although I heard the slug sock him. When a grizzly don't fall, look out. He located me from the direction of the echo and without a second of delay charged on all fours. I didn't dare take the time for another shot. If I missed—good night! So, dropping my rifle, a handicap for swift tree climbing, I started upward like a squirrel. Before I got out of danger he had arrived and ripped my left calf open with a swipe of his paw. But I kept on until I was twenty feet aloft in the branches."

"Why didn't he go after you?"

"A grizzly cannot climb a tree. Only those animals with sheathed, sharp claws can make that grade. Black bears, cats, cougars, felines. Grizzlies, dogs, wolves, whose dull claws protrude and are unsheathable, stay on the ground. Lucky for me, despite my bleeding calf. In a few minutes after I got out of range, darkness fell. The night was black as pitch. Below, and in a rage that was hideous, my captor began to dig at the roots

of the tree, which he shook repeatedly to test its solidity. Round and round the base he clawed, shoveled, snorted and coughed his rage. I had no means of knowing how he was getting along with his work, but he certainly kept at it until I observed that the arc of the swaying perch was widening perceptibly.

"I was scared to death. If he succeeded in uprooting the tree, which was little more than a sapling, possibly seven inches in diameter, I was done for. After what to me seemed an age of mental torture he began to slow down; evidently wounded and losing blood. At midnight I heard shots in the valley. One of the boys was signaling, but without my rifle I could make no response. About 2 A.M. the grizzly made one last heroic attempt to shake me down and finish me up. But my unstable retreat resisted the onslaught. Soon thereafter I heard him lumbering away into the brush, as though disgusted with the whole enterprise.

"His departure encouraged me to climb down about daybreak. I found all of the lateral roots of the tree exposed and some of them actually broken off at the base of the trunk. Had it not been for the strength of one of the larger tap roots, which resisted the onslaught, young Mr. Brewster would not be here in Banff telling you what happened up a certain tree in the region of Middle River, 1905. You can see that I am not boasting about my performances in the brush, and that I believe in flight when the odds are against me. So far as I am concerned, all grizzlies on my trail have the right of way. And that goes for all time."



## XII

### STRATHCONA'S ROUTE TO WORLD POWER

S. S. EMPRESS OF CANADA,  
PACIFIC OCEAN

**W**HOSOEVER sets sail from British Columbia for the Orient is in line for a double-barreled farewell—one at Vancouver at 11 A.M. and another at Victoria at 5:30 P.M. the same day. If the weather is pleasant—which is generally the case—the Vancouverites take a little sail as far as Victoria. In consequence, one meets during those all too short six hours a number of agreeable people worth seeing again. And so, therefore, peradventure, one returns from the Far East to the American continent via the V ports—a simple and effective way to extend friendship.

Among the short-haul passengers I had the good fortune to meet Henry George Parson, a "London cockney," to use his own words, who left England in the eighties and set out for Canada, which he now declares to be good enough for him.

"What first attracted you to this comparatively new country?" I asked him.

"The opportunities that were offered young men; the vastness of it; the variety of its riches. And, perhaps, if the truth must be known, the possibilities offered youth. It was an invitation to the instinct for

adventure; a vast dominion, much of it unexplored or undeveloped, where any young man, willing to pioneer, would in all probability succeed. The incident that fired me to a decision dates back to 1883, when on a train between the London and Crystal stations I met a Scotchman. Our conversation turned to the subject of travel. I told him of my intention to tackle Canada. 'From what I hear about that country,' said he, 'you might go farther and fare worse. My uncle, a stone mason from the old country, went over there and got along very well indeed. At the present time I think he is Premier of Canada. His name is Alexander McKenzie.' And so it proved to be. That was the turning of the tide in my young life, and here I am for nearly fifty years.

"From 1884 to 1885 I served on the parliamentary staff of the *Toronto Mail* at Ottawa, where gigantic plans for the future of this country were being laid. I saw the empire in the making and in a humble way played a part. From 1907 to 1915 as a member of Parliament I witnessed stupendous developments. During that period, in fact, throughout the whole of my residence, I observed the growth of a prosperity and the formation of a government that is a credit to its founders and its people. There has never been a time in Canada when courage and initiative were not certain of reward."

"Perhaps the most conspicuous instance is that of Donald A. Smith, afterward Sir Donald, and later Lord Strathcona. November 7, 1885, two years after my arrival in Canada, Sir Donald at Craigellachie in

Manitoba Province drove the railroad spike that united the tracks of the Canadian Pacific between the two oceans. Those were heroic days, when the youth of this country, sensing in the rise of Donald Smith the possibilities within their own reach, became ambitious. I know nothing in all history pertaining to new lands that equals in point of interest the history of this lad from Forres, Scotland.

"Articled in his eighteenth year to take a junior clerkship with the Hudson's Bay Company, operating in Canada and in Labrador regions, at that time practically devoid of everything approaching luxury, in a zone fraught with hardship, where self-preservation was the first law, young Donald, with no backing save his own energy and courage, made his way from the bottom to the top and became the resident governor of the organization in 1868, with headquarters at Montreal, and, in 1880, governor. He attained such eminence as an organizer and director of great enterprises looking toward the development of his adopted country that no forward step was made without his coöperation. With the men of vision occupied in shaping the destiny of Canada he stood among the foremost, supported not only by the Government but by an army of associates created through his progressive administrations.

"As one of the stanch supporters of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which he backed with the whole of his private fortune, he was a primary factor in bringing the work to completion. His activity and foresight while a member of Parliament established him as a

statesman. In 1900, during the Boer War in South Africa, he raised, equipped and presented to the British Government a regiment of irregular cavalry six hundred strong, recruited from the Canadian West, and known as the Strathcona Horse. In 1909 he was raised to the peerage. Hence Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal. With his cousin, Lord Mount Stephen, at one time president of the Canadian Pacific, he founded and endowed the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, contributing as well large sums to universities in Canada and Scotland.

"Strathcona was the backbone of the emigration policy which from 1896 did so much to increase the population and the prosperity of Canada. With a vision that extended beyond the Canadian frontier he became a member of the Pacific Cable Board, controlling the cable laid in 1902 by the combined governments of Great Britain, Canada and Australia. In whatever direction he moved, the obvious intent was to serve posterity and to extend the limits of civilization.

"To this day there is no province in the Dominion where one cannot find evidence of this man's honest endeavor to be of service to his own and future generations. In 1896 he was appointed High Commissioner for Canada in London, a post which he occupied up to the year of his death. Behind him lies a succession of triumphs, a record that will for all time serve as an inspiration to those who believe in individual effort among mankind."

Mr. Parson, who is at present editor and owner of the *Golden Star*, published at Golden, Canada, is of

the opinion that the life of Lord Strathcona should be issued in pamphlet form and placed in the hand of every school-boy in the Dominion. "It would make of them," said he, "better boys and better men."

XIII  
FROM THE KINGDOM OF THE WILD

I  
WAY OF THE BEAVER

MIETTE CREEK

**J**UST off the trail while on the way to Caledonia Lake, which lies on a rocky bench above the Miette, I came upon a stocky, heavy-chested man garbed in tweeds and riding breeches. He seemed to belong to the landscape.

"What do you know about the beaver?" I asked without preamble.

He replied in a soft Scotch-Irish brogue: "Nobody knows all there is to know about that animal. You wouldn't accept some of the things I could tell you concerning beavers. Been game warden here in Jasper Park for nine years. My name is Davis."

"So is mine; but go ahead, I'll believe you. Does the beaver possess reasoning power?"

"Professor Adolph Meyer, chief of the mental division of Johns Hopkins, says so. He was up here several years ago and we agreed absolutely on the point. Most wild animals are supposed to be actuated by instinct. That may be true in a broad sense, but the beaver goes further. For example, he plans to build a dam. If his

campaign is interfered with either by the act of God or the opposition of mankind he immediately makes other plans, overcomes the obstacles set in his path and goes through to the end. He never gets in a panic; disaster means nothing to him. Wreck his water system, destroy his home, interfere with his designs to curb and dam the streams and he begins the work of reconstruction immediately. I suppose you know that beavers do all their building at night?"

"I was not aware of that."

"Well, they do. Sleep in the daytime and come out at sundown to get on the job. At the foot of Pyramid Mountain there is a small lake. A family of beavers put in a thirty-foot dam at the outlet and raised the water so that it came up to the door sills of some cabins on the shore. We tore that dam out five times in the course of the last year and they rebuilt it each time."

"How many of them were at work?"

"Not more than eight or ten. Finally they did some reasoning along engineering lines. On the old right-of-way used by the Grand Trunk Railroad were a number of wooden ties, piled and dry. The beavers selected six, rolled them down to the water line and floated them to the broken dam, across which they had constructed a network of willows and brush sufficient to check but not stem the tide. They nosed the ties, head on, one at a time against the temporary willow barrier. Then four or five beavers got on the end of the tie abutting the dam and depressed it to an angle of about forty-five degrees until it caught at the base of the

original dam and held fast. Six ties were placed with similar skill, until an obstruction was formed against which the beavers floated driftwood, pieces of board and marsh vegetation. The angle at which the ties were placed served to force downward whatever floated against them. Thus the foundation was constantly undergoing refortification. Moreover, they floated the wreck of an old skiff, fifteen feet long, into the main span of the dam and completely wove it into the construction with green brush. If that whole job didn't show a high order of reasoning power and engineering genius I have done the beaver an injustice."

"And you tore that dam out also?"

"Certainly. We had no option. It was that or move the cabins above the new water line. Our homes against theirs. A beaver builds his house close to the shore of his dam, so that ingress and egress are by water, the living quarters being above the water level. That is his only protection from the carnivorous land animals. In all beaver houses there is a central chamber, into which the water passage leads, a tunnel rising upward into the reception-room, from which the beavers in pairs retire to their separate apartments opening on the large chamber, which is immaculately clean. When the family gets too large the younger generation, at intervals of every two years, has to move out and start a new household. The beaver interbreeds without diminishing the quality of the stock. They are born builders and can achieve more with webbed feet, a broad tail, with which they perform miracles of mud plaster-



ing, and a set of powerful teeth than man with a full box of tools and a derrick."

"How large a tree can the beaver cut down with his teeth?"

"A case in point: Two years ago right here on Miette Creek I was ranging along the stream and found the marks of beavers' teeth at the base of two cottonwood trees, each of which was two feet in diameter. Four days later both trees had been felled so that the branches lay in the running water. All the limbs had been cut off and floated downstream to a new dam site and were woven into the fabric planned by the boss. For several miles along this waterway there are innumerable beaver dams, any one of which is strong enough to bear the weight of a man. Whenever I cross one on a fishing excursion a beaver follows along behind me like a submarine with his nose out of water and repairs anything I have the bad manners to disarrange.

"One night not long ago we trapped in a wire net made of chicken fencing a pair of beavers for a zoo in Auckland. We were obliged to break a dam so as to lower the water. Before we got our captives loaded into the wagon the six remaining members of the family had begun the reconstruction of the dam. We put our search-lights on them and watched the operation. There is another thing I would like to mention. You will be amazed, but I tell you, sir, that I speak the truth: A beaver can waterlog a piece of fresh timber and cause it to sink to the bottom of a dam and remain there. This power to overcome buoyancy or render

it inoperative is not possessed by mankind. Nor can it be explained."

Mr. Davis made this last statement with a touch of awe in his voice, without, however, impairing its ring of truth.

## 2

## PIKA, THE HAY-MAKER

On another journey to Jasper Park I again sought out the biographer of the beaver presented in the previous narrative, and asked for another tale from the kingdom of the wild. Mr. Davis—no relative of mine—believing, as he does, in scientific accuracy, prefers to answer questions rather than to volunteer the information with which he is so well supplied.

"Among the small animals with which you are familiar," I asked, "what species is the most interesting?"

"The rock rabbit," he answered, after a period of reflection, "sometimes called the cony, the pika, and the little chief hare. They are indigenous to the Northwest and are found along the timber lines, at an elevation of from four to five thousand feet above sea level. In appearance they are peculiar, possessing the bobtail, harelip, rodent teeth and feet of the rabbit. The eyes are jet black; the ears small and round. The face is fuzzy and rusty gray in tone. The general color scheme, slightly varying with the season, is dull gray. Neither the common squirrel nor the chipmunk moves with the alacrity of the rock rabbit, which is very timid and

difficult of observation. A good-sized specimen will weigh not more than half a pound. In classification they are true rabbits, and do not hibernate in winter."

"How do they survive at an altitude that is snow-bound eight months of the year?" I queried.

"They make hay while the sun shines," answered the naturalist, "and store it against the cold season."

"Edible hay? Or text from the copy-books?"

"Green hay, the finest and most nourishing fodder. No other animal in the world makes and cures hay in summer for winter consumption. Beginning with June and up to July they cut the rich grass that grows in the highlands—cut it a blade at a time, cut it so that it will fall in the hot sunshine and dry out quickly. No farmer selects with more care the grass to be reaped, nor uses better judgment as to when the reaping shall begin, the curing completed and the harvest gathered. The rock rabbit needs no weather bureau to advise him concerning the wind or rain, the frost or the dews, the wet and dry hours. The hay crop with him is never a failure. So long as grass grows the little chief hare will lay in his supplies deep down in the underground burrows and feed his family until the spring comes again."

"How complete is the process of hay making?"

"It reaches a state of perfection that has no parallel in agricultural development. Not only is the harvest made up of selected growths but it is cured without the loss of either color or nutriment. Mankind never possessed the secret of keeping his hay green. The rock rabbit never stores any other kind. It is as verdant

and colorful when cured as it is when standing in the earth. He fells his crop in the hot sunshine, never in the shadow, and stores it only when it is free of moisture. He can foretell the exact meteorological conditions that will prevail for the ensuing forty-eight hours, and upon that forecast he will proceed to cut hay. When the rock rabbit mows the Indians know that for the next two days they can depend upon weather free from rain, wind or frost."

"In what manner do they store this hay? Not in bales, I hope."

"They have too much intelligence to make that mistake," replied the naturalist. "The blades are laid crisscross in the form of a mat, somewhat as hops are packed, and the pads tucked into the rock crevasses of the underground quarters, which are selected with due regard for dryness. Among the dozen or more warrens which I have inspected I found none that contained the slightest moisture. A family of four or six rock rabbits will occupy a space three or four feet square and store enough hay to last the entire winter. The fodder never molds or rots and remains grass-green until eaten. The male selects the crop, assists in the cutting and leaves the packing and curing to the female and the bunnies, who undergo regular courses of instruction in the art of making hay. Another peculiarity about the rock rabbit is his unerring genius for estimating the length of the coming winter. So exact is his supply of stored food that by the time it is exhausted the spring is in full bloom and the fresh grass plentiful again.

"Among all the herbivorous animals none is more interesting than the species I have described. Many animals store food against the retiring season, but the rock rabbit is the only one who cures his fodder before placing it in the storehouse. As compared with all the other rodents, this dweller on the timber line is in a class by himself."

I suggested to Mr. Davis that if he were to write a bedtime series for adults and take his characters from the animal world he would have a million readers and advance at the same time the sum total of human knowledge. Like all great authorities who deal in truth, he is restrained by the conviction that the details of his profession are entertaining only to himself.

## 3

## THE CUB MASCOT

## JASPER PARK

"But," said I, "mix in a little humor with your information, and exact science that is so necessary in dealing with natural history. Tell me a tale built on laughter."

"That brings to mind," said my friend the warden, "the time when a football club from Hamilton turned up in the Park in search of a bear mascot. Instead of making application to the proper authorities they went into the timber with the intention of kidnaping a cub and getting it out of the Park with no thought of even thank you. Any Park warden could have picked

up one of the numerous half-tame cubs that come daily out of the woods to visit the Lodge, and with no difficulty whatever. But football players never do anything simply; preferring complication always. At any rate, securing fifty feet of sash weight cord they went into the brush and located a four months' cub, apparently alone, which they lassoed and prepared to make captive. Bad business in a bear country. Before they had time to effect a huddle or arrange means for the getaway, mother bear, accompanied by two other cubs, turned up apparently from nowhere and routed the pigskin kickers, who fled, leaving the mascot with the sash weight cord still noosed upon his neck.

"Young bruin, glad of freedom, bolted for a jack pine and swarmed into the branches fifty feet aloft, the cord trailing behind. Mother bear, bewildered by the long flapping cord attached to her offspring, shinned up after him and made an investigation, which developed nothing to her satisfaction. She tried to coax him down; to rejoin brother and sister bear waiting at the bottom of the tree. Stubborn at the outset, but finally allowing himself to be persuaded, the mascot, cautiously at first, began back-tracking downward through the thick branches, coming presently to grief when the sash cord, entangled, yanked him from the lower limbs and tightened as he slipped into space, leaving the cub suspended, that is to say, hung. Quite so.

"Mother bear, already down and waiting with the other two cubs, heard the mascot's first wild howl, suddenly silenced as the noose drew together. Above,

apparently self-executed, the cub, snorting intermittently, writhed upward, using his paws, got astraddle of another limb, there to recover his breath. Up the bole of the jack pine the old bear again scrambled, further adding to her complexities. She couldn't understand why her cub, making manly efforts to descend at her request, toppled from his perch and all but hung himself four times hand running. In each instance she boosted him back to safety, but could not get him free. An Indian who witnessed the preliminary confusion following the disappearance of the football team, came in to Jasper Park and notified the game wardens who hastened to the scene, arriving to find the old bear with her other cubs at the foot of the tree, the mother in a perfect frenzy at the plight of the cub aloft.

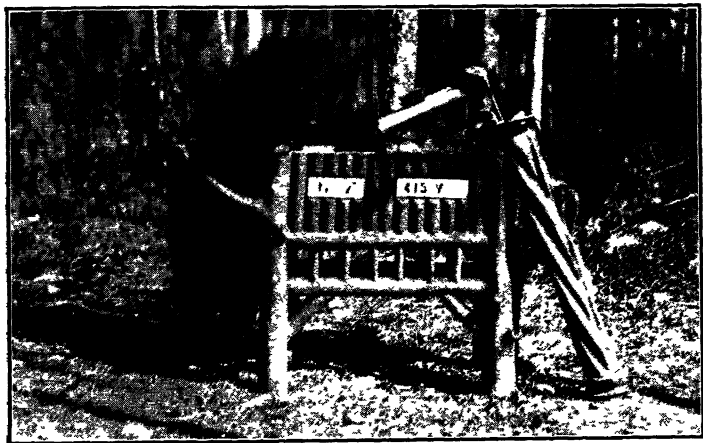
"Mystified by what was occurring midst the branches of the gallows tree, she was not inclined to allow any one to approach the scene of action. In fact, mother was aroused to the danger point. Firearms were out of the question. Something must be done, however, before the cub put on another act of self-execution. Ten feet distant from the tree occupied by the mascot stood another pine. Whatever of rescue was to be tried must be done from there by the climbing expert, who was ready with a long pole to which had been woven a sharp hunting-knife. Mother bear resented his every attempt to reach the tree and scale it. As a last resort, those present, armed with brickbats rushed the mother bear, pelting her until she changed her position long enough for the pole lineman to get out of the danger



JIM BREWSTER ON THE  
TRAIL



BEAVER FELLS  
A TREE



SCRATCH GOLFER AT JASPER PARK





BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL OVERLOOKING THE  
GOLF COURSE



LORD OF THE  
MOUNTAIN

THE LUMBERMAN'S GHOST  
RETURNS

zone and install himself in the tree adjoining the cub's quarters.

"Every attempt on the part of the rescuer to cut away the sash cord entanglements was frustrated by the cub's repeated slapping at the blade tied on the pole. Great caution was necessary to avoid wounding the captive, violently opposed to the efforts that were being made for his preservation. Again the old bear returned to the tree and made a final attempt to reach her now highly articulate cub, still engaged in batting at the knife which the lineman adroitly kept out of range. Presently, in the midst of our joint maneuvers, the mascot—endowed with good luck—twisted himself into a knot and was rendered helpless to strike at the long-handled knife designed for his liberation. With one swift thrust forward and upward, the blade severed the cord close to the cub's neck, freed the tension and gave young bruin his liberty. With a howl of joy the football mascot started down, slipped, landed on his mother now half-way up the jack pine, and knocked her loose. They hit the welcome earth of Alberta Province with great violence, the mother recovering first, only to begin licking her offspring from head to foot, until the black rascal, shaking himself, sat up on his haunches, discovered that he was back on the soil with his family, and quite capable of moving in whatever direction his mother cared to lead. Somewhat hurriedly the old lady, with a few grunts of instruction to the reunited, did a bolt for cover, herding the three cubs before her as one possessed with the single thought of going away from there.

"The Hamilton Eleven, having failed in their attempt to round up a mascot—they come high in Jasper Park—lost every game that season and went completely to pieces."

## 4

## THE WAR-PATH

## CANADIAN ROCKIES

"I see by the papers," observed the hunter from the hills, "that Mr. Tunney is taking a walk through the Swiss Alps and other well-known sections of Europe; that Mr. Dempsey has gone into the restaurant business and that Joe Louis will soon be champion of the world."

"With ringside seats at seventy-five dollars," I replied, "and more million-dollar gates, a fortune for the winner and a fairly good rake-off for the loser, pugilism is bound to attract the hard hitters. Have you ever seen a first-class battle for the championship?"

"Yes, sir, right here in these mountains, and it didn't cost me a red cent. If some of these professional sluggers could sit in at a scrap between a couple of mountain sheep—rams, I mean—they would wonder why the Marquis of Queensberry rules were ever written. I never saw a regulation prize-fight. Rough-and-tumble, free-for-all bar-room fracas, every man for himself—lots of 'em, in some of which I was afterward identified as among those present. Generally speaking, the best man under such conditions is the

worst man. You know that. Plenty of fouling and no end of dirty work. And that's a fact, too.

"Now with the bighorn sheep, which is the lord of the mountain and the noblest animal on the face of the earth, it's different. He fights for the protection of the flock; for the scant fodder on the peaks; for the control of the pasture he has chosen for his family.

"He issues no general challenge to his fellows, no threats to lick the world. I know not a single case of a ram going out deliberately on the war-path. Only when he comes face to face with another who disputes the path does the mountain sheep prepare for battle. I'll say, however, that when that moment arrives both the challenger and the challenged show their caliber. It has always been a mystery to me why these animals, which are docile by nature, put up such a terrible fight on the most sportsmanlike lines when they come into conflict. During the last thirty years I have been an eye-witness to four engagements between rams. The rules never varied. Three of those battles were dead heats in which both contestants retired and seemed perfectly satisfied—fought fair and stuck to the rules."

"What are the rules?" I asked.

"I'll explain them by describing the fourth fight," went on the hunter. "You will then understand what I mean when I say that the sheep is the lord of the mountain. Five years ago I was after big game in the Athabasca Range. There were plenty of signs, but I didn't see hide nor hair of a sheep for three days. On the morning of the fourth day I picked up with my glass a ram and three ewes browsing on a knoll five hun-

dred yards upwind. To get within rifle shot by skirting some heavy brush was an easy matter. Upon reaching the point where I felt confident of a kill I found that the ram and his trio had gone over the hill-top. I decided to remain under cover for a few minutes and was rewarded by the reappearance of two of the ewes, who had browsed back into view. Presently the third ewe appeared, and behind her the old ram, less than a hundred yards away, but shielded by his lady. There was no chance for me to give him a .35 slug.

"As I lay there flat on my stomach, waiting for a shot, another ram suddenly appeared on the sloping rise below the vision of the first ram. I could have dropped him with one slug, but something deterred me. It was a certainty that something big was due to occur. Up the slope came the lone ram, arriving quite unexpectedly in full view of the first comer, who turned instantly and faced the intruder. Both animals stood stock still for at least a minute, viewing each other in critical amazement. Following this inspection, as though moved by similar motives, they went slowly forward, their necks arching until the curve of the massive horns almost touched the turf. In two leaps they covered the forty feet that separated them and met, horn to horn, in midair. The crash of that impact sounded as though a pair of hand-cars had collided. Neither ram gave an inch. Two, three, four, five times these two irresistible bodies smashed full tilt, horn to horn, eye to eye, in equal combat. The timing of each retreat and return was perfect, although the distance between the combatants diminished slightly with each

charge. Every lunge up to the ninth round they met head-on exactly in the same spot. When the tenth round began the family ram slipped on the turf and lost his footing. Instead of bearing down upon his disadvantaged foe the invader halted, backed away and took another start in unison with the enemy. That's what I mean by rules. With bloodshot eyes, their tongues hanging out, and froth spraying from their mouths, they hurtled like thunder-bolts to the tenth reunion . . ."

"What were the ewes doing meanwhile?" I asked.

"... Just browsing, without concern. The two rams came together well off the turf and dropped with all four feet set. A splash of crimson showed on the old ram's tongue. A dullness appeared in his eyes. Through his withers something came trembling. His flanks shook with uncertainty. From his bleeding mouth came a thin bleat, half smothered by labored breathing. Slowly, his head hanging before his conqueror, the consort of the ewes backed away from the new lord of the mountains and staggered down the hill toward where I lay in the cover."

"I am still concerned about the ewes."

"Oh, they watched the old man shamle away and then began to graze casually toward the new-comer. All sheep are pretty much alike in that particular. Well, you can't blame them. They must have a leader."

"And the old king? . . ."

"Is out of his misery. I shot him."

## BLACK BEAR STUFF

## MALIGNE LAKE

Night before last, when the coyote marked his prophecy at Medicine Lake and Albert the trapper announced that there would be stormless weather for forty-eight hours, Bill Robinson, on the way to bed, stopped at my door, opened up a line of conversation about black bears, and shook the sleep out of my eyes, so that I had to sit up and listen. Not that I wasn't willing to wait until morning for an earful of black bear biography, but from experience I had learned that what Bill has to say on any subject can be captured only when he is in the mood to loosen his tongue. Then or not at all.

For the past thirty years, this Robinson man has been rated as one of the crack animal photographers in Canada operating along the Canadian National Railroad lines. There isn't a single species of wild beast roaming the planes or the mountains from the Maritime Provinces west to the northern tip of British Columbia that he hasn't shot and bagged with a rapid-fire lens and brought back in stills and movies. He sure gets 'em.

"And I'm here to tell you," he rambled on, seating himself on the foot of my bunk, "that the black bear, from cub to maturity, is the nearest animal to a human being that stalks this earth. You can think what you please about the thundering moose, the leaping deer,

the wily beaver, the cunning mountain sheep and the slinky cougar; they all have their good points, but Mr. Black Bear, at least in my opinion, wears the wreath for downright wisdom and the cap and bells for humor. Ever since Jasper Park, the largest game reservation in the Dominion, came under Government supervision in 1907, I have never lost an opportunity to hunt black bear with a camera.

"If I came upon Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin, capering around in the timber and there was a black bear in sight, I wouldn't waste a film on the dictators, all of whom are grandstanders, r'arin' to be shot, whereas the black bear is a natural, never posing, never the same creature twice; at his best, however, in an environment where he contacts with humans, in this instance the inhabitants of the Park, which come to life and begin the season about the last week in June. Mr. Bear, emerging from his winter retreat in late May, has hied himself to the haunts of men and is on hand as a reception committee at the Park Lodge incinerator, where the refuse is carted daily, at fixed hours. Out of the woods, over the hills and down the canyons, hasten the self-invited guests, each aware that the slightest display of hogging tactics will result in sanctions, reprisals and not infrequently physical rebuke.

"I have photographed every phase of the black bear community regulations that grow up around this public larder, offering greater variety in its menu of titbits as the season advances. Intrepid mothers, braving the flame itself, will flick snacks from the fire and portion out a meal to the cubs, keeping her immediate offspring



from raids at the paws of outsiders. It is a daily occurrence among she-bears to slap a greedy cub out of the food zone and keep it out until the next meal. In such event, the bad child turns to rough sports with the neighbors' children and is pie for the camera. On one occasion, I set nine small piles of food in a circle and withdrew a few feet while nine bears moved in, squatted on their haunches and proceeded to partake in good order. They looked like a bunch of fat directors feeding at a conference. Not until I had made four negatives did they break up and return to the incinerator.

"The black bear is a great bluffer. Upon taking umbrage at your presence he will suddenly rise upon his hind feet and make directly for you. If you depart, he lets it go at that. If you stand pat, he stops at twenty feet and awaits developments. Stoop down as though in the act of picking up a rock and Mr. Bear, in panic, shins up the nearest tree, remaining there until you depart. A lump of sugar held high and outward is an infallible magnet to bring him close up when he rises to his hind feet, to be photographed as long as your sugar lasts. For some reason or other that I have never been able to fathom, the black bear is utterly lacking in memory for faces and people. He never identifies anybody as the possessor of sugar until he sees the sugar itself. But he has no trouble remembering a particular cabin where the occupant has slipped him a meal or a delicacy. All fat bears are good-natured and never resentful of liberties. Never get fresh with a thin bear, male or female.

"If you want to have a good laugh, tie a chunk of

bacon the size of your thumb on the end of a hookless fish line and cast it at a black bear. He'll take it like a hungry salmon. When the bait gets down, tighten the line until the bear begins to take notice. 'Twon't be long until he is staring quite cockeyed at the thin thread that seems to be playing out of his mouth. Instead of biting it in two, the captive opens his jaws to the extreme limit in an effort to let go of whatever has hold of him. Failing in this, he paws gently at the line as though he had found a hair in his hash. At the peak of his confusion, nature takes a hand, turns the bear's stomach and out flops the bacon like a champagne cork. Before it hits the ground, he is half a mile away, going strong. A harmless practical joke on an old friend who never holds a grudge.

"When the September exodus begins and the Lodge and the cabins close up one by one, bruin and his tribe, sad-eyed and bewildered, sniff at the barred doors, cluster around the cold incinerator, paw the ashes and return to the friendless forest, there to await the return of spring and the reappearance of man, who walks like a bear."

"Good night, Bill. Bacon for breakfast—with no strings on it."

"Yes, Bo."

## 6

## THE TRAPPER TALKS

## MEDICINE LAKE

Night has fallen. A feathery mist, hesitating between fog and immature snow, drifts past the window open-

ing on the somber forest. A soft wind, sighing like something alive, echoes from the tree-tops. Four men, all in different moods, are clustered around the box-stove, contributing aimless opinions on woefully unimportant issues.

"Listen to this." Albert Swift, a horse wrangler and trail rider, leaned forward and read from a yellow-covered pamphlet published in Detroit, these words: "*Psycho-Logic, Seven Steps to Success*, Try to be alone at least once a day when you can talk to yourself. At first you will be surprised at the sound of your own voice. . . ."

"You're telling me," muttered Al, tossing the brochure aside in disdain, "me, who lives alone seven months of the year along a trap line stacking up pelts for the fur market, matching my wits against fox, marten, beaver, otter and coyotes."

"Which is the wisest of them?" asked Bill Robinson, taking a sly kick at the stove for emphasis.

"Old Man Coyote," replied the trapper, swiping at the damper, "hardest to fool with the traps. I've tried 'em with four kinds; open, blind, pen and dead-fall. In 1934 I took one hundred and two coyotes and the next year less than thirty. Time was when a good coyote pelt brought twenty-eight dollars. Now ten dollars is good money. The smaller fur bearers hold at better average prices but there is something about grabbing the coyote that always feels good to me. At seven I was a fairly good trapper for everything that wore fur. And so was my father before me. When I'm not working with Fred Brewster's horses, I'm way

back in the hills one hundred and fifty miles north of Jasper, where I run a line that covers about seventy miles in a wild country where I have no trouble being alone for about two hundred days at a stretch, with little time at that for trying this Psycho-Logic stuff or talking to myself."

"What is the capital investment in a seventy-mile trap line?" asked Bruce Boreham, who has a nose for figures, and a passion for conversation when indoors with a well-loaded wood-box and some willing stokers at hand.

"About three thousand bucks will see you through," replied Albert. "That means ten pack horses, eight cabins built at intervals of every ten miles, provisioned of course; not less than one thousand steel traps of different sizes for large and small animals, and one first-class saddle horse, onto the game and dependable. All you've got to think about after that is the setting of traps, and making the rounds once a week. Alone? Of course; with nothing to prevent talking yourself to death if you are that kind of a guy. Me, I ain't surprised at my own voice, ever."

I recommended that Mr. Swift get back to the super-cunning coyote, his favorite fur-bearing quarry.

"Well, the critter is so smart that I usually set five traps in the spot where I expect to take one. The female, always on the hunt for food to keep the whelps alive, falls for the trap much oftener than the male, who is suspicious of everything. A chip of turned wood, a broken twig, any sign that a man has passed, and

old man coyote is on his way. His nose does the trick for him and until your scent has worn off he won't come within a mile of the traps. When a female is caught and whines or barks, the male is likely to show up, but seldom comes near enough to share her trouble. Nosey, but takes no chances. You've got to fool him first, last and all the time."

"Will a captured coyote gnaw off his own leg to escape from a trap?" asked Bill Robinson, opening the stove door for further fueling.

"That is pretty much the bunk," said Al, "but it is often the case that the animal will twist and throw about until his leg bone is broken and in that way get release. Now a coyote caught below zero weather, and held in the trap for several days when the snow and ice is bad will likely freeze at the paw in the trap jaws. In that case, there being no feeling there, the animal will sometimes eat the pads of his own foot, for want of something to chew. That's bad, of course, so I try to cover my coyote traps often enough to prevent such a performance. But it has happened to my knowledge. Once in a while the grizzlies find a trapped coyote and proceed without any delay whatever to make a kill, waiting for the weather to warm so that the carcass will get a bit high, before making a meal. A grizzly bear does not care for fresh meat. After killing moose and deer, they go the rounds from kill to kill, banqueting at regular meal hours."

"What is your attitude toward bears, when they turn up along the trap line?"

"If a black bear, I set up a yell, wave my arms and

he skedaddles pronto into the timber, with no thought except to put distance between us. But if I meet a grizzly disputing the right of way, I stand perfectly still until he makes up his mind to move in whichever direction he decides to travel. I never travel the trap line without my rifle, not that a grizzly is in the habit of making an attack, but for protection in case he should. Any man who defies the grizzly and shows fight will have to make good on the spot. Me, I say, 'Take your time old man, I'm in no hurry. After you, Alphonse.' "

Outside, the mist had lifted. A pale glow was visible through the window. Moonlight! From the lake shore echoed three prolonged yelps, terminating on an extended howl. Albert, leaving his seat at the stove, opened the door and stepped into the gloom. Again, the weird animal voice reached us.

"That's the stuff," said the trapper, returning, "when the coyote barks at night it means forty-eight hours before it storms. In the morning we will beat it for Maligne Lake, fish all of one day and the next be back at Jasper Park Lodge, each man with his limit of fat trout. When the coyote barks in the morning, it means snow or rain within twelve hours. We're in luck."

Fred Brewster stoked the stove with an all-night supply of fuel, woke up Bill Robinson, who sleeps easy, and shooed us all into the hay.

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## 7

## BEAVER MASONRY

## TONQUIN VALLEY

Expansion appears to be the order of the day. Nations, tribes and people, made restless by a number of causes apparently beyond control, are reaching out for new lands to populate. Lack of space in which to live and prosper threatens the world. Not only is this true with relation to the human race, but as well to the animal, bird, and fish kingdom. Invaded by insatiate man, the haunts of all wild things are approaching the stage when they will no longer serve as protection, or as a habitat. What about this place in the sun that all things living crave?

Dictators have seized the land; gunners have decimated the forests and plains and the game trails; netters and canners are emptying the oceans and rivers, while the lumber lords, leveling the forests that control the moisture in the mountains have turned endless natural parks into waste lands, from which the former tenants fled, most of them to their doom.

"And now," quoting Major Fred Brewster, who has for more than forty years roamed the Canadian Rockies and knows the habits of every living creature above and below the timber line, "it has come to a point where the beaver, super-carpenter and builder among dwellers in the animal kingdom, having been driven from his woodland, source of the material from which he fashions his home and takes refuge from his

enemies, finds it necessary to use stone in the dams he constructs to control the water supply essential to his existence."

I had always thought that there was ample beaver cover in the valleys of the Rockies, particularly throughout the Jasper Park reserve.

"There would be if the beaver could be controlled in the selection of a homesite," said the Major, "but it just can't be done. In such matters he is an individualist, with a rare genius for uniting food and water to suit his whims. During the old Hudson's Bay era, and later the North West Company, afterward combined, when trapping was general throughout the country, hundreds of thousands of beaver were taken for the market. With the influx of civilization they were almost exterminated. In fact, when Jasper Park was created in 1917, a beaver was a rarity. To-day, under protective laws, they are again multiplying and threatening, if allowed their own way, to overrun the sanctuary. The wardens are kept busy dispossessing beaver families that have built dams which unless kept below a certain level, rise and flood the park trails. Keep always in mind that the beaver, never satisfied with a small estate, goes right on building, elevating the water line, increasing the building operations until he has turned a pond into a lake. In keeping the water line several feet above the under-water entrance to his home, which rises domelike, he is assured protection. Economically regarded, the beaver stands in a class by himself, sustained by the tender branches and sprouts of the poplar



and birch trees which he turns into food and gnaws into desired lengths, for the construction of his dams. Whatever is too tough for diet is used in constructing the dam and the residence, strengthened and united with mud, a by-product of riparian activities."

"The beaver census, then, is rising."

"Yes, too rapidly, I'm afraid, for the beaver's good. If allowed to proceed unrestrained, there would soon be a thousand beaver where twenty years ago there was a pair. As is the case in all walks of life, in both the human and animal world, quarters are a bit crowded and there is nothing left but to move on. Last summer along Meadow Creek in Tonquin Valley, 6,500 feet elevation, about half a mile above the Park Warden's cabin, I came upon the scene of a beaver building operation that completely staggered me. That beaver, wholly dependent upon poplar, birch and willows for food and wood in the scheme of self-preservation, should have selected a site almost wholly lacking in these essentials, was more than I could fathom. The small supply of dwarf birch, scrub and poplar and moose willows, finding only a thin soil for rootage, meant hard sledding for the new squatters, who were not visible at the time, although I found plenty of fresh evidence of their presence in the neighborhood. In fact, they had begun construction of the dam, using sticks, twigs and wood refuse, none of it exceeding a foot in length, whereas in beaver colonies below the timber line six foot logs, eight inches in diameter, are common. I could see at a glance that only the most

heroic activity would enable the builders to throw up a dam that could impound sufficient water to protect a hut and its occupants.

"Upon further examination of the restraining wall, I found, to my utter amazement, that rocks, some of them the size of my two fists, had been pushed down the creek bed and thrust up on the mud incline, there to be fastened in proper position with sticks and clay. Here, for the first time within my experience, covering more than forty years, I beheld indisputable evidence that the beaver, from time immemorial a skilful carpenter, was also a stone mason. What but the dire disaster of forced conditions could have driven him to this extremity? With the sincere hope that this pioneer and his helpers would conquer the new environment, I went on my way, returning a week later to find two young grizzlies sitting on their haunches near the bank of the meadow stream gazing at the desolated home site of the late new-comers, who had during the interval of my absence built the dam a few inches higher, with another section of twigs, rocks and mud, not yet high enough, however, to form a moat around the hut that would in time have been erected as a habitation."

"Are grizzly bears partial to beaver meat?" I inquired.

"I don't believe," said the Major, "that they have been accustomed to much of it. In a country where conditions are right for building, the beaver contrives a security that has baffled the carnivores. But in the Ton-

quin Valley experiment, which forced the beaver to take up the arts of stone masonry, I have no doubt that the marauding grizzlies feasted upon the new arrivals before they had time to settle down. Any naturalist who is interested in the beaver as a stone dam builder need not go beyond Meadow Creek in the Tonquin Valley to see for himself ample evidence of a tragic experiment."

## 8

## THE PRODIGAL MOOSE

## CRANBERRY PORTAGE

*And when the spring came and the snows softened on the bare hillside and the ice went out from the lakes and rivers, Little Raymond, bravely clad in his father's made-over mackinaw, went forth into the brush seeking adventure. Being the son of a hardy habitant he would fain go alone. What was the wilderness to him? Nothing! Armed only with a stout stick the boy penetrated far into the whispering forest, coming at last to a stream that flowed gently—as becomes a newborn rivulet escaping the arms of winter—from a mossy bank, and onward into the valleys that would flower anon. To the boundless amazement of Little Raymond, who paused to slake his thirst, a baby moose unsteady upon new and shambling legs came to share the crystal benediction. Little Raymond, acting upon a boyish impulse, seized the fawnlike creature in his strong arms and returned with the captive to Cranberry Portage. The foundling, which proved to be a*

*girl, was named Jacqueline, and for three years was the pet of the humble habitant's family and the constant companion of Little Raymond."*

A mere biographical note, but sufficient.

In the spring of 1928 Jacqueline, having reached adult proportions, had become the principal nuisance in and about the settlement of Cranberry Portage, where she consumed all the gardens, flower beds and short-season lawns prized by the people. During the winter of 1927 she cleaned out all the root houses, unguarded baled hay and whatever vegetable truck was displayed by the local dealer. Her raid on the hardy flora of the public park and the hedges in front of the town-hall brought to a climax the advisability of giving Jacqueline twenty-four hours in which to leave town. The Merchants' Association made a public announcement that they would not be responsible for reprisals and that the moose lady was in jeopardy. Jacqueline, being familiar with the moods of human beings, solved the problem by answering the call of the wild and disappeared into the tall timber, consuming—so it is testified by reliable parties—three pea-green suits of combination underclothing hanging on the family wash-line of Pierre Lablanche.

None save Raymond mourned the departure of the ungrateful Jacqueline. Her going was celebrated with the burning of bonfires and singing in the public streets. "Be not joyful," said Raymond, sulking in his father's log cabin, "she will return." Whereat Pierre Lablanche

muttered something in his beard. The dwellers in Cranberry Portage took up the whisper and passed it from lip to lip. Prophecy was abroad.

Autumn's art exhibition at Cranberry Portage was drawing to a close; the gay colors were fading. October winds plucked the masterpieces apart and a drab tone fell upon the landscape. November was pressing to come in from the north. Pierre, behind his windows, was looking down the three-mile arm of Lake Athapuskow. A moving object, breaking the mirror of the water, caught his eye. Slowly it swung in a graceful curve and headed for the water-front of the town-site. The people went down to the shore and waited; Pierre among them.

Public interest rose to concert pitch when a full-grown cow moose found the shallows with her broad feet and came plunging, blowing and dripping into the city limits.

"Jacqueline!" from every throat. The prodigal had returned to Cranberry Portage. Little Raymond's pet, true to prophecy, had come back to the old homestead. There she stood once again among her fellow-townsmen. But something seemed to be lacking. There was a chill about the reception. One by one the citizens' committee disappeared, leaving Jacqueline to proceed up-town alone. Oh, very well. She ambled along the main street, looking at a green felt hat in the window of a millinery store, crossed over to the fruit shop and wondered why the door was closed.

"Surely some one," thought Jacqueline, "will be glad. . . ."

A volley of rifle shots, fired from several open windows and doorways of Cranberry Portage, echoed in the autumn air. The prodigal lady moose was home for keeps, her fat and well-conditioned person reduced to mere meat.

Immediately following the act of wholesale revenge the people of the Portage executed the swiftest exhibition of steak-snatching in the history of Manitoba Province. Within five minutes after Jacqueline paid the supreme penalty every ice-box in the settlement was richer by one or two slabs of cow moose meat. When two Northwest Mounted men came galloping down the street and demanded to know who had slain the sacred cow moose not a man, woman or child knew what they were talking about. The empty hide of the late Lady Jacqueline lay steaming where it fell. There was not even a tidbit left to tickle the palate of the worthy police. The only rational verdict, based upon the actual evidence, was suicide.

## 9

### LUMBERMAN'S GHOST

JACK LAKE

Whosoever pitches his camp and lights his fire in the woods of the Northern States, New Brunswick, Canada, and the adjacent timber lands will receive a visit from the Canada jay, the Northern jay, the moose

bird, the venison hawk, the whisky Jack, the camp robber and the lumberman's ghost—all one and the same bird.

From afar he smells the smoke of the bivouac, knows that man has come into the fastnesses, and straightway presents himself. His song is limited to chatter and a single harsh note, but his audacity and impudence are without limit. Into the presence of human beings he comes, bringing his own welcome, perching himself at one's elbow, upon the accoutrements of the camper—the grub supplies, the ropes of the tents and the rustic furniture erected for the comfort of mankind. The aroma of roasting venison intoxicates all his tribe, whereupon all reticence departs.

His color scheme in the main is light blue, tending to grayness. Over the eyes and down each side of his robin-shaped head is a black streak which terminates at the shoulders. Upon his wings are two black epaulets that scatter into the pinions and dominate the larger feathers. The breast is slightly blue, verging with the snow-white undertone beneath the wings. His tail is about three inches in length, expanding in flight like an open fan, the terminals tipped with white. In markings there is little difference between the male and female. In size he is a match with the magpie, but, unlike that bird, he hops instead of walks.

Of the seven pseudonyms he has won for himself perhaps the most alluring, at any rate the most mysterious, is that of the "Lumberman's ghost." The sobriquet originated among the woodsmen, who believed that when a lumberjack laid aside his ax and

ceased felling the monarchs of the forest his soul, in the form of a jay, reappeared among men, haunting the camps, sharing the food and mingling with mortals on a basis of equality. Petit larceny, in all its forms and gradations, is his long suit. Thievery sustains him.

This "lumberman's ghost" requires no invitation to one's table. The pungent smell of burning wood, the perfume of cookery, is all that is needed to bring him to the feast. Once at a rough banquet-board in the Canadian timber I dined with four of these birds of the multiple monikers and was entertained by their astounding rascalities and boldness. The first appeared within five minutes after the fire was lighted and perched himself upon a stump not six feet from where I sat slicing some raw moose meat for immediate broiling. I tossed him a chunk of gristle, which he seized without hesitation and carried to a saddle blanket near by.

"Get off of that!"

With the chunk in his beak he flew up to the crotch of a tree and deposited the venison. The fumes from the broiling were wafted to him. Down he came again, this time a little nearer. From nowhere, as becomes a ghost arriving out of the shades, another of the tribe of pilferers dashed into the tree crotch and made way with the first robber's cache. A battle ensued, in which the pirate got away with the booty. In the midst of the fracas, which was conducted with loud chattering and bird lore abuse from both sides, two more "lumberman's ghosts" disposed themselves about the fire and made signs indicating hunger.



One hopped up on the table and pinched a lump of sugar, another sampled a sweet pickle, liked it and took a second helping. Fascinated by the yellow color of some slacked English mustard, he stuck his beak in to the hilt. Wow! The commotion he set up brought the first pair back on swift wings. "What was all the shooting about?" The mustard kid flew up on the tent ridge and wiped his face on the canvas, but returned presently with a queer look in his black, beadlike eyes. "What's the big idea?" he asked in the 'lingo of his kind. The cook, who had opened a can of Bartlett pears, poured some of the juice into a tin cup and set it on a fallen tree. Two "ghosts" made a dive for it, began to scrap and fell off in a strangle hold, while a third butted in and drank his fill.

As the dinner progressed the visitors became bolder and with the acquisition of a course of moose meat we were on terms of intimacy with four of the busiest kleptomaniacs in the Dominion of Canada. They embezzled from us and fleeced their fellows, fluttering about the table absolutely without fear. At the conclusion of the meal, while sitting alone at the table, I placed a preserved fig on a cracker and held the delicacy in my hand for any "lumberman's ghost" who had the courage to take it.

The mustard thug passed me up cold. The fig seemed off color to him. Both of the moose-meat warriors tried to muster up the nerve to approach, but shied off when it came to a showdown. The fourth bird, a female, recognized me as a gentleman, came bash-

fully forward and perched herself two feet away on a biscuit carton.

"Come, my dear," said I in a most winning manner, "gentle is the hand that feeds you. Trust me, Nell."

Upon hearing those words she hopped upon my forearm, seized the fig in her beak, threw a glance of appreciation and flew away, leaving the cracker in the palm of my hand.

Without the slightest hesitation the three other birds swept down upon the lady with the fig, beat her up, took the delicacy from her and in a first-class riot partitioned it among themselves.

When ghosts go wrong they go the limit.

## XIV

### THE LARAMIE HOUSE-CAT CORNER

LOUIS SWIFT'S HEARTHSTONE  
ALBERTA

OF all the national parks on this continent Canada boasts that Jasper Park is the largest. The tract contains four thousand four hundred square miles of territory, part of which is still unexplored. Mountains, glaciers, rivers, lakes and virgin forests all combine to make Jasper one of nature's sublime achievements in landscape gardening on a large scale. The park belongs to the people, held in trust against all invasion forevermore. The Parliament at Ottawa has so expressed itself.

Nevertheless, Louis J. Swift, a Yankee, born in Ohio in 1854, sits in front of his log cabin, not far from the geographical center of Jasper Park, and rules one hundred and sixty acres that belong to him alone.<sup>1</sup> His estate is protected by land patents and the old-timer reigns supreme as its overlord. Across the shallow peak of the cabin gable is a white signboard eight by four feet, upon which the homesteader has painted:

<sup>1</sup> The estate has recently been taken over for the breeding of polo ponies.

L. J. SWIFT

1892

LOCATED HERE

Passengers riding in Canadian National Railway cars headed for Vancouver roll through the Swift dominion, which straddles the tracks seven miles out of Jasper going west; the castle on the left and two hundred white leghorn chickens on the right. The Athabaska River, taking its source among the glaciers of the Canadian Rockies, flows less than a mile to the east and goes tumbling on to Great Slave Lake.

On a September afternoon I sat under the wide weather eaves of Mr. Swift's long house and held what amounted to an American reunion. We talked of Leadville, the James boys, Billy the Kid, Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickok, Denver, Cheyenne, Nebraska City and Laramie. At the mention of that last historic settlement Mr. Swift shifted his person from a rustic chair to a cracker-box and took a fresh light on his cigar.

"Your speaking about Laramie," said he with renewed vigor, "reminds me of the great house-cat deal. Most generally people talk about the gun-fighters and the bad men in those parts, but this here cat transaction seems to me to be the goods. Did you in your travels ever hear anything of the Laramie cat corner?"

I admitted ignorance.

He made mention of the year 1876 and jumped

backward: "The people who escaped being shot up in bar-rooms had to live. Laramie was a gateway through which a good deal of business and merchandise flowed. Freighters brought in a good deal of flour, which was stored in fireproof warehouses. With the development of the flour trade came thousands of field mice. They burrowed into the warehouses and before the shippers knew it every sack in Laramie was alive with rodents. I went through one fireproof with a helper and lifted sack after sack from the top layer, only to find that the next layer was also populated. We could see the movement of the mice through the sacking; literally in motion with the vermin burrowing about in the flour."

"Was that general?" I asked.

"Sixty per cent of the sacks had mice in them, and no way to get at the pests. Couldn't put poison out, for fear of contaminating the flour. The shippers were going crazy, when a gambler, whose name I have forgotten, began to collect the cats in Laramie. He also sent a team of fast horses down to Cheyenne and arranged to bring in a big cat shipment from there. In the meantime, every sure shot in Laramie was hired to come into the warehouses and shoot mice with tin-foil pellets fired from revolvers carrying half charges of powder. Hundreds were slain, but it was hard to drive the pesky devils out of the flour and into the open. It required damned good shooting to pot a white flour-covered mouse hot-footing it over a field of sacks. Just like shooting at a ghost. The best marksman was Persimmon Bill. He literally slaughtered 'em. He was

a better shot than Wild Bill Hickok or Billy the Kid, and I'll tell you something about him, too.

"Well, when things looked fairly desperate, the gambler shows up with a three-deckload of house cats; perhaps four hundred in all. He opened the cat market in front of the warehouse; sold 'em at prices ranging from twenty-five dollars to forty dollars apiece. Cleaned out the whole shipment for cash. Some big toms fetched as high as fifty. Why, man alive, some of those flour men bought cats with drawn revolvers. You never saw cats in such demand. I'm telling you that old experienced bandits went into the business of stealing cats and selling them to the highest bidders. A new kind of lawlessness sprung up in Laramie and cats were at a premium."

"Did they clean out the mice?"

"Sure, but some terrible feuds were started. Cats were stolen from the dance-hall girls and firesides were robbed of their pets. One man was shot four times while climbing out of a window with a cat in his arms. I stole a tomcat and sold it to a groceryman. The owner came in one day and saw his property asleep on the counter. 'That looks like my cat,' he said, and demanded an explanation. Took a lot of lying to sidetrack a riot. That's probably as near as I ever came to being shot in cold blood."

Mr. Swift stroked his long gray mustache and relit his cigar. "The gambler cleaned up about seven thousand dollars on that deal and saved the flour stock. If you ever find yourself in Laramie ask about the cat supply. To this day the kittens of that importation

are still there, thousands of them, and not a mouse in town. Yes, sir, Laramie is the cat capital of the United States."

"Now, Brother Swift," said I, "if you will be so kind as to dish up some particulars as to the rise and fall of that Laramie gun-player who, in your opinion, was a better pistol shot than the late Wild Bill Hickok, I'll be glad to have them."

"Oh, Persimmon Bill," replied the Alberta pioneer, "Well, he came into real prominence about twelve years after the trouble we had with the mice. It was in 1889 that Bill first came to my attention. At that time there was a Government post at Laramie and the soldiers made it pretty plain to the tough element that law and order had to be respected. This Persimmon—"

"Where did he get his name?" I asked.

"I can tell you that, too. Years before, he was foolin' around in the Missouri River bottom and fell afoul of some fruit which he pronounced persimmons. According to the tale, he placed a whole one into his fool face only to discover almost immediately that he had swallowed a prickly pear. You can see what happened, and how he became 'Persimmon Bill.' His real name was lost in the shuffle."

"How good a shot was he?"

"Now, you are asking a direct question to which I reply that there are not many good pistol shots alive or dead. Fancy shooters, yes. But I'm talking about killers; men who live by the gun and are just as sure to shoot straight when they are in danger as when they are giving exhibitions. Now, there is another

thing to remember: The drop! It's the man who gets his gun out first that does the best shooting. Most pistol shooting is done at close range, when men are in a quarrel. The fast shooters get all the reputations. I know of nothing that gives a man who is slow on the draw so much regret as a gent who sees him first and has begun to pump lead. Even a bad shot who is fast on the draw is a whale of a bad man when you come to think about it. I don't know anything so complicated as self-defense. It sure has brought about some queer situations. Right where you are sitting now—"

I looked about me, expecting to see the ghost of some departed desperado rise up and point an accusing finger at Mr. Swift, who sat calmly on my right trifling with some fine cut.

"—just there beside your chair, right under my awning here, I plugged a black bear with a Winchester .45 slug. Why? Just because he looked in my window, saw me and was ambling into my house. Nothing but self-defense. He died on the wooden floor, where my finger is pointing. It was me or him. I got into some trouble for that. Yes, sir." Mr. Swift shook his head and lapsed into deep reflection.

"Why trouble?"

"It's against the law to have firearms in Jasper Park. And I had 'em."

"But a question of life or death?"

"It's against the law," he answered doggedly. "Look at those rifles in the corner by my bed. You can see that all the locks and levers are plastered with tin and lead. *They got 'em sealed.*



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"But returning to Persimmon Bill. He was so sure with his gun that he could start an oyster can out of the road with his first shot and keep it rolling until his shooting iron was empty. I've seen him do it twenty times. Either hand; it was all the same to Bill. Nobody dared start anything with him. Laramie was full of men who wanted to get him but he always had his eye peeled. Never heard of him?"

"No. What became of this Persimmon?"

"Nobody knows. He killed an army officer at Laramie along about '89 or '90—got the drop on him—and took to the hills eastward. On the way out he ran into a freighter who was making camp along the road. The news of the killing had gone everywhere and a thousand-dollar reward was offered for Bill, dead or alive. 'How about me having a little chow with you and a feed of oats for my horse?' said Bill. 'Sure thing,' said the freighter, recognizing Persimmon. After a snack, while Bill was sitting on the hub of a wheel, the freighter, pretending to putter about his wagon, got hold of a singletree with the intention of busting Bill over the head and grabbing the blood money. But he thought better of it when he saw that Bill had an eye peeled. A cloud of dust appeared in the distance and Persimmon reckoned that he would move along.

"At Laramie there was a cavalry troop known as Egan's Grays, all of the horses being of that color. Any old army man will remember them. The Egans went on the trail of Persimmon and spotted him on that high level plateau just outside of Cheyenne. They were hot on his trail, but Persimmon was well mounted.

The pursuit began to flag and after a long run there was but one horse in the Grays that had enough speed to follow the outlaw. Bill led him on until he came to some coulees, where he dismounted in a protecting hollow. When the cavalryman showed up Bill met him with a drawn gun and demanded an exchange of horses. The soldier pulled his revolver, but before he could get it into action Bill shot the weapon from his hand. He then took the rifle from the cavalryman's holster, shifted his saddle to the Egan Gray, which was much fresher than his own horse, and rode to the crest of the hummock. He apologized for taking the better horse, pumped the ammunition from the rifle and threw it on the ground. 'I won't need that, but I certainly require this horse,' said he, waving his hand as he rode away."

"And has not been seen since?"

"Disappeared completely and no trace of him remained. But I'm here to tell you that Persimmon Bill had no equal with a gun on the whole American frontier."

## XV

### FIFTY-MILE BRIDAL VEIL FROM HEAVEN

#### ATHABASKA VALLEY

**B**ETWEEN four and five o'clock in the afternoon, following a week of cloudless skies, there was a sudden drop in temperature, and a cold wind came romping from the north along the waterway of the Athabaska River, fed by the glaciers from the surrounding mountains.

Within an hour the warmth was gone from the atmosphere, and the thermometer had fallen twenty degrees. Over the crest of the Colin Range, whose peaks rise to a height of eight to nine thousand feet, appeared a thin white line of mist, which advanced slowly, halting at last just beyond the pinnacles, where it came apparently to a dead stop.

The players on the Jasper Park golf-course, warned by the increasing chill, accelerated their movements toward the club-house. Several, dressed in the light garb of summer, hastened along the fairways, skipping holes to make the homeward route shorter. The zenith remained an azure dome, the horizon alone disclosing the presence of the thin fleece.

From the fourteenth hole, which I was playing when the sudden change set in, I observed, not without amazement, the remarkable manifestations. The pale

couriers seemed to be marshaling aloft in preparation for some movement hitherto unknown to cloudland. The incongruity of a cold wind out of a blue sky was in itself sufficient cause for wonder, but the hesitating white bank against the barrier of the hills was more astounding still.

From the eighteenth driving tee, which occupies a high eminence four hundred and sixty yards from the green, one has a commanding view of Pyramid Mountain, that is slightly beyond and to the west of the Colins. As I paused to drink in its grandeur the mist wave began to pour over Pyramid Peak as though driven from behind by some tremendous force. Billow after billow rolled upward and over, tumbling down the rocky scarp-like curtains of chiffon let loose from the crest. Along the whole range of the sharp crags on the adjoining mountains the white vanguard broke and fell like a gigantic bridal veil, clinging, halting, disengaged and driven upon its reluctant way by the weight of the oncoming folds.

The cataract, increasing in density until it was a chalk white, assuming the proportions of a fifty-mile Niagara, broke through the passes, splitting into foam clusters at the dark minarets, fell silently and vanished at the timber lines, swallowed up and defeated by the warmer atmospheres of the valley. Beyond the crest of the white flood the blue, unbroken sky, sharply defined, hung from illimitable space. Onward without cessation plunged the deluge, eddying and purling, swirling and disappearing, fluid as water seeking the passes in its gravitation.

The flow continued for an hour. People in the valley appeared in the roadways and the open spaces, there to view the bewildering phenomenon. Hikers, homeward bound, halted to marvel, despite the chill. Automobilists ceased fretting with the gas and came to a halt. Children ran home and called the folks out to see the great waterfall that suddenly, in midair, ceased to be.

His Excellency Lord Willingdon, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, summering with Lady Willingdon and retinue at Jasper Park Lodge, emerged from his log cabin to witness a spectacle that could not be observed in any other country over which floats the flag of England. Not even the Canadians had ever before seen so sublime a manifestation as nature had dramatized that September evening.

As the day died, and while the cloud tide was still falling, the sunset reflected its colors upon the wall, turning it into a vast drop curtain so heroic in proportions that no single pair of eyes could absorb its immensity. For a brief time the colors played like infiltrating fires and then suddenly went out. A few moments after the sun had dropped behind the western hills a reflex wave of light ran in a wave of old rose and gold across the rim of mist. Almost instantly a gray pall settled upon the scene. The blue and the white merged swiftly; the chiffon lost its filmy beauty, breaking into uncontrollable fog to mingle with the shades of unsympathetic night.

## XVI

### THE FLIGHT OF THE SILK SPECIAL<sup>1</sup>

ARMSTRONG

**T**HE Confederation Limited, plunging across the Dominion toward the Pacific, swung into a siding and came to a dead halt. Craving a breath of the night air I stepped down on the right-of-way. A mixed company of natives, including Indians, farmers, trainmen and travelers, were lined up along the tracks.

"Why?" I asked.

"The silk special is coming through in two sections," said the conductor. "The largest shipment that ever crossed Canada. Twenty-one cars, all told, carrying seventy-three hundred bales valued at \$7,400,000."

"All silk?" inquired a woman passenger from the States, catching her breath.

"Twenty-eight tons to the car, madam," was the thrilling response. "The express charges are nine dollars a hundred pounds; a matter of about a hundred thousand dollars to land the shipment in New York from Japan via Vancouver, on a running schedule of eighty hours. This train has the right of way over all others. It is now 1,958 miles out of Vancouver, and is twenty-one hours ahead of the passenger trains that

<sup>1</sup> Written in 1928 before rayon became popular as a substitute for silk.



left there four hours in the lead. Royal mail, special trains, limited passengers all give way to the silk specials. They cross the Dominion twice a month. The whole of the United States and Canada must wear silk. This is the route along which it comes to the market. All else must wait."

The good woman liberated a long sigh of ecstasy and became immediately spellbound. Silk. Silk. Silk. Soft, shimmering, clinging, beautiful silk. What untold and indescribable joys existed for myriad women in that one shipment from a billion productive cocoons!

Two miles westward an aura of light burst against the black night. A whistle screamed as out of the dark—the headlight shining along the glistening rails—thundered Section One with its precious cargo. Here, indeed, was the beacon of beauty. The brakes groaned, the air whistled and the silk special brought up with tremendous clanking. A new engine replaced the hot monster that had come through the last one hundred and forty-seven miles; the train crew gave way to a fresh detachment; the cars were watered, the brakes inspected, the locks in each car examined by special officers; and in exactly four minutes Section One was on its way to the United States at a speed of fifty-five miles an hour.

As it melted into the distance I thought of the old pony express days, when the frontiersmen, riding through hostile country, bore a single sack of mail laden with letters that had been long in coming—and sometimes never came. Here was the same idea, but instead of relay horses there were engines, perhaps

thirty in all, picking up the silk special from section to section and hastening onward to the capitals of luxury.

Beside me stood an Ojibway squaw, her papoose on her back. She knew that the cargo of that rolling warehouse contained the material that would seem soft against her brown skin. A farmer's wife, dreaming of the day when she would have a whole garment of that seductive fabric, eyed the mysterious locked and guarded cars with an X-ray vision. Country girls, on the arms of rural beaus, bathed in the glamour of the event and whispered to one another.

"Which car contains the silk stockings?" asked a débutante who had won the full approval of an inspector.

"Nothing like that, miss. The 'stuff is all raw, in skeins. Not made up yet. Just baled, waiting for the cleaners and the spinners."

"What color is it?"

"A sort of a pale cream in tone. It is bleached and dyed and tinted later."

"But it is pure silk?"

"Ab—so—lutely. And it will never be purer than it is now. You know that."

Up and down the siding the story of silk rippled and splashed. The men assumed an expression of boredom and not a few were inclined to inject a bit of sneering. But the ladies glowed and babbled and wondered. Every daughter of Eve was anxious to see Section Two come leaping out of the shadows.

Like Section One it came with a rush. The interval

of half an hour had not diminished the interest. The feminine imagination, ever fecund, had built up towers of wonder. One would have thought that a shipment of diamonds, to be distributed free of charge, had suddenly appeared along the Canadian National right-of-way. But the stern regulations of the soulless corporation limited the halt to four minutes. Armstrong was but one of the breathing spots for the silk special—an oasis that occurs on an average of every one hundred and forty-seven miles.

"We have no time to dawdle," said the engineer. "We are allowed three hours at Vancouver to load the shipment which comes from Japan by steamer. There is no special equipment necessary to handle this business. The regular crews and one of our standard passenger engines pick up the train from section to section and hustle it along all in the day's work. This is the first time we have ever run a double-header, but it was piled into Vancouver by the ships from the Orient and we had to take it on. The demand for silk in the New York market is so great that we look for double-headers to become a regular thing.

"Insurance to guarantee delivery? You've said it. One thousand dollars an hour for every hour or part of an hour that we are late."

"Pretty stiff," I commented, "for a transcontinental run."

"Yes, it would be, if we ever were late. But so far we have put the silk into New York over the Lehigh the hour it was due. 'Ladies must live,' as the saying goes."

## XVII

### SHE WHO TOLD THE WOLF WHITE LIES

MINAKI

**I**T was through this country, along the waterways," said the guide, "that Lord Wolseley, in 1870, with seven hundred soldiers in canoes and logging boats, passed on the way to put down the Louis Riel rebellion on the western prairies."

"Who discovered this route?"

"De Varennes, in 1732; thought it would take him to the Pacific Ocean. Alexander Mackenzie, greatest of all the Northwest explorers, came through the Minaki country and went on to the western sea. It was part of the old 'canoe express' between eastern Canada and the Red River."

At that moment in the conversation a small-mouth black bass smashed at my fly and came out of the water, his gills expanding. What mattered the past to me! Once, twice, three times, the fish lunged upward, took the air and went down again. On my honor, I allowed him no slack. Nevertheless—off! That's past tense all right.

The guide, undisturbed, went on: "Thirty years ago I carried the mail by canoe through this watershed. Used to make one hundred and thirty miles in four days."

"Was it a wild country then?"

"What do you mean, wild? There was plenty of game but lots of settlers and the journey was safe enough for any man familiar with the open country. Lots of moose and caribou, but the caribou afterward drifted west and north. I hear they are coming back again."

"What about the wolves?"

"Plenty of them. Interested in wolves?"

"Certainly. Who isn't? What is the largest pack you ever saw?"

"Thirteen timber wolves, ranging from sixty to ninety pounds apiece. Bad actors too; pulled down a lot of venison during the winter."

"Did you ever know of any one taming a timber wolf?"

"Yes. There was a man down south of here who broke a pair to sled harness. He used to show them in Toronto. I don't know whether he tamed them or cowed them. Mean, all right. Your speaking of wolves reminds me of an experience I once had."

Another bass struck at my Silver Doctor. I took *him*.

"That's a good one," volunteered the guide. "Up near Winnipeg there was an Indian woman who caught a timber whelp when he was less than a week old. She brought the critter up on condensed milk and completely won his affection. He followed her like a dog and slept in her hut. To all others he remained a wild animal. When he grew to his full size he weighed ninety pounds and was the finest specimen in captivity."

She broke him to work in harness with a big husky, driving the pair all over the settlement. His worst habit was eating up the leather harness, so the squaw had a chain gear made for him. The woman always talked to him in her native tongue, generally in long speeches—for an Indian—and in a coaxing voice. Whenever she offered him anything to eat he sat on his haunches and waited for her to make a talk of some sort. He was a thief and a murderer, but he brought to her cabin whatever he stole or killed. He wouldn't eat until he had her permission. I never heard of another wolf who needed a permit to gorge himself."

The guide rested on his paddle, filled his pipe and rambled on: "Lucky for me he was that kind of a critter. Otherwise I wouldn't be paddling you now."

"So you saw the wolf?"

"Did I? I saw him at his worst. It happened when I was sledging through the settlement with provisions from Indian Bay. I got there about dark and put up with my dogs in a cabin two or three hundred yards from the shack occupied by the timber wolf and his mistress. The pair of them came along as I was cooking supper. I gave the woman a side of bacon, for which I declined to take pay. I turned in early and was hitting it up hard when the whining of my dogs awakened me. Turning out I saw a wolf tearing at my sledge pack. He had ripped off most of the canvas and broken open some packages of tea and starch and dried fruits. Off he bolted into the timber. I figured out that he was the Indian woman's wolf and that in order to

make a proper claim for the damage I would have to catch the thief. In the cabin I found a hank of rope which I thought would do the trick. As he was accustomed to human beings, I knew the wolf would return. Near the sledge was a small wood-shed. From the door sill I laid the rope to the torn pack, in front of which I made a wide noose, which I covered lightly with snow. Returning to the wood-shed I waited for the visitor to come back. He laid off for about an hour and then came along cautiously. It took him fifteen minutes to step into the loop. I hauled taut and took him by the left foreleg under the shoulder and around the neck. Before he could set himself I hauled him over the snow and into the shed, where I took several hitches around the central pillar that held up the roof. I was about to slam the door shut and brace it when he turned half over and bit the rope in two, coming up with his fangs bare and his eyes blazing. In one corner of the shed was the frame of an old rocking-chair. This I grabbed and used as a shield behind which I took cover. I had no firearms on me and was unable to use my knife. The wolf was slavering and wild to get at me. All the while he was yelping as if on the trail of prey. He held me there for ten or fifteen minutes; nothing between us except the frame of the old rocking-chair. I was about all in when the Indian woman appeared in the doorway. I don't know how much she could see in the darkness, but she must have known that her pet had a man cornered. She uttered a high-pitched yell like a command and screamed into the wolf's ear one word in Cree: '*Mistawayo!*' In-

stantly he turned and followed her into the open. I came from behind the chair and reached the doorway in time to see them disappear together."

"What did that one word mean?" I asked.

"Poison! Meaning me," answered the guide dipping his paddle into the clear pool and sweeping the canoe onward. "Me!"





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PART THREE

EASTERN  
CANADA

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## I

### I RETURN TO THE OLD LAURENTIANS

#### GRAND LAKE, QUEBEC

WE never know our luck. I had about come to the conclusion after a long stretch in Japan, China, the Hawaiian Islands and a thrilling excursion midst the marvels of Vancouver Island, B. C., that it was time for me to get back on Manhattan and clean up my desk. However, at the last minute, after reaching the autumn tinted woods of Western Canada, I hooked up with a tidal wave of nostalgia and made up my mind, come what may, to answer the magnetic call of Grand Lake, reposing in the southern part of Quebec Province, first visited twenty-one years ago. It was like a sudden and overwhelming desire to look again upon an old sweetheart, who, defying time, still retained her charm.

And then again, it is here that I had found what in more ways than one, proved to be the angler's paradise: a dominion where black bass and trout in an environment of natural beauty breed in a wild state at a rate beyond human calculation. In this region, not overrun by devotees of the hook and line, one remains in touch with nature and at the same time is within reach of cities, a condition not to be despised by the

middle aged, in whom the mania for exploration rages not as is the case with younger generations.

Another attraction was the presence of my old bunkie, Major George F. Maddox, turned out of West Point by Uncle Sam in 1905, just in time to become involved in the numerous complications that had beset our nation.

After winning the D. S. M. in the World War, through which he marched in dusty khaki up to the last round of cannon and gunfire, he carried on in the manner of soldier folk, reached the veteran stage and retired from service in 1929. Responding to the same urge that makes sea captains settle down at raising chickens, the Major built himself a bungalow on Round Top Island in Grand Lake, dividing his time angling and reading the classics, while his wife, possessing a genius for converting a simple habitation into a palace of hospitality, reigns in her chosen sphere.

Unlike other summer dwellers along the picturesque shores of Grand Lake, the Maddox pair remain in camp through the month of October, or until the first snowfall, before turning the key to wander southward into Mississippi, where, with the ex-soldier I stroll into the cane brakes and through the turpentine timber.

Here in Canada, I caught up with him the first week of October, when the days, shortening between dawn and sundown, glint like polished steel and the landscape shimmers with gold, bronze and yellow foliage, like a scalloped fabric spread across the undulating country. He came down at Alex Smith's Landing. He

picked me off shore and chug-chugged me to Round Top.

"We've got a mission to perform," he announced even before I could plant my person and my luggage in his motor-boat, "and nothing is to interfere with it. You remember Bill Moyer, who came in here fourteen years ago from Indianapolis? Yes, the motor-car distributor. Well, the darned cuss tamed a black bass three years ago so that whenever Bill slapped his hand on the surface of the water, this fish would turn up at the wharf and take live frogs from Bill's hand. Not only that, the black rascal brought his friends along to join the bread-line, but Moyer restricted his relief measures to the one fish, and the associate Democrats quit calling for a split in the provender. When Bill left his camp two weeks ago for the season he asked me to see that his friend, this Forgotten Fish, be staked to a few frogs now and then . . . until I closed camp, or at least until after the election. . . ."

To make a long story short, I stepped into the boat and waved the ex-officio Good Samaritan to do his stuff forthwith. In no time at all, we bumped into Bill Moyer's dock and began slashing the water in accordance with the custom. Up swam the fat pensioner, his eyes shining, his manner that of the usual petitioner fed by the public hand. Nine frogs, difficult I might say to round up in October, passed into his gullet.

"Now for Castle Round Top, and a meal for our own consumption," said the Major, appealing to his outboard motor to begin kicking after the fifteenth yank on the pull rope. Finally, we got away, the prow

of the Eagle Bird bearing straight away for Round Top, floating in the autumnal mist for all the world like a Turner painting varnished and ready for the exhibition.

I motioned Maddox to shut down the motor after we had clipped off half the distance, that I might get some information concerning the future of the Forgotten Fish, trained by Bill Moyer to sponge his grub.

"Oh, that's all right," said the Major, quieting my fears, "by the middle of this month, all bass hereabouts will get into deep water and remain there tucked away in the mud until next season. By the 15th the white perch schooling in hundreds—thousands it would seem by the way they take the bait—you can fill a boatload—will turn up. They can be seen ruffling the lake in every direction. They, too, disappear in about a fortnight, when the gray trout running from three to fifteen pounds come in along the shore where they can be taken near the surface instead of in deep water by the laborious process of trolling."

"By which time," I ventured to remark, "the north winds are on the way down from Alaska; frost is on the earth of a morning and the russet-and-gold maples are casting off the drapery of autumn in preparation for the coming winter."

"That's right, boy; that's right," muttered Maddox, flinging himself upon the still warm motor and starting it at the first pull, "but while the remaining days last, let us make the most of it. I give you another halcyon week of perfect weather, three kinds of fishing, a table that is never without an extra plate for the

wayfarer, and a fireplace under a dry roof. And suddenly, any day, a thin veil of mist will fall from the zenith, a few feathery flakes of snow will swirl across the bare tree-tops, drifting like an ermine robe out of the endless nowhere. As soon thereafter as may be, Round Top will close its clapboard windows and out we go for the Southland, warm weather and crappie fishing."

But I stayed on another ten days.



## II

### NEW VOICES IN OUR WILDERNESS

#### GRAND LAKE

**A**UGUST, 1915, marks the date of my first entry into this chain of Laurentian lakes, including MacGregor, Grand, Dam Green, McArthur, Wakefield, Whitefish and onward as far north as James Bay, a stretch of clear water abounding in fish and game. After five consecutive visits, none of which was without its high spot, I came to the conclusion that Grand Lake deserved the palm for its beauty and plenitude of small mouth black bass. Near the center of this lake, which is about five miles in length and a mile in width, is Ojuk Island, containing eleven acres of wooded land, five small coves and at the north end a beach of yellow sand. Inasmuch as the Laurentian Mountains are accepted as the oldest geological formation on this continent, Ojuk can be considered to have a background. Antiquity, even among the eternal hills, is not to be scoffed at.

Here, on the sand strip backed by a dense barrier of pine, maple, poplar, spruce, birch and white oak, our party of five, which included the late Dr. Ross McPherson, one of New York's distinguished surgeons, and Frank L. Packard, the novelist, author of *The Miracle Man*, the first motion-picture film to gross

more than three million dollars, pitched our tents and built a camp-fire under the open sky.

To-day, twenty-one years after my initial visit, seated on an ancient boulder, not within the memory of man submerged under high water, I relive the recollections that crowd in upon me, regretting that some of them can not be repeated. But twenty-one years is a long stretch and the wheel of time revolves only one way, forward; and Ojuk is now the property of W. Allen Taft, who has set up a wooden habitation and a water system, and ice-houses, an electric-light plant, boat-shelters and a diving-board, all of which encroach upon the primitive majesty of the Ojuk Island I knew. Were it not for the fact that the Taft monarchy had boarded up the windows, shut off the power and returned for the winter to city life, I would perhaps not be here contemplating yesterday, recalling that Ojuk Island, one and twenty years ago, was offered me at \$100, a sum that amounted to little or nothing, but for the fact that recently Mr. Taft received for title fee a tender of \$6,000, which he declined with loud laughter. It has ever been my misfortune to detour around opportunity.

However, there are other less disturbing memories associated with Ojuk and it is these that I still reflect upon with pleasure. One night when the lake was still as glass, whippoorwill calling, loons crying their high-pitched communications, and the whole firmament filled with stars, "Doc" McPherson and I strolled down to the shore, where we could hear bass breaking. For a full hour we sat there, swapping camp tales and plan-

ning for the morrow, the surgeon meanwhile fingering a piece of fish line, which he rolled into a little ball between the palms of his hands and cast upon the sand as he arose to go into his tent. The following morning, on the way to a dip, I found the clustered fish line where he had thrown it. Along its whole length, a yard at least, I observed a series of hitches all tied with consummate skill, some intricate, others simple, but each complete in itself. They were not the sort that anglers tie into tackle.

"Surgeon's knots," replied the Doctor, when I asked why and wherefore at the breakfast-table, "shop knots, I suppose you would call them." He seemed to regard the amazing exhibit as of little or no importance. Nor did I, until twenty years later, when I read that Dr. Carrel, author of *Man, the Unknown*, trained himself for surgical operations by tying knots in catgut with one hand—knots that two hands could not untie. I like to remember that night on Grand Lake with Dr. McPherson unconsciously practising his profession in the dark. How taut is the invisible link that ties accomplishment to desire?

Often I think of Frank Packard, of Lachine, the best canoeist I ever knew, paddling away alone in the evening to return after dark, puffing his pipe, his eyes shining as though he had solved some great mystery. It was on such excursions that he got the plots for his *Adventures of Jimmy Dale*, *The White Moll*, *The Locked Book*, and others of his oriental underworld tales that gave him international fame. When under the creative urge, Frank preferred to be by himself.

Over a period of five years we continued our visits to Ojuk, until one pristine morning on the way to making camp for thirty days, we paddled up the lake only to behold a bungalow, with smoke coming from a stone chimney, boats on the yellow beach and a white man seated on a rock smoking his pipe.

It is easy to understand why veterans, returning to ancient battle-grounds that belonged once to the wilderness, finding that a peaceful invasion has wiped out the landmarks, turn away in regret that such sacred domain has lost its majesty and is no longer habitable to those who camped there in the days of long ago.

I remember the first season of the two that Irvin Cobb bivouacked at Ojuk and laid out a series of short stories, several of them Judge Priest tales and others equally well known. Parked in a hammock, a long cigar in his teeth and the prospect of good night fishing with a plug, the Paducah boy could do more thinking of a profitable sort at Ojuk Island than any man who ever set foot upon its golden strand.

The evening is coming down. How short the October day! Westward, across the quiet water I discern smoke curling up from Major Maddox's Round Top Island, where I am due for supper. Good-by, Ojuk Island, tomb of my yesterdays, Taj Mahal of my dreams.

"Alas, that memory hath no perfume."

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### III

#### PERCY CALLS ON THE DIONNE QUINTS

##### GRAND LAKE

**T**HIS, the third of the Laurentian chapters, presents an interview with my favorite guide and woodcraftsman, Percy Hamilton, who quite recently hied himself to Callander, for the single purpose of casting eyes upon the Dionne quints.

Why the best fisherman along the whole of the Gati-neau chain should have disappeared upon the precise date when I needed him most, upset me to begin with, but when I learned the motive, there was nothing left but to forgive him.

"Couldn't you," I asked, "have had an eyeful of those kids after the bass season closed?"

"I could that," replied Percy, pulling his suspenders from under his armpits, "and had just as good a look at 'em as anybody else leaning over the fence around Dr. Dafoc's hospital where he has charge of the babies in the name of the King, but something said, 'Go to it, Perc.' It is only a few miles less than three hundred from my house to his, just a few hours across country in my timber-hopping gasoline-tank, and worth two days of any man's time. I sure could have waited. But being the kind of a man I am, crazy about children, the father of four girls of my own, and with all my

wife's women folks rarin' to get into my jitney for a round trip to Callander, what the hell was I to do but say, 'Come with me to the quintuplet show and have a look.' "

Percy again yanked out his suspenders which popped back with a loud crack like that the beaver makes when slapping the water with his tail.

"You did exactly the right thing, Mr. Hamilton, and it is my pleasure to be among the first to congratulate you. How many ladies were in your party?"

"About five that I could see," answered my old guide, "and no less than a dozen that I could only hear. They seemed to swarm into the back seat at every crossroad along the way. You'd have thought that at least half of them were the mothers of quints and wanted to slip the old Doc some new stuff on what was best to be done right away, or take the consequences. A tire blowout anywhere along the route and I would have been massacred. Thanks to careful driving, keeping the front wheels on the road while negotiating corduroy bridges through overflow country, we bumped along at thirty miles an hour and about 4 P.M. made the front fence of what Dr. Dafoe calls the Dionne Hospital. The two Provincial Police, who keep the line moving and see that the roads are kept open, saw right away that we had come to see the quints, and not the crowd. 'From which way, Jack?' asked one of them. 'Hamilton's landing, Lake MacGregor, with Grand Lake just over the hill. Three hundred miles to the south, officer, the best bass water in Quebec. These ladies with me are my kinfolk,' says I. 'And can we

see the quints?" 'Sure thing. Keep your eyes on the glass-fronted veranda, where they show up when the notion takes them. A good look free of charge if you have patience.'"

My old guide did another suspender stretch, firing both barrels in unison. "When you stop to think that the Canadian kids are the only ones out of thirty-five sets of quintuplets born during the last five hundred years that came through rarin' and are still alive," continued Mr. Hamilton, "why wouldn't I stick around to have an eyeful?"

"Man alive!" exclaimed the guide from Lake MacGregor, and Grand, just over the hill, "I saw them come out in ones, twos and—I was about to say threes, but you know what I mean, until the five of them were in sight. Mind you, the windows, some new-fangled glass, allows people outside to see in but the quints can't see out. Good idea, that. Five girls at any age couldn't take it without blowing up. I'm the father of four—born one at a time—and I know. I sure do know."

A forward gesture from the armpit out, a crack like a pistol shot and Mr. Hamilton continued, "It was good business for the Government to take over the job of bringing those girls up under Dr. Dafoe, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Dionne time to raise the kids they have left. They have six other singlets living, a nine-pounder following the quints, which weighed—the whole five of them—less than 10 pounds at birth." More suspender artillery from Mr. Hamilton. "Not yet three years of age, they are now worth close to a million dollars. Old man Dionne gets a bigger fan mail

than Clark Gable. At fifty cents a throw, he drags down seven hundred bucks a week for his signature, while Mrs. Dionne, the most talked about mother in the world, is in the money a dozen different ways. I'll say it's coming to her."

"What most impressed you about the children?"

"How do you expect me to answer that question? They are like five fairies running wild; and every one of them beautiful. It fair staggered me to see them. Don't expect me to apologize for running out on our bass-fishing trip. I'd swap one baby for a five-pound small-mouth black bass any time, but I wouldn't break up a set of quins for all the bass in Canadian waters. Lord, man, they are something to look upon. I saw them all. So did my womenfolk. Don't get 'em started. You haven't room to tell the tale.

"Every week thousands of people motor into Calander and stand for hours around the hospital windows to glimpse them in the flesh. And you can believe it or not, nearly every woman pilgrim takes away with her from the gravel walks around the Quintuplet hospital, two or three pebbles which are supposed to bring good luck to mothers of children yet unborn. If there is anything in this superstition, and the supply of pebbles is replenished, the next Canadian census will stagger the world."

Mr. Hamilton fired another salvo with his suspenders and called it a day.



## IV

### HARMONY FROM A SEVENTY-TON MUSIC-BOX

#### OTTAWA

I AM not the only man on earth who makes whoopee on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday in the *New York Sun*, where all of the chapters in this book first saw the light. There is another, who, by the way, is even louder—not noisier—who holds forth in the Canadian Capital. His name is Frank Percival Price. If you are lucky enough to be in Ottawa any one of the aforementioned nights, you will hear him play seventy tons of carillon bells in the Peace Tower of the Parliament building. The finer your ear for music, the greater will be your ecstasy.

Of course, you can't possibly visualize just what is going on up in the far reaches where the master sits at his keyboard, unless you witness the highly athletic performance associated with his rendering of a selection on this type of instrument. If I were to tell you that the god in the machine sending out harmonious reverberations over Ottawa is obliged to dress the part in light slacks and sport shirt, the better to execute the physical maneuvers required of a carillon virtuoso, you will emit discordant laughter. Well, don't, because the plain truth is that an hour at the keys that articulate with the mighty bells is more exhausting than ten

rounds in the prize-ring or on the athletic-field. Take it from me, who witnessed a full program rendered by Frank Price, that if any one of our leading strong men—provided he had other than a cauliflower ear—were to tackle a carillon recital, he would be taken from the tower on a stretcher.

Concerning tactics: The keyboard consists of fifty-five wooden dowels about six inches in length, set in two banks and pointing toward the instrumentalist. These, connected with the bells by strong steel wires, occupy about six feet of horizontal space. Not with the fingers, but with the lower pad of the clenched fist, the notes are struck, each blow delivered with the idea of giving expression to the technic that is called for in the score. To one uninformed, it appears that the artist is having a battle with a hat-rack.

Thirty pedals, laid out like assorted firewood, are banked at the feet of the musician, who occupies an eight-foot settee along which he slides right or left as called for in the music, kicking at the pedals with both feet and slugging the keyboard with both hands, in accordance with the Marquis of Queensberry rules for carillon players. Hitting in the clinch, tripping and socking with both hands at once seems to be O. K., while the rabbit punch, barred these last four years in pugilistic circles, is considered 100 per cent.

"How many keys can you wallop simultaneously?" I asked champion Price at the end of a ten-minute round of side-stepping, bench-sliding and tap-dancing.

"Two with each hand and one with each foot; six in all," he replied, mopping a film of sweat from his

brow and fanning himself at the open collar of his sport shirt. "There is never a moment of rest for the carillon player, until he stops short."

"In this electrical age, why hasn't some genius invented a keyboard that can be played with the fingers *à la piano*? Must a carillon player be a gymnasium product?"

"Seems odd, doesn't it; but ever since clock-chime era, which began four hundred years ago, out of which carillon music emerged, there has been no way to get volume and expression other than the present more or less violent method. One must hit the notes in a manner that draws principally upon the human equations for the desired results. Bells, like human beings, must be handled with regard to their varying moods. No two are alike in their powers of expression. The largest in the Ottawa carillon weighs ten and a half tons, the smallest not more than ten pounds. The total weight of the fifty-five bells, occupying four floors of the tower and suspended in structural steel, is something like 140,000 pounds. And how temperamental they are!"

"Fifty-five metal prima donnas?"

"Just so, and they must be handled within four and one-half octaves, the range of a carillon keyboard. Keep also in mind that the construction of a bell means the imprisonment in some cases of from five to seven notes, each of which must be brought out by human touch. Otherwise, carillon music becomes a clanging confusion. Carillon players are obliged to write their own music, with constant attention to the limitations, measuring the power of the base in competition with

the treble bells. We deal with overtones and undertones on a vast scale. Bear in mind that not more than ten printed compositions of carillon music exist at the present time. All the rest is in manuscript form. Sorry, but I must proceed with my program. This next number is a spiritual. . . ."

Price turned back to the fray, found an opening, struck with both hands and let go a right and left foot at the pedals. The ten-and-a-half-ton E flat monster 200 feet aloft boomed over Ottawa, shaking the tower to its foundations. From a cluster of small and livelier bells, a billow of melody broke on the night air. Again, deep intonations in brass and bronze filled the firmament until all the dome of heaven echoed with thundering harmonies, brought to life by a single mortal, flushed, perspiring, but exultant of his power.

Seated, with my back against the trembling wall, I could think of nothing more thrilling than the spectacle of this aerial vaquero driving his herd of bells through the starlit night.

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## V

### STORY OF THE "BLACK-FACE" TRENCH RAID

#### MONTREAL

ONE of the earliest recorded instances in the World War where a successful raid had been made without artillery preparations to cover the assault or cut the barrier of wire protecting trenches occurred when Captain D. E. Macintyre, Twenty-eighth Battalion, Second Canadian Division, with a picked party of Scouts and Bombers, inaugurated and carried out on the night of January 31, 1916, what is now known as the "Black-Face" trench raid, for which he was decorated by the King with the D. S. O., sent to the staff college, and became G. S. O. 1 of the Second Division.

Toward the end of the war, while serving in this capacity, he was wounded and sent back to Canada to convalesce. On his return to England (he was by then a lieutenant colonel) he was given command of the battalion in which he originally left Canada as a lieutenant and rode at the head of the Twenty-eighth into Germany and later brought this same battalion back to Canada, where it was demobilized.

On file among the records of the Canadian War Office is a brief description of the "Black-Face" trench raid. The story, one of the epic victories of the great upheaval, and about which officers and men still talk

## THE "BLACK-FACE" TRENCH RAID 219

without knowing all the details, is here printed in its entirety from the private diary of Lieutenant Colonel D. E. Macintyre, D. S. O., M. C.:

February 3, 1916

Now that the raid is all over I can write about it.

Moved down to the Grenade School last Sunday with a picked party of Scouts and Bombers and commenced training for the raid. I did not call for volunteers but decided how many men we would need and picked them out; told them what was required, but that they needn't come unless they wanted to, and nothing would be said. They were all keen to come.

I got the best aeroplane photos obtainable and made enlarged drawings from these. Then I had laid out with white tapes an exact duplicate of that part of the enemy trenches we were to enter. This was on ground that somewhat resembled the actual ground to be covered. We practiced our approach and entry carefully by day and then by night, crawling the exact distance to be covered and taking the time. We put up flares at intervals. Sentries were posted to watch for the raiders. It was not till we were satisfied that the whole party could approach through a muddy field to within ten yards of the sentries without being seen or heard that we thought we were ready. All our preparations were based on theory.

Weapons gave us a lot of thought. We borrowed enough revolvers to give every man one. The bayonet man of each squad and all the covering party had rifles. We would not use the Ross rifle and asked for the Lee-Enfield as it was shorter, the magazine held ten cartridges and the men had more confidence in it.

Everybody carried the Mills bombs. The bomb throwers had ten and their carriers twenty and the rest of us two or four in our pockets. One man had to have a mechanic's hammer, but although we scoured the country we could not get one to suit him exactly. Several men took hatchets and several had knobkerries. Taylor and I each slipped a bayonet inside our puttees in case we got to hand-to-hand work.

Deciding on dress gave us some thought, too. We rejected steel helmets, which were not generally worn, although we had a few for the sentries, and these were handed over on relief as trench stores. We thought their regular outline would make them conspicuous if a man's head was on the sky line. There was also the danger that they would strike against something and make a noise, so we decided on the woolen Balaclava cap.

No greatcoats were worn, as they would impede action. No rubber boots were taken, as they make a swishing noise when rubbed together and reflect light when wet. We wore cheap cotton gloves to keep the hands free from mud when crawling. These we threw away at the German wire. We blackened our faces so that the lights from the flares would not reflect from them if seen. As a means of identification, however, this was invaluable, for one had only to look at a man's face. If black a friend, if white a German.

Every man had an electric flashlight. All men with rifles had a long, cylindrical flashlight fastened to the stock of his rifle; a strong wire fastened to this light and brought down along the under side of the rifle where the left hand grasps it operated the light. Actually when the light went on it illuminated at short



FRANK L. PACKARD,  
INTERPRETER OF THE  
POET DRUMMOND



LT. COL. D. E. MACINTYRE,  
"BLACK-FACE"  
COMMANDER

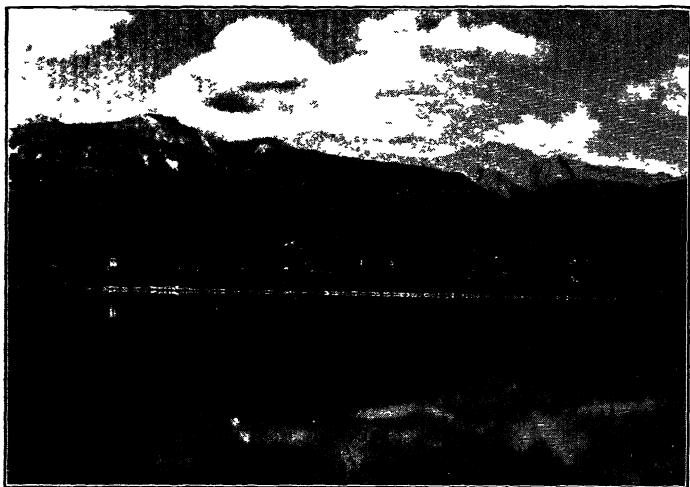


LT. COL. GEORGE MADDOX,  
LAIRD OF GRAND LAKE



THOMAS WM. SHOWDIE  
SPEAKS OF WOLVES





JASPER PARK LODGE, JASPER NATIONAL PARK,  
ALBERTA



THE LIMIT OF TROUT AT LAKE MALIGNE, INCLUDING  
A BUTTON FISH

range the target which the bullet could not fail to hit. Besides this, it dazzled our opponents.

The signal for the withdrawal had to be unmistakable. It was agreed that we would stay in for six minutes and then withdraw.

We thought of watches, whistles, flares, words of command, etc., but gave them all up in favor of the following: I was to keep the time and in six minutes would blow a horn similar to that used by the French farmers. This sounded like nothing else on earth. If any words were needed we agreed to say, "Beat it." Every one was cautioned not to pay any attention to such commands as "retire," etc., as the Germans had been known to adopt such devices before to deceive the British.

Before the raid we took every one of the party out in No Man's Land over the actual ground.

We decided that we would cut the enemy wire by hand. There were three belts of it and it was very thick, but we found a place on the night of January 29-30 where it had been damaged a little. In order to test the possibility of cutting wire without detection the two men who volunteered to do it went out in No Man's Land a few nights before, and after all our sentries had been warned to keep a good lookout and told what was to be attempted Conlin and Turner started to cut their way in. They cut a path through two belts of wire and crawled up to our parapet without being seen or heard, so I was satisfied.

We tested everything we did in some such way. We removed every scrap of identification, such as badges, pay books, identity disks, etc., from every man before he went over. We turned our luminous watches downward so that they could not be seen by the enemy.

I gave the men lectures on what to expect, what to look for, and we even learned in German how to say "Hands up," "Come out of there," "Be quick," "Keep quiet," etc. We spent a lot of time working out the artillery, machine gun and rifle grenade battery support required. We were now all ready. The men had supper early and moved off to a strong point one-half mile from our front line. There they had their faces blacked. I left later and wrote some letters as I thought there was a sporting chance that I would figure in the casualty lists in the morning, but wasn't worrying much as I figured our plan was all right and I had the finest men in the world with me to carry it out. The weather was right—a pitch-black night, just about freezing and the moon not due to rise till about 4 A.M. We were to try to attack at 1 A.M. At 10 P.M. two of my scouts, Sergeant Turner and Corporal Conlin, went out to cut the German barbed wire. This was a heroic task, as the wire is awfully thick and fifteen yards across. They expected to be through at 12:30 A.M. I might say that the 29th Battalion was putting on a similar show about 1,000 yards south, and the great thing was to have them come off at the same moment.

Monday, 31st January, 1916

At 12 midnight we moved up to the front line in our correct order and went right out through a gap in the parapet to a hedge corner 150 yards out in No Man's Land. Here we lay down to await word from Turner.

At 12:30 A.M. I got anxious about Turner & Co. and sent a scout to find out what was the matter. He came back about 1 A.M. and said there had been a lot

more new wire put out during the fog that day, but the scouts were still cutting. He had laid a white tape on the ground all the way from our trenches to the German wire and through the wire too and had also paid out a long rope to pull back any heavy object. We also had a little bridge ready to put across a ditch if one was found. We were getting pretty cold lying on the wet ground and not able to move. While we were waiting to hear if the wire was cut a message came over the telephone line from Bde. H. Q. "Ask Captain Macintyre if he wants any rum." I asked the boys and they said they did not want any. So we wired back "No Dutch courage needed, thanks."

About 1:50 A.M. Scout Haylock came in and reported the wire cut. I wired this in and six minutes later the Twenty-ninth got theirs cut and we were told to attack at 2:30 A.M. We were about frozen stiff by this time besides being wet, but my sympathy went out to the boys in the wire. There they were under the nose of the sentry working quietly on, not only cutting wire but having to carry it away. Just then Conlin came back himself and told us the Germans were nervous and there seemed to be a lot of them in the trenches and we would have to keep very quiet. Well, we started and every time a flare went up we flattened ourselves to the ground and we prayed to high heaven that no one would see us.

However, we made the trip so quietly that Turner, who was expecting us, never saw or heard us until Conlin and I closed up on him. A great tree had been knocked down by a shell a few days before and lay breast high across our path in the wire. Over this we had to climb,

first one leg and then the other, and every once in a while a sentry would blaze away in the night over our heads. Getting over this fallen tree was the worst thing we had to do, I think. It was breast high, and when I was getting over it and had got into a position where I was lying flat on it a flare went up from the German trench opposite me. I heard a sentry cough and spit and snap the bolt of his rifle just before the flare went off and while it floated up he fired. I thought he had seen me (and I don't see how he could help seeing me) and expected to get shot. Of course, he had not seen me at all, but when I thought of all the others behind me who had still to pass this obstacle it seemed to me impossible that we would be successful in effecting a surprise. They should have seen us. When ten men had got over the tree and twenty-four more were strung forty yards behind, the Twenty-ninth show started. We heard a volley of bombs, and instantly the air was full of flare rockets, and the jig was up.

There we were all tangled up in the wire, looking as if a searchlight was shining on us. The alarm had been given, men were running along the walks inside, sentries were speeding up their fire, so I had to act quick. Turner, Conlin, Captain Taylor and I crawled up the great high parapet abreast and each threw a bomb over. They exploded with a fearful crash and then things began to happen quick, too quick to remember everything. I got on to the broad top of the parapet and looked into a trench, ten feet deep and forty feet long. About thirty feet on my left in a corner I spotted a sentry. I yelled at the boys to come on, and the sentry took a pot shot at me, but his aim was bad. I shot at him with my revolver.

He was yelling "Alarm" at the top of his voice and then decided to go, and stepped down, but I got him good with my second shot. I jumped into the trench and landed on my feet. I got my back to a little recess and took out my flash lamp and looked at my watch. Almost at once Corporal Conlin was shot through the head and fell at my feet. I got knocked down with something and dropped my lamp. I took Conlin's out of his hand and turned around and flashed it on a German who was coming at me head on. I shot him before he could fire. Turner, Haylock and I got Conlin out, then Crowe was also shot. It was an awful job and a dead man is so heavy and a trench so deep. After that our casualties kept coming fast. All this time there was a most awful noise going on and the sky was alight with the flashes of explosions. Our bombs are deadly things and the Germans were bombing us back. They got a machine gun in the trench and enfiladed us and killed Crowe, Sergeant Armstrong and Lance Corporal Scott in one corner.

Tuesday, February 1, 1916

We got them all out. I felt as though I was in a frightful thunder storm with continuous lightning. I turned around and examined the dugout in front of which I was standing and found nothing there. When I came out one of the bombers shot at me point blank, but his safety catch was on, so the revolver did not fire. He thought I was a German coming out.

Turner came to me, mad as the dickens because his revolver was jammed. I loaded mine and tried to fix his, but couldn't see, so we searched the German I shot, and took a box of sugar out of his pocket. We didn't want the sugar but the address on the parcel

which gave his regiment, etc. I got his cap, but lost it. He was a young, fair-haired fellow, and shut his eyes when I looked at him. I thought he was shamming dead, and ordered him to climb out and tried to drag him out but he was too heavy. Pretty soon I noticed nobody but big Sergeant Jock Cameron on my right and Ken Taylor on my left. I asked them if their parties were all out and they said "Yes," so I told them to "beat it" and we all jumped. We had been in six minutes. What happened was that our men spread right and left and cleared up three or four bays altogether. Well, we ran out of their wire. There was no time to take cover now. I noticed that there was no fire coming from this particular point and yelled at the men to run. Taylor was with me and said he was all right. As a matter of fact he had eight wounds, but I did not know it. Corporal Whigham fell in a shell hole up to his neck in water.

He was hurt in the knee so we pulled him out and finally landed up at our trenches with Sergeant Burd's arm around my neck. He was pretty badly shot up. All the way back our artillery kept up a terrible fire on the enemy, the guns for miles around concentrating on this point. The Germans cut loose with everything they had, but I had been figuring this thing out for two months and knew exactly where they would fire if surprised and carefully kept out of those places, so the whole party got home without any losses on the way. We got back to our starting point, called the roll and found three dead, one missing (probably dead), one officer and five men wounded. I felt terribly about poor Conlin. He was in my old platoon and was a natural scout and sniper and a man whom all the scouts respected. He was a great chum of Darky Andrews, who

was also in the fight and did wonderful work. At the beginning of the row he ran along outside the parapet to the next bay and looked over. Three Germans were running past. He got them all and jumped in to meet two others coming the other way. He shot the first and took the other prisoner but he got killed on the way out and fell back into the trench. In an instant Darky jumped in after him and stripped him of everything but his pants and boots, handed the stuff out and then on to the next bay.

On the other flank the fellows got it hotter with the machine gun, but bombed the crew and destroyed the gun. It must have looked an awful trench the next morning and I think Fritz will have a wholesome respect for the Canadians after this. Who do you think we had the luck to thrash so well that night? Nobody but the troops of the Second Reserve Division of the Prussian Guards just moved into the trench that night for a rest after being in many hard battles on the Russian front. The British had lost track of this regiment for some time and General Turner said that the information we got was invaluable. We who could walk marched away home to the Grenade School, where we arrived about 5 A.M. and had a hot meal. I turned in at 6 A.M. but could not sleep so got up at 10 A.M. and got cleaned up. My face was still black. The Colonel came up about noon and we started to get the men's stories then. I went down in Bn. H. Q. and spent the afternoon there and had dinner. General Turner and Colonel DePree of the General Staff were down and shook hands with all the men.

Well, I turned in early, and had a sound sleep.

[Marginal Note] The 64th Regiment 2nd Reserve Division Prussian Guards were in process of relief by



the 22d Regiment, so that the trench was doubly manned when we attacked and this accounts for all the movement the scouts had heard early in the evening and also for the fact the trenches were so crowded.

Wednesday, February 2, 1916

Congratulations are the order of the day. I did not think our little show would make such a fuss, but it seems that it has. I have had to tell my story a hundred times, as you can imagine, and it all seems like a dream now.

The "Black-Face" trench raid is but one of the many stirring scenes set down that week in diary form by Captain Macintyre during the very heat of battle, with no intention other than to preserve the record for his wife and children. The present typewritten diary, illustrated with numerous photographs and containing many maps and plans, occupies several hundred pages and is a load for one person to handle, as Mrs. Macintyre, who rescued the volumes from fire in the Macintyre home, can testify.

More thrilling than fiction, prepared by one trained in the art of accuracy, who at the same time possesses rare powers of observation, Lieutenant Colonel Macintyre's diary should be given permanence in book form.

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## VI

### DR. DRUMMOND AND HIS INTERPRETERS

#### QUEBEC HIGHWAY

**F**EW of the world's great musicians seem able to render satisfactorily their own compositions. Novelists reading from their own best sellers make even a mediocre impression upon an audience. Not one lyric writer in a thousand is capable of singing three bars of his song without arousing sinister criticism. The greatest offenders are poets. Now and then one appears who can write and read—without getting what is vulgarly known as the raspberry—the stuff from which dreams are made.

Dr. William H. Drummond, who became distinguished the world over as the author of the habitant poems, was never able to understand why so many people mastered the dialect which he wrote flawlessly, yet could not himself read with the same unction that his lines aroused in others. Aware of his limitations, the Doctor looked with reverence upon his interpreters, leaving his fate in their hands. His fame lived after him.

Twenty-five years ago I attended a railroad convention at the Château Laurier in Ottawa. At that time Beverly Giles, a veritable artist, and perhaps the best

of Drummond's interpreters, recited "The Wreck of the *Julie Plante*," which opens like a bellowing typhoon:

On wan dark night, on Lac St. Pierre,  
De win' she blow, blow, blow,  
An' de crew of de wood scow, *Julie Plante*  
Got scar't an' run below—  
For de win' she blow lak hurricane  
Bimeby she blow some more,  
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,  
Wan arpent from de shore.

The Captain, a valorous self-sacrificing habitant, stirred by an effort to save Rosie, the cook of the *Julie Plante*, who formerly

Was chambermaid on lumber barge,  
On de Grand Lachine Canal,

tied the terrified girl to the mast, seized a life preserver and jumped overboard shouting,

Goodbye, ma Rosie, dear,  
I go down for your sak!

The *Julie Plante* was a total loss with all on board, a circumstance that Drummond turns to account by recommending that sailor men marry and retire from the deep:

You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre,  
So long you stay on shore.

For fully an hour Giles recited poems from *The Habitant*, receiving encores to the point of exhaustion. On my left a broad-shouldered, dark-visaged man—Dr. Drummond himself—seemingly under a spell, sat, leaning forward as though listening to a foreign tongue. When Giles finished reciting “How Bateese Came Home,” I congratulated the author upon having written so fine a poem.

“Nonsense,” he replied, shaking his massive head, “the lines are of little moment. It is only to the dialect that I listen. Nothing could be finer than Giles’s interpretation. Through his lips the Canadian habitants come back to life. An unsung song cannot become a national anthem. It is the interpreters that have made the habitant popular.”

Recently, while on a fishing expedition in the Laurentian Mountains, in the Province of Quebec, with Frank L. Packard, the author of *The Miracle Man*, *The Adventures of Jimmy Dale*, and twenty other popular novels, I told him the story of my first—and last—meeting with Drummond.

“I can tell you another incident,” said Frank, “which bears upon the modesty with which Dr. Drummond viewed his relation to the gems that gave him distinction. Forty years ago, about the time the Doctor’s first poems began to appear in the Canadian newspapers, my father prevailed upon me to take up elocution, not professionally, but as a course in speech and memory. Having spent most of my boyhood among the French-Canadians, the habitant poems appealed to me, and the author became exalted in my eyes.

"Eventually I worked up a technic in the dialect. A friend induced me to call with him upon Drummond. I was then sixteen. We were received graciously. What most interested me was to get hold of something new from the poet; something I could add to my repertoire. Naturally he wanted to get a line on my habitant patois. From his desk he brought forth the original manuscript of 'De Papineau Gun,' an incident of the Canadian Rebellion of 1837. 'Read this, young man,' said he, passing me the copy. It was a facer, being entirely new to me, but I went across with everything I had.

"*Bonjour, M'sieur*—you want to know  
'Bout dat ole gun—what good she's for?  
W'y Jean Bateese Bruneau—*mon père*,  
Fight wit' dat gun in Pap'neau War.

"I sweated blood for sixteen verses, but got away with it, receiving for reward a carbon copy of the poem, still in my possession, and permission to recite other Drummond poems as they were written. After I entered McGill University, from which the Doctor graduated, it was my privilege to interpret his output locally. In 1895, McGill Night, at the Old Academy of Music in Montreal, while reciting his poems from the stage, I observed the author sitting in the third row of the orchestra. In a few well-chosen, but ill-advised, words, I announced his presence. The gallery, packed with McGill students, arose as one man, broke loose in acclaim, and forced Dr. Drummond to stand up and face the alumni. Almost up to the day of his death, April 6, 1907, the poet-laureate of the French-

Canadian habitants refused me forgiveness for that well-intentioned gesture. But I have no regrets for that offense against modest genius. His first volume appeared in 1897, to be followed by others. To-day his books are in every Canadian home and his poems on every tongue."

Through my mind flashed a line from his "When 'Albania Sang":

An' after de song it is finish, an' crowd is mak' noise  
wit' its han'....

## VII

### VEGETABLE AND ANGLEWORM SECRETS

LACHINE, P. Q.

UP here in Lachine, which the old explorers mistook for the gateway to China, via the river that flows swift and white from Lake St. Louis, I was privileged to hear something that has to do with the way of a man with a cucumber and a cantaloup, that to my way of thinking is vastly more important than the way of a ship at sea or the way of a man with a maid.

The scene of my discovery was a vegetable store where cucumbers and cantaloup of prodigious proportions and exquisite flavor are sold for a mere pittance. "How does it happen," I asked of the merchant, "that these two staple products of the soil attain such perfection?"

"It is not within my power to answer your question," said the vendor, "but if you will call here about noon I will let you talk with the gardener who supplies me with cucumbers, and he may be able to name the man who raised these melons."

"Is there any secret about it?"

"Are you in the business, by any chance?"

"No. Merely a consumer."

"Then it will be all right," he replied. "Return at

noon. Drop in accidentally, praise the cucumbers, and he will tell all."

I was back at the appointed hour to find an old codger with a wheelbarrow load of sacked cucumbers, all over a foot in length and crisp and solid as hearts of celery. "Magnificent!" I exclaimed.

"*Oui*," replied the garden truckman. "I make him grow for de customer, ba-cause I plant him at de right time."

"What is the right time?"

"When de moon she is full. And my-be I have some-ting else for tell you. I say my-be." He placed an earth-stained finger on his left nostril and winked his right eye; signals that put my hopes at par. When a French-Canadian grows mysterious. . . .

"It will be good to know. I shall listen to what you say."

"All ri, ma frien'. You lak for know, I tell you. When de moon she is full you soak, de day before, in de skeem milk de cucum' seed."

"What kind of cucumber seed and how long?"

"De kind you lak for eat de most. Soak him six, eight hour. Meednight, when de moon she is in de sky you plant de cucum' seed in de groun'. *Sapree!* De sun, de win', de rain she's come and ten day before de neighbor have wan cucum' on he's vine you have six cucum' on de table. From wan lettle patch you have de more cucum' as what de neighbor have on de whole acre. Ba-cause for de skeem milk you pick de cucum' by de armful, lak de stove wood, and he pick de cucum'



in de lettle basket lak de flower. Somet'ing else you lak for know?"

While I was reflecting on the way of a man with a cantaloup, and wondering what the habitant knew about the handling of this emperor of melons, he was hauling twelve, thirteen and fourteen-inch cukes out of the sack and stacking them as in my boyhood I was wont to pile fuel into the sitting-room wood-box.

"How about muskmelons, the kind that weigh from ten to fifteen pounds and are solid gold inside?" I asked.

The old gardener dropped an armful of potential dill pickles and bent upon me the hard look that a constable offers a suspicious character. Had I gone too far? It seemed now that the best I could get out of the disclosures was a cucumber salad.

At that moment a citizen in knickerbockers, greeted by the storekeeper as Mr. Rolph, entered the shop and began to thump a pile of watermelons.

"I presume you refer to the celebrated Montreal cantaloup," said he, turning in my direction. I nodded. He warmed up. He was evidently well posted. "I can't guarantee it for a fact," he went on after locating a watermelon that was tuned to concert pitch, "but one of the owners of the most productive cantaloup patch in the Montreal district told me—and there was no reason for deception—told me that when it came time to plant his seeds he soaked them the day before the full moon in choke cherry wine and planted them at midnight, when the moon was overhead. And would

you believe it, he raised Montreals that weighed as much as twenty-five pounds."

"The result of one shot of choke cherry wine spilled on the seed?" I asked hopefully.

"My-be somet'ing lak dat for he musk-mel-own," chipped in the cucumber expert. "*Monde de Dieu*. Many t'ing he's happen in dese world what nobody can onderstand. *Sapree!* De cucum' he lak de skeem milk; de musk-mel-own she lak de choke cherree. My-be, all ri'. Dat's for some one say. What you t'ink 'bout dat?"

Up to this point in the dialogue a boy about fourteen, wearing an apron and occupied with the delicate task of segregating good peaches from spotty companions, popped up from behind some crates and announced that he knew of a way to get angleworms without using a shovel.

"All you gotta do," he said, wiping his hands on the apron, "is to go out in the orchard where the earth is soft and drive down, five feet apart, two three-by-four scantlings—oh, about one foot into the ground. Nail another piece of scantling on the short pieces and with a loose piece of scantling saw back and forth like on a fiddle. The vibe—the vibe-bration will make the angleworms come up so you can help yourself and go fishing." This speech was addressed directly to the watermelon tapper.

"Confound you," said Mr. Rolph in high dudgeon. "Angleworms do not appeal to me. I fish exclusively with the artificial fly. Put this watermelon in my car, and step lively." And Mr. Rolph faded out.

Left alone with three important announcements, I decided after due reflection that next spring I would try skim milk, choke cherry wine and a scantling solo to richen the ensuing year.

## VIII

### THE LUCK OF TWO WANDERERS

#### VALLEY OF THE OTTAWA

OF the theory that the best way to see the country is to motor without objective and put up where the night overtakes one, this story is offered in substantiation.

The day bright and fair, out of Saranac up through Malone, on to Canada over the Hawkesbury Bridge into the Lucerne-in-Quebec country about sunset.

"Shall we hop along to Montreal, or slide for Ottawa?" asked my traveling companion. "It means about eighty miles either way."

"You're at the wheel, Al. Go as far as you like and in whatever direction you prefer. Maybe we can pick up an inn where milk out of a cow, instead of a can, eggs from a hen still living, and bacon smoked over smoldering wood, instead of sunburned in chemicals, can be had for the asking." That's what I said in reply as we rolled merrily along in the direction of Ottawa.

Now comes Montebello, a snug and cleanly village that looked attractive and worth the once-over. Scanning the main street, right and left, we passed through and came out the other side.

"Ottawa or bust," muttered Al, stepping on the petrol. Before the gas wagon got really under way on

the Montebello outskirts he threw on the brakes and pointed to a massive stone arch:

THE LOG CHÂTEAU
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"How does that look to you?" he asked, shutting off the motor.

Through the great gate I discerned, in the gathering gloom, a vast formal garden set in a spacious lawn, and to the right a massive gable of rustic architecture. Truly the Log Château, a palace built of timber, gave every evidence of class.

By voiceless agreement we swung up to the open portal only to be confronted by a tall person uniformed in a swaggering outfit suggesting the provincial police. Saluting, he came forward.

Did we have cards? No. Were we expected? Well, not exactly. Did we know any of the members, or officers of the club, or perhaps the manager? I thought perhaps Al might be able to answer at least one of the numerous questions fired by the keeper of the gate, but he didn't, and for the first time in his life—I dunno why—kept his mouth shut. In desperation I inquired as to the character of the Log Château. Private or public? Even the entrance looked inviting.

"In a manner of speaking," said the human barrier, "it is a club, but there are occasions when gentlemen bearing credentials may be admitted. Just a moment; I'll telephone the manager."

He disappeared within his kiosk or pergola or watch-tower—whichever you please—and closed the door.

"Bob," said Al, lolling back in the cushions, "if you can't rustle up some connections with a respectable Canadian or two, or crash this gate for a night's rest, or come across one way or another, it is high time you stepped down from the pedestal you occupy as a globe-trotter and quit strolling."

"Mr. Dalton<sup>1</sup> will see you," announced the gate-man, emerging from his retreat.

Once within the château, under the escort of an attendant who possessed all of the graces of Lord Kitchener, Al and I, overpowered by majesty and exchanging hopeless glances, gave way to that sinking sensation so common among the lowly approaching absolute doom. At last we were ushered into the presence of the Grand Lama seated at an acre of flat top desk and surrounded by walls hung with signed photographs of the world's anointed. There they were: Sir Beerbohm Tree, Raymond Hitchcock, Billie Burke, Syd Smith, the Andy Gump Guy; Bairnsfather, the Better Ole creator; George Arliss, Jim Regan of the Knickerbocker; John McE. Bowman.

Something clicked in my memory. Out of the past, wavering into tangible form like a face in the mist, appeared something definite. Dalton . . . Dalton . . . ? Bowman . . . Ah! I decided to take a chance, to risk all on one throw.

"Are you," I asked quite deliberately, "are you by any stroke of good fortune the Bill Dalton with whom thirty years ago Jack Bowman and I consumed a two-pound tin of Royal Russian caviar on the North Ger-

<sup>1</sup> Since deceased.

man Lloyd steamship *Crown Prince William*, as guests of the Captain, while the ship was docked at Hoboken?"

Strike me dead if Manager Dalton didn't come out from behind his mahogany barrier, and, with both hands extended, call me by my first name. "Like it was yesterday," he exclaimed, "and that was thirty years ago. Yes, Bob, thirty years apiece for us."

"Thirty and thirty makes sixty," said Al, who is a bear-cat at mathematics. "Now what would you boys suggest for 1933?"

Bill reached for an electric button and summoned an aide-de-camp, to whom he imparted instructions concerning our comfort and entertainment so long as we cared to remain at the Log Château.

"Tell me, Bill; where are we?" I asked, mystified but contented.

"You are on the estate of the Seigniori Club. The Château has accommodations for three hundred members and their guests," he replied, as one merely stating the time o' day. "While under this roof you are a Seignior, and all of our 80,000 acres are at your disposal for fishing, golf, tennis, hunting and what you will on sixty-four fresh water lakes and one hundred and twenty square miles of forest. If you like us and we like you you may join the club. If to the contrary—either way—you may not. Supper is served, your rooms are ready and your pleasure is ours. Seventy per cent of our membership is American. Be yourselves."

Allah be praised! We had crashed the gate.

Eat caviar; it promotes cordiality.

## IX

### QUEER TALE OF LENA THE WILDCAT

SEIGNIORY CLUB,  
MONTEBELLO

**I**T isn't the trout fishing of the spring, the golf and the bass of summer, or the partridge and deer that lure me to this haven along the beautiful Ottawa—I've had a plenty of these joys—but the rare pleasure of hearing the tales of adventure and romance and humor that enrich the history of the Canadian frontier. And this brings to memory the woodman's yarn of the wildcat with the wooden leg.

"What I wish to know," said the woman from Westchester county, who had built for herself a home in the rolling hills of the Seigniory, "is something about the wild life: the birds and beasts and fishes that abound in this lovely environment. Surely you, who have spent a lifetime roving these woods and waters, can unfold a story to a lover of nature."

"Well, lady," replied the lumberjack, "it is likely that I can if you will give me an idea of what you like most: pelts, fins or feathers. I seen a lot of each in my day. I suppose varmints is the most interesting. Now you take for instance, wildcats."

"Very well, let it be of some wildcats."

"Wouldn't one wildcat be enough for a starter? I



might hold your attention with the story of Evangeline, Lena I called her for short."

"All right," answered the outlander. "Tell me about Lena."

"I caught her over on the Petite Nation River, eight years ago when she was a kitten and collected a bounty on her folks; but that's another matter. Anyhow, I tamed the little devil and she had the run of my shack."

"What did you feed her?"

"Fed herself. Plenty of game about the place and Lena took 'er fill of partridge, waterbirds and rabbits. What she could do to a rabbit was a plenty. Many's the time I seen her come in lickin' her chops and pickin' fur offen her lips."

"The beast," muttered my lady.

"That's the way the Lord made 'em," retorted the lumberjack, balancing a Canadian dime upon his thumb, "and what's more I never tried to stop her. But Lena come to trouble. She sure did. Stepped into a trap—why, I dunno, found her fast in the still jaws tryin' to chaw her foreleg off at the second joint, and rescued her. How she whined in my arms as I carried her home. You know cats, even wildcats for that matter, has affections. She lost the left front paw above the joint; three months in healin'."

"You fed her yourself then," said the woman with a touch of sympathy in her voice.

"Let me tell you, lady, that she never lived better than when I rustled her chow; and fattened, too. Somehow or other that spell of hard luck brought me and Lena closer together and she got to lickin' my

face same as a tame tabby does. Ever have a wildcat kiss you? No, I suppose not. Well, you ain't missed much; tongue rougher 'n hell. Beg pardon, lady. Anyhow, when I let her run again she had a tough time of it. The stump couldn't heal."

Madam Westchester clutched her hands spasmodically.

"But I fixed that all right, all right," continued the cat fancier.

"How?"

"Made Lena a wooden leg, out of hickory, with a moose hide extension that laced up to her forearm and a pad of soft buckskin for the stump to rest on. Wonderful, and she knew it. Licked all the skin off the back of my hand in gratitude. Yes, lady, wildcats has got sentiment. 'Twasn't long after when she took to the woods again and did her own foraging."

"How marvelous; the ingenuity of man. And what a satisfaction it must have been to you. Did Evangeline keep her health?"

"Yes, for quite a spell—three years. But listen. She began to fail after a while—lost some of her teeth; of course she kept right on hunting in the brush. Night-times I could hear her coming in through the window and the plunk of her wooden leg would wake me up. Then the tap, tap, tap of the hickory as she crossed the floor and jumped up in my cot and snugged down for the night. And gradual, you understand, she walked slower and slower, until I took pity and began to shoot birds and rabbits to make life easier for her. After all, lady, a wildcat livin' under a man's roof for four years

gets almost to be a relative. Mebby you won't see it that way but . . ."

"Oh, I do, I do," said the good woman, "and my heart goes out to you and yours. Was there nothing to be done? Would not a veterinarian . . ."

"Lady," said Evangeline's master earnestly, "Lena wouldn't let no hand 'cept mine be laid upon her. She'd a bit the arm offen a vet. But as I was about to say, one evening she hops from the porch where we sat chummin', wabbles off into the underbrush like she had seen something and disappears. In a few minutes I hears an awful racket, snarlin' and squealin' like as if hell had broke loose. Grabbin' an electric flashlight I dives after Lena, parts the brush and throws the spot in full upon a terrible scene."

The listener blanched and all but ceased breathing.

"You don't have to believe it," resumed the lumberjack casually, "but there was Lena with her good left foreleg laced around the neck of a snowshoe rabbit, who was strugglin' to get free, while my pet wildcat was clubbing it to death with her wooden leg. I stood spellbound and seen Mr. Rabbit's death struggles. And do you know, lady, when all was still I'm danged if Evangeline didn't cock one eye under her tasseled ear and wink at me. . . ."

However, during the description of this tragic scene Mrs. Westchester suddenly and noiselessly disappeared within.

## X

### WOLVES ARE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS

SEIGNIORY CLUB,  
MONTEBELLO

**T**HROUGHOUT the hundred-odd square miles of rivers, lakes and forest in the Seignior Club game and fish must needs be protected. In early days all of Canada, sparsely settled and difficult of conquest, was a breeding-ground for rapacious beasts, many existing one upon the other. Bear, wildcats, cougar and wolves, with numerous lesser ravenous vermin carried on a battle royal in the struggle for existence. The advent of the white man, armed with rifles, decimated the carnivora and drove them back from the frontiers to the remote wilderness, where they prefer to remain, inaccessible to cold lead.

However, the wolves, driven to hunger by unfruitful winters, came foraging in pairs, trios and quartets along the great rivers that flow to the Canadian forests and lowlands, where under vigilant guardianship vast game preserves have been set apart. The Seignior Club, occupying eighty thousand acres along the Ottawa River, well stocked with venison, cattle, sheep, fat birds and fish, let it be known that a wolf-hunter was wanted; a hunter who could match wits with the invaders.

Along came Thomas William Showdie, a ranger, trapper and woodsman, born of Scotch parents in Pointe de Chene, along the Ottawa, with the proposal that he be allowed to take over the job. "Showdie," the only name by which he is known in the region, was quickly engaged. So successfully has his campaign been waged against the wolves along the Ottawa that I sought him out, expecting, of course, to hear tales of combat; a recital of conflicts, more or less thrilling. I received, instead, an earful quite different.

Showdie wears a flaming red shirt, tips the scales at 200 pounds, is built like a barrel and bulges with muscles that would be a credit to Atlas. He has the soft speech of an old-time family physician and the reserve of a college professor. Blue eyes, light hair and the complexion of a school-girl complete the incongruity.

"My success as a trapper," he said, "is the result of self-elimination. Every wolf that I have taken has been the victim of his own curiosity. I did not hunt him with firearms; he is too fleet and too shrewd to be destroyed in that manner. Open battle is the last thing he invites, and the direct attack, except in early days when the pack found a lonely wayfarer and overpowered him by force of numbers, is rare indeed. Like human beings, wolves to all intents and purposes snare or trap themselves."

I asked for an illustration.

"When wolves are reported anywhere in the preserve," said Showdie, folding his colossal arms across his mighty chest and speaking in the third person, "my

first step is to abolish Showdie, to utterly wipe out his human scent, which to the nostrils of a wolf means trouble. How do I do it? By encompassing him with a foreign odor, one that because of its novelty arouses the wolf's curiosity and at the same time stimulates his appetite. Sheep's blood that has gone stale, meat that has become high and the rancid juices of animal flesh exposed to the sun all produce an aroma that will arouse a hungry wolf to reckless investigation."

"But your own presence? Is not that a signal for caution?"

"It would be if Showdie remained, which he don't. Let me explain further. After determining the exact location of the quarry, Showdie, the human animal, smears the soles of his boots with mutton, beef tallow and what you might call the high perfume and proceeds to a spot where the wolf trail has become fairly well defined. On a decayed stump, one pretty well shielded by underbrush, he smears what is called the central appetizer. Around this are set steel traps artfully concealed, and snares fashioned of sixteen-gauge steel wire containing a fourteen-inch loop, suspended fourteen inches from the ground and held open and perpendicular by brush twigs. These snares, eight feet in length, are snubbed to a tree or a stout root. To further abolish the human scent, Showdie wears mittens smeared with balsam pitch, so that whatever he handles will have nature's odors. Then in a twelve-foot circle a few drops of the mysterious lure are deposited, and outside for a circumference of fifty feet more is laid. Whereupon Showdie goes home to await

the results of wolf-breed curiosity, which possesses all the human attributes.

"The nostrils of wolves are keenest at nightfall, best time for foraging. The female, seeking food for her young, particularly in the month of May, is lured to desperate efforts, and once the scent is picked up will follow it, investigating every subtle suggestion that provender is near. She prowls with her head low, just the right height to enter the snare. At the first slight pressure, she lunges forward and the penalty of her curiosity is extinction. So with her unfed litter, from six to nine whelps. Seldom does she escape the snare.

"The males, equally curious, are more likely to step into the steel traps. Occasionally they gnaw the steel trace in two and escape, but a wolf with broken fangs—which is all that a wolf has for weapons—and lacerated gums is in a bad way to extend his activities as a hunter. I have thinned the wolves out at Lucerne-in-Quebec and at the present rate will soon be back at my old job as a woodman and ranger. In the meanwhile, game is increasing on the Seignior Club preserve, which is all I'm interested in; that and sending my ten kids to school."

Showdie, stretching himself, ambled away like a grizzly bear, headed for the timber. If you ask me, I believe he could strangle a wolf in his two arms and whip the average human being with one hand.

## XI

### ROMANCE OF THE FOUNDLING FAWNS

#### SEIGNIORY CLUB, MONTEBELLO

I KNOW of nothing like a good night's sleep to put a man on his mettle for a game of golf over undulating links such as are to be found in these mountains.

And, whereas, I intimated to the manager, who sits up nights devising ways and means to make guests comfortable at the Seignior Club, that if he could induce one of his rangers to regale me with a few tales of wild life I might possibly turn up a yarn or two worth embalming.

"Well," said he, "there is a young fellow named Henry Currie at our fish hatchery, fifteen miles from here, who can tell you a story about some fawns, provided you can get him to talk. I'll send a courier for him."

"Let me do the traveling. Currie will be more communicative there than in the rarefied atmosphere of the Log Château," I suggested. "He'll certainly talk if he is interested."

I caught up with Henry at the head of Lac Commandant as he was about to take in a shipment of



20,000 six-inch trout to be freed for the delectation of fly casters.

"Yes, I know something about fawns," said he, taking a seat on a twenty-gallon can of speckled beauties, the more leisurely to discuss his favorite theme. "I remember two years ago when Joe Laurant, on the west bank of the Salmon River, caught a two-week-old white-tailed fawn and tamed it to stay around his cabin. A deer will stick as long as you feed it regularly. Joe named the fawn Joseph and hung a silver bell on his neck so that when off in the woods he could be located. And another reason was to protect Joseph from hunters in case he roamed outside the club sanctuary, where all deer are protected."

"Was the fawn Joseph a gadabout?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, before he was a year old he took a day or so off once a week, and was seen all over the club property. For ten months of his life Joseph always came back to Laurant, who had his ears opened for the silver bell. And then, something happened—Joseph disappeared! Not since has the bell been heard, although every mountain habitant in Lucerne-in-Quebec listens day and night for its tinkling. 'Wolves! They have pulled Joseph down,' said Laurant. "But who could say for sure? Perhaps he had returned to the herd."

Henry Currie shifted to another twenty-gallon fish can and again took up his story. "A year ago, May, 1932, near Sky Mount Tower I picked up a one-week's female fawn and brought it back to the fish hatchery in my arms. I named her Josephine, in honor of the

lost Joseph. My cabin mate, Larry Jergensen, said, 'Henry, we can not keep Josephine. When she grows up she, too, will leave and that will be the end of her.' And I told Larry that nature was stronger than habit; that a deer born in the wild would return to the wild.

"Like Joseph, Josephine was allowed her freedom. Green fodder that she liked, and sugar, and biscuits, and salt was there whenever she came in for food. Often, at our call, she trotted out of the brush; at other times, for the space of several days she remained away. She came home lousy. We cured her with Fly Tox. Jergensen gave her hell, and she stayed around the cabin for more than a month. It was a great lesson for her. This spring she became restless when the snow went out and took to roaming again. I didn't like it any more than Larry, but what could we do? 'She will beat it this summer sure,' he said, 'and we can't stop her.' Well, she is still with us, and never away for long. All the same. . . ." Henry Currie brought out a jack-knife and went to whittling.

"And nothing more of Joseph?" I asked, during the interlude.

"Yes, there was something, but I can't believe it," he replied, shutting the blade with a click. "One of the rangers who stopped at a salt lick a few weeks ago to watch the deer, said he saw among them a young buck with new prongs that looked very much like Joseph. He spoke to him and held out a hand as though to present food. Joseph—if it was Joseph—stretched his neck to take what was offered but backed away when

the ranger tried to come nearer. I wonder if it was Joseph? No. No. Couldn't be, to stay away so long from Joe Laurant."

I asked about the bell, that had been so suddenly silenced.

"Oh, that," replied Henry, in the manner of one who hoped for the best, "was probably knocked off in the brush. But it was never found, nor was anything located that suggested the remains of Joseph. I prefer to think that he is still alive. Jergensen says that the call of the wild explains everything. Every time we talk about it he goes out on the porch of our cabin to see if Josephine is still in sight. If she isn't he is all nerves until she returns. She was there this morning when I left the shack. Larry was feeding her sugar. You never saw such a beautiful creature. Tame as a cat; knows us both as far as she can see us."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "Josephine, being a gentle doe and possessing better manners than the harum-scarum Joseph, prefers domestication and will remain where she is."

"Don't believe that," said Henry, twisting his lips, "when Josephine gets ready to leave the old homestead and go back to her king and to run free in the timber with whatever stag she comes to look upon with favor, the sugar of Jergensen and Currie will no longer concern her. Not long ago I said to Larry, 'Wouldn't it be great if Joseph should still be alive and mate up with Josephine.' And he thought so well of the idea that both of us now look forward to the day when our

Josephine comes in with a fawn, one that has Joseph's eyes, her nose twitching for extra sugar. Will she get it?"

I'll say she will.

## XII

### WILD LIFE CURBED IN PRODUCTION

#### PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

**T**HE biologists are not all to be found holding down chairs in the colleges and universities. Now and then I come upon one who has wrested his learning by lifelong contacts with nature, to the exclusion of books and professors. A fortnight ago, while shooting in a Canadian forest with a native guide, I heard an illuminating disquisition on nature's activities with reference to controlling wild life in the wilderness. And, too, references, not without pertinence, were made to human beings; observations that might well have come from one steeped in book lore.

"I am born on River St. Lawrence," said my companion of the brush, "and Province of Quebec she is to me like backyard. Fish, hunt and trap for sixty year. Snow-shoe, ski, bateau, canoe and de leg for Raymond is enough. I go everywhere, I see everyt'ing. I lak for tell you somet'ing you don't onderstand. *Oui?*"

Here was a man of discernment who had the wit to define in one sentence the boundaries of his world. To him Quebec was an open book from which he had absorbed all that one man had any right to know about land and water, birds, beasts, fishes and men. In the gloom of the spruce swamp, lightened along its edges

by clusters of silver birch, flaming aloft in autumnal plumage, Raymond halted, his eyes turned upon me with the expression of a village school-master asking a juvenile for the total of seven plus nine. A cock partridge, clucking like a chain hitting a Ford fender, shattered the silence as he broke cover and hurtled into the fourth dimension.

"What you lak for to know?" repeated the habitant. "Somet'ing from de bush?"

He was bound that I should not seek for wisdom beyond the frontier of his dominion. Put to it for a rational question, one within the scope of his learning, I bethought myself in silence. Raymond, impatient for action, shifted his gun from shoulder to shoulder and waited. Observing that we had halted, Jacque, his retriever, came to heel and crouched panting.

"Is it true," I asked, recalling an oft-heard rumor, "that every so often a plague or pestilence of some sort attacks game birds and animals in Canada and almost wipes them out?"

"*Oui, Monsieur.* It is de fac'," answered Raymond, motioning me to be seated upon a windfall. "Have de seat. I explain him to you. *Saprist*, ma frien', you will be surprise. We tak' first de partridge and de rabbit, bote good for eat. Every seven year come de blister, de worm, de trouble in de gut and de neck. Partridge and de rabbit he die by t'ousands. No way for stop him. When de plague start she come lak winter, but she no go wid spring. *Mon de Dieu!*"

"Where does it start?"

"Nov'scoch." Raymond threw up both hands. "*Oui,*

ma frien', already this year she is begin for go 'cross Canada."

"How far?"

"To de Pa-cif' Ocean. *Oui*, and tak' in some de Nort' States of your country. How you lak dat? Same de glacier, she's creep, creep, creep across de Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario, 'Katchawan, Man'toba, Alberta, British Colom', and de partridge and de rabbit pass out. Four years from Nov'scoch' to Pa-cif' Ocean for plague mak' de trip."

"Does it always come in seven-year cycles?" I asked.

"*Exactement*. Same de seven-year plague in de Bible. Mybee de good God fix for keep de partridge and de rabbit where he belong. Not for me to t'ink 'bout dat. *Mon père*, fifty year ago he say to me: 'Raymon', watch for de plague. He's come every seven year an' tak' some de wild life from de bush.' *Saprist!* It is so."

"Then you have seen seven plagues among the partridge and the rabbits of Quebec. Why don't other birds and animals catch it? What of the fur-bearers?"

Raymond shrugged his shoulders. "Umph," he grunted. "On stream where de weasel and de mink live I see de weasel die fast while de mink breed faster. It is de mystery."

"There must be a reason. What is it?"

"Two profoss-or is now look for see why partridge and rabbit get de worm and de blister. One man he is told me de sun spot is blame for de trouble. *Sacre!* No compron'. I t'ink when de birch bud, de juniper seed, de beechnut and de alder bud is few on de tree, it is bad luck for de partridge."

"Sun spots would affect the crop of food," I said.

"Mybee," said Raymond softly. "*Mon père* he no speak 'bout dat to me. What you t'ink?"

"Your guess, Raymond, is better than mine. Let's have it."

That he had a theory was evident, but he wanted to be coaxed into expressing it. Eventually he launched this explanation:

"Tak de war, de famine, de flood, de earthquake and de sickness dat come to de worl' for more year dan anybody know. Why? For make more room. Too many people. Better for some die mybee. *Oui?*"

Having arrived at a cul-de-sac from which it would have been difficult to extricate either Raymond or myself, I acknowledged the wisdom of his reasoning and suggested that we get along on the trail of partridge meat before the seven-year plague rolled into Quebec and took its toll.

At that moment a pair of birds swept through the grove at sixty miles an hour. "I'll tak' de hen," said Raymond. She tumbled to the first shell. I took a rain check for the cock which disappeared into the network of dark green spruce. And the worms will get him if he don't look out.





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**PART FOUR**

**THE**

**MARITIMES**

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# I

## PAUL REVERE AND FREEMASONRY

### YARMOUTH

**A**MERICAN tourists to Nova Scotia will find numerous links that unite the two countries historically. When one least expects it something of mutual interest turns up. These things have been passed along from prerevolutionary days and are still alive upon human tongues. The Scotians, who are a courtly people, willingly make long detours that visitors may be reminded of some agreeable event in the past. Five miles out of Yarmouth along the coastal highway which passes through an ever green landscape, rich in agricultural development and natural beauty, one reaches the mouth of the Chelogue River, where the French settled in 1650, and established Acadia, from which they were driven by the British in 1755.

A more alluring spot would be difficult to find in any country; ideal for human habitation. The moment it filled my vision I was impelled to ask the direct question, "What happened here—and when?"

"The first Lodge of Freemasons in Yarmouth county was organized at this point in 1756," replied my escort. "The original building, afterward added to and modernized on its front elevation, is still intact. It is now the residence of Mr. F. A. W. Hatfield, who

conducts the general store in the village. It was there that Paul Revere, celebrated for his ride from the Old South Church of Boston town, was initiated into the second degree of Freemasonry. The exact date of the ceremony is not known but it was probably a year or two before the beginning of the Revolution."

"Why didn't Paul carry on his joining at Boston?" I asked.

"There are various explanations, one that Revere came to Nova Scotia on a secret mission for the anti-Royalists in Massachusetts, and became so closely allied with the residents of Yarmouth that he found it expedient to harmonize with them in all particulars. Doubtless the Acadia incident had its origin because of that fact. That Revere did take his second degree in that house which you see still standing upon yonder slope there is no doubt whatever."

For purposes of further verification I called upon Mr. Hatfield, the present owner and occupant of the former Masonic lodge headquarters, and found him to be well supplied with information on the subject. "My earliest information," said he, "dates back to 1761, when Lemuel Bartlett came over from Plymouth, Massachusetts, and took possession of the property about the time it became the first Freemasonry Lodge in Yarmouth county. I have no documents bearing on the case, but I have reason to believe that he knew of Paul Revere's presence in Acadia, and was probably present at the second-degree ceremony."

"How much of the original lodge survives in the present residence?"

"The entire rear facing the north. In 1784, after Bartlett disposed of the property, a man by the name of Van Orden of Plymouth, Massachusetts, shipped to Yarmouth what was in reality a portable house, which afterward was hauled to Acadia in sections and built around three sides of the old lodge building. The ownership changed hands several times during the next hundred years, undergoing alterations based upon the changing architecture. From time to time visitors interested in the Paul Revere contacts came here in search of historical data. Unfortunately the records associated with the lodge era had entirely disappeared, at least from Acadia, although in Masonic archives preserved in Yarmouth there is, no doubt, an authentic entry bearing upon the prerevolutionary second-degree initiation of Paul Revere."

"Does the house continue to attract attention?"

"Yes, principally among tourists from the United States. I am perfectly willing to admit visitors, but the absence of any of the original furniture or paraphernalia used at that period dampens the caller's ardor. Nothing remains but the memories, which are indeed precious to me."

"How long have you owned the property?"

"Since 1916. I took it over for two very excellent reasons. First, because of its historical importance and, second, for the reason that Lemuel Bartlett, a former owner, was my great-great-grandfather. My hope is that it will remain in the family indefinitely and with that end in view I have taken such steps as are humanly possible toward the perpetuation of that desire."

"And you are not interested in any transaction that would place it in other hands?"

"What would be gained by such measures? Who would be likely to regard it with more reverence than I? Therefore, my friend, the Paul Revere shrine, if it is entitled to that designation, will remain in the custody of the Hatfields, descendants of Lemuel Bartlett, once of Plymouth, Massachusetts."

If the shade of the man on horseback rides through Acadia he will find the old Masonic lodge in a perfect state of preservation.

## II

### GLORY OF THE SCHOONER *BLUENOSE*

LIVERPOOL, N. S.

Scene: Off southern coast of Nova Scotia, due west from Ireland 2,500 miles, in the company of C. H. L. Jones, president of the Mersey Paper Company and owner and skipper of the schooner yacht *Ameniche*, canted down on her bearings in a stiff breeze and headed east by north at nine knots the hour.

THE sea-dog speaks:

"We'll drop anchor at Lunenburg, birthplace of the invincible *Bluenose*. Heard of her, I suppose?"

Through my mind flashed recollections of the victories credited to this nimble-footed queen of the seas that since 1921 has found no difficulty in winning the Dennis International Fishermen's trophy against the entries of the lads from Gloucester, Mass. "Why bring that up?" I asked. "The day will come, this fall I hope, when the *Gertrude L. Thebaud*, with Cap'n Ben Pine at the wheel and a crew of all Gloucester men will take the measure of Cap'n Angus Walters and of the *Bluenose* in a steady breeze off Halifax."

"And if such be the will of fate," replied Skipper Jones, signaling an order to break out the main topsail of the *Ameniche*, "there will be gnashing of teeth and cries of anguish throughout the length and breadth of the Maritime Provinces, across the whole of the Do-

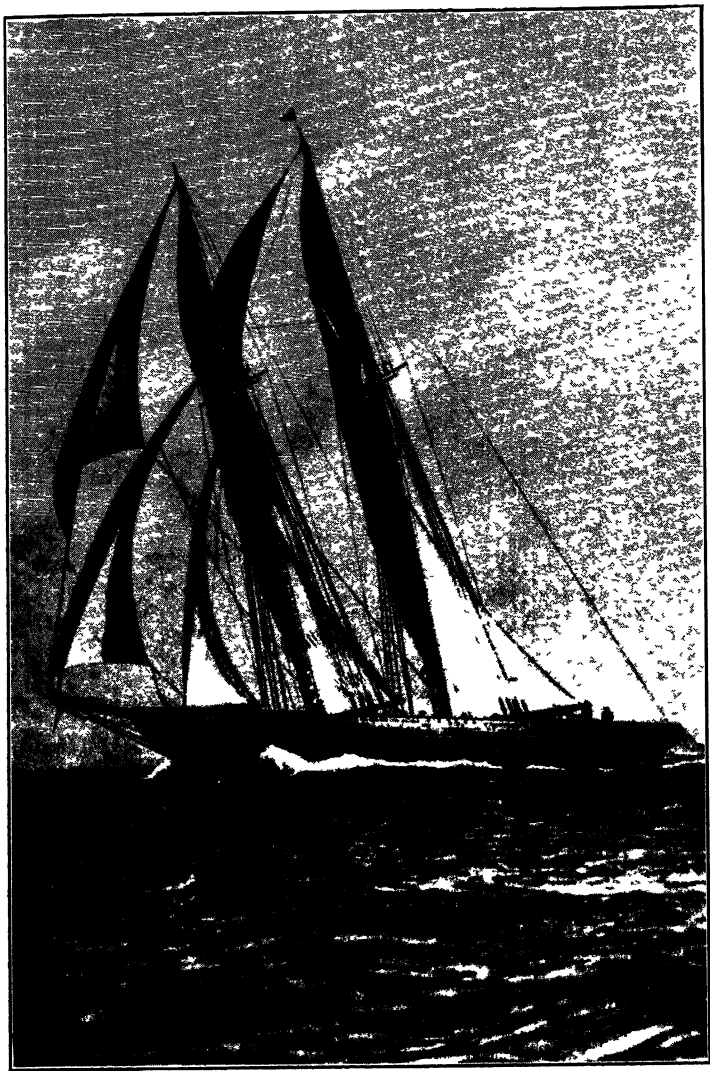


minion of Canada and to every place in the sun where the Union Jack flies. Aye, sir, every cold-storage warehouse along the coast of Nova Scotia will be turned into a wailing wall by the boys who go down to the sea in ships. It is not the destiny of the *Bluenose* to dip her colors in the wake of a faster hull. No sails will ever be bent against the masts of a schooner that can bid her farewell."

Here in Nova Scotia they have a saying, "The wood to beat the *Bluenose* is still growing."

It ill becomes a guest on board a gentleman's yacht to argue on the merits of a sporting event vital to the happiness of his host, and, besides, Skipper Jones had merely paused for breath.

"No other sporting event on land or sea even approximates the interest aroused by the International Fishermen's Trophy race," he continued, his eyes aloft on the bulging canvas, "and never will there be. Our stock exchanges set the wagering ahead of all other business; the newspapers hold the front pages open for news of it; the schools close on the racing days. All of the population of Halifax that cannot put to sea gather on Citadel Hill to watch the race from afar and cheer the *Bluenose* on. Compared with the Fishermen's Trophy the international race for America's Cup is like a group of children sailing model boats in a public park. There is but one classic of the sea, and every man in the crew of the *Bluenose* is a sailor bred and born, each holding master's certificates and fitted by experience to captain a ship, though all willing and ready in the name of Nova Scotia to serve under the command of Angus



SCHOONER "BLUENOSE," NOVA SCOTIA'S PRIDE OF  
THE SEA



FRANK PERCIVAL PRICE AT BATTLE WITH THE KEYS

PEACE TOWER, PARLIAMENT BUILDING, OTTAWA,  
WHERE THE CARILLON IS PLAYED

Walters, master of the *Bluenose*. No amateurs clutter her decks."

Skipper Jones, ever at home on the sea, thereupon broke out all available canvas and then some. The *Ameniche*, quivering like a thoroughbred, leapt for Lunenburg, where shipwrights, old sea-dogs and sailor men saturated with *Bluenose* history, contributed to the saga of her career.

"I seen her laid down here in Lunenburg," said an ancient mariner. "That was in 1920; design of W. J. Roue, a naval architect from Halifax. I knowed the minute I clapped eyes on her that somethin' was comin' to life. In 1921, Angus Walters in command, with a picked crew from right here in this town o' Lunenburg, wins against the American schooner *Elsie* off Gloucester hands down. Next year she beat the *Henry Ford* in the same waters. Then come along that mess at Halifax when the schooner *Columbia*, design of Starling Burgess, took the first race agin' the *Bluenose*. But our schooner took the second by a big lead and was disqualified for passin' without the slightest advantage to herself, a buoy on the landward side.

"A hell of an arg'ment started. 'Twant right to disqualify the *Bluenose*, so without any more fuss or feathers Cap. Walters ups anchor and sails the *Bluenose*, crew and all, back to Lunenburg. As I said afore, it made bad feelin' and seven years slipped by 'til it blowed over. Back to the startin' gun in '30 comes the *Bluenose* and the schooner *Gertrude L. Thebaud* in a series o' exhibition races off Gloucester with Angus Walter and Ben Pine pitted, jest for show you might

say. And then—in dead earnest, and rarin' for another go, 1931, the *Thebaud* trims herself for blood, takes a fling at the *Bluenose* in Halifax. *Gertrude* lost handsomely, in a way of speakin'. This fall, accordin' to rumors now afloat, they will meet again. Bein' patriotic don't mean bein' a damned fool. I know you're from the States, but bet your money on the *Bluenose*."

Back on the deck of the *Ameniche*, tacking for Liverpool, Skipper Jones endorsed the Lunenburg's seadog's suggestion. "It is not in the log-book of destiny for the Nova Scotian schooner to lose the Dennis trophy," he said. "Nearly all of the gallant craft that essayed to capture the cup, beginning with the *Esperanto*, the first to win it against the *Delawana*, have since been lost to sea, the *Esperanto* leading the procession to the locker of Davy Jones. The *Ralph Brown*, *Elizabeth Howard*, *Henry Ford*, *Progress*, and *Elsie* meeting the same tragic end. The *Columbia*, with five other fishing schooners went down with all on board in the August storm off Sable Island in 1927. In that same tempestuous sea, the *Bluenose*, wallowing so close to the treacherous bar that the wild breakers had begun to dump a cargo of sand upon her deck, responding like some living thing to the helm of Angus Walters, lifted her bows in a last effort, staggered into the gale, crossed the bar and plunged for the open sea; the fastest and staunchest schooner of her class afloat, and endowed with immortality."

Aye, the *Bluenose* is clothed in power and glory and mystery. Not even death can overtake her.

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To-day, the old schooner is carrying a Diesel engine in her hold and is a banker fisherman along the Grand Banks. A proposal has been made to install her in a museum, but she prefers to remain in service mingling with the tides.

### III

#### A BROADSIDE FROM JOSEPH HOWE

##### CENTRE EAST PUBNICO

AT this point, one hour out of Yarmouth, the traveler reaches what is rightly termed the oldest Acadian settlement in the world. It was founded by Sieur Philippe d'Entremont, First Baron de Pompcoup, in 1651. His descendant, Henri Leander d'Entremont, born in 1862, to-day occupies a corner of his ancestor's vast estate which in the remaking of Nova Scotia was swept into other hands and lost to Sieur Philippe's progeny.

The present heir, a widely traveled man and steeped in the history of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, is a recognized authority whose carefully collected data fills more than a hundred note-books. His first work, *The Baronnie de Pompcoup and the Acadians*, has a wide circulation. His forthcoming volume, *The Acadian and the Oath of Allegiance*, the product of four years' labor, will soon be off the press.

Among the very rare treasures of this collection is a broadside from the pen of Joseph Howe, the Nova Scotian editor-statesman who more than any other intellect of his time led the campaign that brought about the reign of Responsible Government in Nova Scotia. From his manifesto of August 15, 1851, a declaration

of opinion and intent that rivals any similar outpouring ever penned by an American Moses, I cull the extracts that follow:

#### TO THE ELECTORS OF NOVA SCOTIA:

Friends and Fellow Countrymen: The celebrated Boyle Roche once said: "Nobody but a bird could be in two places at once." As I am not a bird, and as I am busy with the humbugs and obstructives of Cumberland, and may not be able to visit some of the counties where I should much like to be just now, I think it best to address this letter to you, hoping it may reach you in time to enable you to laugh at and put to shame the humbugs and obstructives that I know will be busy in other places.

I have been fourteen years in the House of Assembly, and during that time have seen four general elections. At every one but the first, a set of miserable obstructives and alarmists have raised fearful outcries to terrify the people.

Down to 1843, the usual cries used to be that Howe and his friends were going to: Pull down the church; overturn the institutions of the country; and haul down the British flag, drive the province into rebellion and hoist the Stars and Stripes.

At the election of 1843 the cry was that Howe and his friends were enemies to education; were going to destroy Acadia College, and triumph over the Baptists.

At the election of 1847 the cries were that Howe and his friends were going to wrest the prerogative from the Governor, ruin the revenue, establish pensions and expensive apartments, burden the country with a heavy civil list and establish Catholic ascendancy.



Now, my friends, you will all remember that every one of these mischievous and wicked lies were from time to time, as occasion served, published in the newspapers, retailed about the country, and circulated through remote settlements in slips and hand-bills. The miserable creatures who invented and propagated these slanders have lived to be proved fools and liars by the peaceful, orderly and valuable labors of the men, whose acts it gives me pleasure, at this moment, when some of them will stand before you for re-election, to vindicate.

Not one of these things that the obstructionists prophesied would happen did happen, nor can they, at this moment, put their finger on one act of Howe and his associates that has not done good to Nova Scotia. What have we done, my friends? Let me group together some of the results of our labors.

The valiant Joseph here enumerates eighteen achievements in progressive statesmanship that served to advance the status of Nova Scotia and improve the condition of her people, concluding with:

Built the Electric Telegraph across Nova Scotia, by which instantaneous communication has been established with all the cities of the American continent.

Passed the Law, by which every man who pays rates is entitled to vote at Elections.

Established Responsible Government, by which a majority of the People's Representatives can turn out a bad Government whenever they have lost the confidence of the Country.

These, my fellow countrymen, are some of the things

which my friends and myself have done, for the elevation and improvement of Nova Scotia, during the fourteen years that I have been in the Legislature.

You were told that the Baptists would be "trampled on." The Baptists are in the enjoyment of all their civil rights, and of their own free will have separated Acadia College from all connection with the State.

You were told that the Catholic Ascendancy would be established, and the throats of all Protestants would be cut. The Protestants are all alive and kicking—and the only harm that they have done, will be found in Mr. Doyle's Bill, by which Catholic and Protestant Rate Payers are allowed to vote.

We are now, my friends, approaching another Election, which comes off on the 28th of August, and the Obstructives of Cumberland have already covered this County with lies, and prognostications of various kinds. These I am laughing out of the County, and will beat their inventors handsomely. The same game will be played elsewhere. Handbills and slips, full of lies and nonsense, will be circulated on other Counties. This Letter will enable you to estimate them at their proper value, and to laugh their inventors to scorn.

Candidate Howe then proceeds to set forth in detail, ignoring no issue or accusation on the part of his enemies, the whole plan for railroad extension that will bring Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia into closer union with the United States, summing up with this prophecy; the more amazing because it was made over eighty years ago:

Nova Scotia will be the common terminus of the whole sixteen hundred miles, which, like two mighty

rivers, will bring the traffic and wealth of half a Continent into her bosom. One would suppose that, in presence of such mighty and sublime objects, the voice of faction would be hushed, and that the Obstructives would, for once, get out of the way, and crawl into their holes. Not so, now the cry is— "Oh! Howe is going to ruin the country, by making railroads. He is going to lay on heavy permanent taxes to pay interest and sinking funds, and make Railroads in New Brunswick." This is the last wretched shift of a beaten and disappointed faction, who, having neither the brains nor the industry to do any good for Nova Scotia themselves, are envious of everybody who tries to do any good.

After outlining the imperative needs of the hour and the consequences that might arrive from inaction, the spokesman of Responsible Government for Canada and the Canadians, the Hon. Joseph, brings his appeal to this end:

But I must close, my friends. I have but a few words more to say: Think of the past, look hopefully at the future. Providence has blessed our labours heretofore, and will again. I have never deceived—never deserted you. You will stand by me now in this last effort to improve our country, elevate these noble Provinces and form them into a Nation. A noble heart is beating beneath the giant ribs of North America now. See that you do not, by apathy or indifference, depress its healthy pulsations.

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) JOSEPH HOWE

AMHERST, August 15, 1851

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Returns from that particular election indicate that Howe pulled off what in the parlance of American politics is known as a landslide. His life, filled with turbulence, found him frequently borne upon the backs of the people in triumphant processions following his victories. Nova Scotia, to this day, regards Joe Howe as her patron saint.

## IV

### HEY! STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN

PICTOU, N. S.

MAYOR Primrose, his brow furrowed, his mind on the battle-fields across the Atlantic, sat by an open window reading in the Pictou *Advocate* a list of those who had won distinction at the front. The bivouac. . . . The citations. . . . Men he had known as boys. . . . The jangle of a telephone bell brought his Honor back from France. Irked by the interruption he took the receiver down.

"Yes. Yes! Yes!! What? . . . Can't be true. . . . Who is your authority? Ottawa? God be praised. . . ."

With the agility of a bull moose the Mayor, topping whatever served to impede his progress, dashed into his bedroom on the upper floor, seized a ten-gauge goose gun, opened the window, fired two shots into the air, and in a loud voice shouted: "The Armistice has been signed. Our boys are coming home." Unfortunately, there were no Pictonians stirring within the radius of the Mayor's broadcast. Back to the telephone, there to spread the news.

However—it pains me to write it, but both barrels from the Mayor's fowling piece, belching buckshot overhead into the glass insulator, had blown the telephone wires out of business. It is only fair to draw the

curtain at this juncture and leave his Honor alone in the pregnant silence of his own making. While the two shots fired by Mayor Primrose were not heard around the world, the occasion for them finally spread through Pictou where ample celebration made up for unavoidable delay.

In all other particulars recorded in Pictonian history dating back to June 10, 1767, the date of the arrival of the brig *Hope* out of Philadelphia, bearing the officers of the Philadelphia company—in which Benjamin Franklin is said to have held shares—and the coming of the ship *Hector*, September 15, 1773, from Scotland, Pictou has displayed a positive genius for leadership in the development of the north coast of Nova Scotia, while at the same time contributing her full quota for the benefit of the world.

These adventurers came to grips with every phase of pioneer life, maintaining under all circumstances a high regard for law, order, education, the rearing of large families, the development of the land and of all natural resources. From a population never at any time exceeding 4,000, Pictou has given to the church three hundred clergymen, one hundred and ninety physicians, sixty-three lawyers, forty professors, fifteen men and eleven women missionaries, eight college presidents, four judges, two governors, two premiers and a Chief Justice.

Sir William Dawson, who at the age of thirty-five was appointed first principal of McGill University and laid the foundation for its present status among the world's great institutions of learning, was born in Pic-

1820. At sixteen he wrote his first paper, "The Construction and History of the Earth," a geological treatise that attracted universal attention. At twenty-two he graduated from the University of Edinburgh, specialized in natural science, and became one of the world's most eminent authorities. Up to the time of his death, 1899, 551 titles of papers, pamphlets and books stood to his credit.

From Pictou, 1846, the Rev. John Geddie and his wife, first foreign missionaries for the Presbyterian Church, set out for the New Hebrides, in the South Seas. He was one year and seven months reaching his destination where for twenty-four years he labored. On the island of Aneityum, where he first set foot and planted the cross, stands a memorial tablet, on which is carved these words: "When he landed in 1846 there were no Christians here, and when he left in 1872 there were no heathen."

Not in all of Pictou is there a block that does not contain a structure that is not in some way associated with an important historical event in Nova Scotian history. Docks, taverns, public squares, farms, rivers and mountains all play a part in the pageant of Pictou's past.

It was from Pictou that the *Royal William*, first vessel to cross the Atlantic under her own steam—all the way—sailed August 17, 1833. The United States put in a claim that the *Savannah*, an American ship carrying the American flag, made the premier trip in 1833. However, the *Savannah's* log, resurrected by

Canada, was found to contain the entry that "when Cork bore W. B. S. 5 leagues there was no cole to get up steam." Technically, therefore, the *Royal William* won the "all-the-way-under-her-own-steam record," and no fooling.

Upon examining the departure list from the port of Pictou I found this entry:

1833, Aug. 17.—*Royal William*, 363 tons, 36 men. Master John McDougal, London, 254 chaldrons [36 bushels] coals; a box of stuffed birds; ship's spar.

"Why the stuffed birds, and who shipped them?" I asked the clerk in charge. But no other records being available, the gentleman opined that, after the interval of one hundred years, he couldn't say definitely how or why they got on the manifest.

The following afternoon, while rummaging about Pictou with the Hon. E. M. MacDonald, ex-member of Parliament, Minister of Munitions during the World War, leading member of the bar and the best informed living Pictonian, who took me for a ride about the city, pointing out, among other places—would you believe it—the house where John J. Audubon, the great American naturalist and painter of bird life, visited his Nova Scotian friend, the Rev. Thomas McCulloch, founder and president of the Pictou Academy, in 1833—the very year that the "box of stuffed birds" sailed on the *Royal William*, out of Pictou for England.

Hah! Here was a trail that might lead to treasure trove worth investigating.

I asked Mr. MacDonald if he could direct me to any one who might possess specific and accurate informa-



tion concerning Audubon's activities in Pictou a century ago.

"My distant kinsman, Miss Ida S. MacDonald, teacher of Grade VII in the Pictou Central School, can in all probability supply you with the exact details," said he. "In 1932 she organized a bird club under the auspices of the Audubon Society. We will call upon her."

A fifteen-mile drive into the country brought us to the residence of Miss MacDonald, who indeed was well stocked with information. These things she told us:

Audubon at the age of forty-eight sailed from Eastport, Maine, in the schooner *Ripley* on June 6, 1833, on a bird-collecting expedition designed to cover the Gulf of St. Lawrence and other points in this northern country, for use in his work, *The Birds of America*. On the 9th the party, which included several young student collectors, arrived at Canso, and passing through the Gut reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence June 11th. June 12th and 14th found Audubon at the Magdalena Islands, and on the 17th at Anticosti Island, where he remained with headquarters at Natasquan until the 28th.

From that point Audubon rambled about for more than a month, writing voluminously and making many pictures, deciding finally to leave the *Ripley* and proceed homeward from the western end of the Straits of Belle Isle, passing through Nova Scotia. He was put ashore at Roys Island, near Pictou, and afterward ferried across the harbor to Pictou, where he and his party called upon Professor Thomas McCulloch,

founder of Pictou Academy, himself an ornithologist and naturalist of high standing. A lasting friendship sprung up between these two remarkable men. Professor McCulloch presented Audubon with specimens of birds and whatever of fresh water shells and minerals he might choose. He accepted some iron and copper ore. In his journal Audubon appraised the collection as well worth £1,000. As a result of this visit a very considerable correspondence grew up between Professor McCulloch and Audubon, and continued with the McCulloch family after the professor's death. Such of Audubon's letters as survive are quite precious and beautiful to look upon.

Before I could express the hope that somewhere in Pictou a specimen might come under my eye, Miss MacDonald produced an original letter written by Audubon to Professor McCulloch. The penmanship, flowing and graceful, legible as copper plate, and artistic as one of the writer's exquisite paintings, was fascinating to look upon. Though yellow with age, the paper seemed to possess an ivory finish. I quote it in full, with all peculiarities, capitalizations, etc.:

CHARLESTON, S. C., January 1st, 1836.

MY DEAR FRIEND.:

Some weeks ago I received a letter from my Brother in Law Mr. N. Berthoud, in which he mentioned his having received from you, the purport of which was to know whether you could ship direct to England from Pictou; the specimen of birds you may have collected & preserved in spirit for me.—

This you may do, of course, and indeed it will save

me from expense, but I do not wish you to hurry yourself in this shipment, and wrote to you to that effect about Six Weeks ago from hence.—On the contrary I will feel greatly obliged to you by your continuing to augment the collection until the months of June or July, in hopes that you may procure some of the rarest of my list. Here and elsewhere in the United States I have already Two hundred species in pairs at least.—

When you procure Young Birds such as Owls, Hawks or any other species please save these also.—Should you know any further particulars connected with the Habits of any of the species which you have not spoken of to me, pray transmit your observations Care of N. Berthoud, New York, or Robt. Havell, 77 Oxford Street, London.—We leave this on the 1st of next month for the Mexican Gulph.—With John & my own regards to your whole family and to Yourself believe me I am my Dear Friend,

Yours most truly,

JOHN J. AUDUBON

“The year 1836,” Miss MacDonald explained, “should have been written 1837. The writer made the error through force of a year’s habit. This letter is the property of the McCulloch Bird Club, which I had the honor to organize. It was presented April 6, 1932, by the Misses McCulloch of Truro, Nova Scotia. You have the club’s permission to make a copy of it.”

To my regret, voiced to Miss MacDonald, this letter from Audubon threw no light on the shipment of “stuffed birds” stowed in the hold of the good steamship *Royal William*. However, she was of the opinion

that Professor McCulloch, who excelled in taxidermy long before Audubon arrived in Pictou, might well have been the consignor of the first box of stuffed birds that crossed the ocean in a sailing vessel under a full head of steam. Even though this may be pure conjecture, I am grateful for the clew that was directly responsible for Mr. E. M. MacDonald's bringing me in contact with his relative, Miss Ida MacDonald, who in turn produced the letter from Audubon, which is, so to speak, the "milk in the coconut."

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## V

### WHERE TO GO SALMON FISHING

#### HALIFAX

**B**Y way of introduction I made a pilgrimage ten years ago to Jasper Park Lodge, where a number of valuable and much-to-be-desired golf trophies were waiting to be won by the traveling public. By sundry good luck and, I might add, a flash of high-class shooting, I moseyed through the preliminaries and was going good for the finals. And then, as out of a clear sky, I found myself paired off with one Charles Weldon, a bird who could drive like Jock Hutchinson and putt like Gene Sarazen. Thus the next day I joined the gallery and had the pleasure of seeing a wheat speculator from Winnipeg peel the hide off Weldon and leave his bleeding remains on the fairway. I left Jasper Park in good health but bad humor, hoping fervently that Charley Weldon and I had met for the last time. A no good guy, that party.

After an interval of ten years I stroll into the Nova Scotian Hotel at Halifax and am assigned to a room overlooking a harbor unrivaled anywhere on the face of the globe and set in the landscape like a jade jewel. Everything is top side in the line so I make bold to compliment the staff. "Would I like to meet the Gen-

eral Manager?" Sure, and to congratulate him. Thereupon I come into the presence of none other than—whom do you suppose? Right! Charles Weldon, my Jasper Park jinx.

Smothering an exclamation of disgust, accentuated by ten years of accumulative antagonism, I accepted the proffered hand, vowing within to be prepared for reprisals.

"As I live," exclaimed the boniface, increasing the pressure of his palm, "my old golf partner. Which way and why?"

"Northern rivers, and the salmon killing."

"Why so far for the king of the sea? Stop where you are. I can put you on a dozen streams where Mr. Salmon, waiting to hit your fly, will be glad of the privilege. What are you doing this morning? Might I suggest something?"

Could I trust this man who had once tripped me in a great ambition? Was it worth while to take another chance with a born knave? A burnt child. . . .

"Within an hour," he went on, reaching for his hat, "I'll have you on a salmon stream. . . ."

"Not fishing this trip, merely writing about it. I am leaving Halifax this afternoon at 5:30."

"Nothing to prevent that schedule. It is now eleven. Step into my car," he urged, "and I'll run you to the Musquodoboit River, thirty miles up the coast where we'll kill a salmon and get back at 3:00 P.M. I want to show you."

And still I didn't believe him. The whole idea seemed perfectly ridiculous. And besides Charley Weldon was

a suspicious character. What's the use, I thought, still smarting from the Jasper Park treachery.

"The limit is five salmon a day, or thirty a week." Nothing seemed to check his flow of boasting. The Lord knows I didn't encourage him to talk his head off. "A man can leave New York Friday noon, get to Yarmouth by steamer the next morning," he continued, "hop into a car, fish half a dozen streams on the way and be in Halifax for supper that night. If it is fishing you seek, stop and get it in Nova Scotia."

"What's the catch in this proposition?" I asked, skeptical in every fiber.

"Nothing, except to kill the salmon. Come on, let's go. If one of the near-by rivers fails to produce, another will. Yes?"

I fell for his insistent babble, visiting within an hour five pools along the Musquodoboit, a stream of rugged beauty alive with salmon, grilse, brook and sea trout. At 1:30 the guide, who on the five preceding days had killed a total of eight salmon running from nine to twenty-three pounds, hooked a twelve-pounder at the Bridge pool, not fifty yards from our parking place, and killed it in eighteen minutes before my eyes. With the fish in my possession we were back at the Nova Scotian at 3 P.M. and at 7 were mopping up salmon steaks broiled over charcoal. Completely overcome by the demonstration, I forgot the insult at Jasper Park Lodge ten years ago and forthwith reversed my opinion concerning the character of Mr. Weldon. On the fol-

lowing day seventeen salmon were killed by eight anglers in a radius of less than forty miles.

At what price victory? Steamship fare from New York to Yarmouth, and railroad to Halifax, round trip, \$37; license for the season, \$5; guide, \$3; hotel rates, room with bath, \$3.50. At an average of \$35 the steamship company will deliver your auto at Yarmouth and return. For the sum of \$250, a week or ten days of top side angling for the liveliest fish that fins Nova Scotian steamers is within the reach of those who love the sport. Here, in a land of beauty and variety, one may take his fill of the grandest outdoor pastime without going into the hands of a receiver.

I pass the good news along that all may participate in the luxury any time from the first of May to the middle of August in a section where not less than twenty rivers, large and small and without restrictions, articulate with the Atlantic.

Under the circumstances it is barely possible that I may take Charley on for a few rounds of golf provided he gives me a nine-stroke handicap and blows up at least once out and once in. I have about come to the conclusion that at heart he is a good egg.

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## VI

### ESCAPE OF THE CRUISER *TALLAHASSEE*

#### HALIFAX HARBOR

THE morning I arrived at Halifax, in this tour of the Maritime Provinces, Joseph L. Hetherington, president of the Harbor Commission, exercising his genius for hospitality, placed a tug at my disposal so that I might take a landsman's view of a parking place where all the navies of the world can drop anchor and not be crowded. "And for company," he said, "you will have Captain C. F. Martin, who will answer any question you care to ask him about our port."

Being more interested in people than in ports I tapped Captain Martin's storehouse of human memorabilia, hoping for the best. After a spell of small talk that produced nothing of moment, our tugboat bearing to port bore down toward a green landmark low in the water.

"That is Georges Island," said my conductor, "behind which the Confederate cruiser *Tallahassee*, under command of Captain John Taylor Wood during the Rebellion, made her way in the pitch dark over a mile of treacherous water through the Eastern Passage, evading the Union blockading gunboats *Nansemont* and *Huron*, and returned to her base in southern waters with food and supplies for the rebel army. God and

Jock Flemming, the pilot, stood at the *Tallahassee's* wheel that night in 1864."

Again my lucky star hung in the sky. Here was a tale worth while.

"Years later," continued Captain Martin, "I heard from Commander Wood and Pilot Flemming the story of that miraculous exodus. In the annals of the sea there is nothing to compare with the *Tallahassee's* escape from the enemy."

"What was the Confederate cruiser doing in these waters?"

"She was one of the blockade runners, and had been chased by the Federal cruisers into Halifax where she had come for coal and some repairs. Once within the harbor Confederate agents attended to her wants. The next point was to get out and past the Federal ships guarding the main channel. It was that or be bottled at Halifax until the war ended. Queen Victoria had issued a proclamation that all belligerent ships found in British harbors for more than forty-eight hours would be interned. Captain Wood made up his mind to brave the eastern passage, take the one chance in ten thousand and run for it in the dark of night. Admiral Sir James Hope, flying the British flag on board the *Duncan*, advised Captain Wood of the necessity for enforcing the Queen's proclamation; that he was to consider himself ordered out of port. 'But,' added the Admiral, 'if in your place I'd be damned if I would go until I got ready.'

"However, the Confederate Captain engaged Pilot Jock Flemming and was ready the next night, come

what may, to quit Halifax. Jock said that fourteen feet of water might be found at high tide, but that he would not advise taking the risk; the channel was narrow and crooked and for a long ship dangerous against all odds. Wood, insisting, promised to keep her in the channel with double screws. 'All right,' said Flemming, who was then in his sixtieth year, 'keep her pointed right and I'll take you out.' The whole enterprise was a desperate undertaking, then more so than it is now, but even to-day no man would care to duplicate the performance.

"At nine o'clock the *Tallahassee* weighed anchor and slipped down past Georges Island, now on our port side, and with all her lights out steamed slowly over to the entrance of the Eastern Passage. Absolute silence reigned aboard the Confederate cruiser. Jock Flemming, feeling his way beneath a dark and overcast sky, kept her nose in the channel, halting once off Lawlor's Island where a small boat was sent forward to help make the turn; and as Captain Wood said afterward, 'touched nothing but the eel-grass.' At midnight the *Tallahassee*, her lights still doused, slid past Devils Island, dropped Jock Flemming into his flat boat and was fairly at sea. The two Federal cruisers still patrolling the main channel had no idea that the *Tallahassee* had poured herself out of the Halifax bottle."

"What brought you and Captain Wood together in after years?"

"Following the close of the war in the latter sixties, he came back to Halifax, where he had many friends

and went into the ship brokerage business, married and brought up a family. Afterward he was a member and the Secretary of the Harbor Commission. He lived here for more than thirty years and his children still survive. To the day of his death he vowed that without Jock Flemming to pilot her out of the Eastern Passage, the *Tallahassee* would have lain in Halifax Harbor gathering barnacles until after Richmond. And Jock, who lived down at Keytch Harbor and attained the ripe old age of ninety-four, told me not once, but a hundred times that only a commander with guts would have allowed him to take a ship of that size into the jaws of death, except in the name of what Wood always referred to as 'The Great Cause.' Would you like to go over the course of the *Tallahassee's* flight sixty-seven years ago? It will give you some idea of the risk she ran."

"What does this tugboat draw?" I asked, being a reasonably cautious person.

"Six feet," replied Captain Martin, grinning, "and we are on the high tide. It will be safe as touring over the battle-field of Waterloo or Gettysburg."

Ain't it the truth.

And the *Tallahassee*? She went to England after the war and was afterward sold to the Japanese Government.

## VII

### CONCERNING 1,000,000 LIVE LOBSTERS

PICTOU, N. S.

**C**ONSUMERS of the crustacean popularly regarded as food for both gods and goddesses might be pleased to know that the seaport of Pictou, which has numerous other claims to greatness, concerning which I shall give attention in a separate and later column, is the true geographical center of the most productive lobster beds in the known world.

Experiments in lobster canning, begun here in 1873, were unsuccessful. Not until 1880, when scientific principles and speed in getting the product to the canneries was introduced, did the business attract outside capital and arouse competition. To-day the lobster, made red by the process of boiling, shows black on the books of the packers. The profits mount into the millions. Between Pugwash and Cape George, on the northern coast of Nova Scotia, twenty-five lobster factories besides fishing and weighing stations supply the increasing demand. The bulk of the catch is shipped throughout the world.

It is the live lobster branch of the business, inaugurated in 1927, along the Northumberland Strait that makes appeal to my American constituency for



PLENTY OF GOOD SALMON RIVERS IN NOVA SCOTIA



ONE MILLION LIVE LOBSTERS, PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA



THE MAHANAY QUADRUPLTS, THIRTEEN YEARS OLD,  
CHRISTMAS DAY, 1936

*Edna-Louise, Lydia-Christine, Edith-May, John-Douglas, in  
the open arms of their mother, Mrs. William Mahaney*



L. R. JOHNSTONE, PRESENT      THE VERY REVEREND  
AT THE BIRTH OF WIRELESS      DEAN OF CANTERBURY

whom I visited the Caribou plant of the Maritime Packers, Ltd., situated on the Northumberland Strait, six miles from Pictou. To my astonishment Caribou seemed to be fast asleep. Motor-boats tied to the docks; mountains of lobster pots piled on the yellow beach; a few fishermen, apparently engaged in tinkering with water craft, or painting bulging hulls, lent color to the placid scene. But as for anything doing there seemed to be nothing doing at all.

"Where's the boss?"

"That's him coming down the beach. Max Russell."

I met Mr. Russell halfway and introduced myself. "New York, eh? And interested in lobsters. Step down to the dock and we'll go off shore to the floats. Like 'em live, do you?"

Half a mile out in the current coming in from the sea we tied up alongside of what appeared to be a flotilla of rafts, three hundred or more, anchored in forty feet of water. Four attendants lifted some hatchways. From the blue depths, one at a time, and shifted by the fishermen to adjoining wells, crate after crate of kicking, writhing and excited lobsters, rattling like distant musketry, came into view.

Every alternate well produced ten nests of one hundred and fifty lobsters each. As the trays floated upward the attendants flipped out one or more defectives suffering from the consequences of captivity. Sea gulls, attracted by the racket from the living castanets looked down from aloft wondering "what the hell."

"What is the weight of the lobster population aboard these floats, Mr. Russell?"



"Between three and four hundred thousand pounds, awaiting shipment in salt water on fast express steamers to Boston, the distributing point for the Atlantic Coast. Also we supply the Maritime Provinces and Inland Canada up to certain limits. Live lobsters are not good tourists. In handling they suffer appreciable loss of weight, between 2 and 3 per cent, I should say. Fast gasoline launches deliver the catch in perfect condition. Our task is to keep them kicking and to supply the market with absolutely live, vigorous lobsters."

"What do you feed them?"

"Fresh codfish. The ration is based on one pound of cod to ten pounds of lobster, every ten days. No other food is required. Despite the fuss in the crates there is no cannibalism going on. The moment a lobster is taken from the traps at sea a small wooden plug, inserted at the hinge of the claws, renders the captive incapable of battle. Without that precaution a crate of lobsters would be the scene of a continuous battle royal and much mutilation would result. It is unlawful to take from the sea a female carrying eggs. The same applies to a female that developed spawn here in the floats. Back to the briny for her."

"How do you measure a lobster to determine its legality for market?"

"From the forward cavity of the eye to the end of the carpus, which is the shell that covers his back. The tail is not considered in the measurement scale. The legal minimum is  $3\frac{1}{16}$  inches. In point of food quality live lobster shippers place the maximum at  $4\frac{3}{4}$  inches. Anything over that is likely to be tough and goes into

a can. Between four and five years is required to bring a lobster to edible perfection. In order to grow at all a lobster must shed his shell at yearly intervals. And by that I mean that he completely shucks the hard armor that covers him. The operation begins on the back, which cracks down the middle. After a violent struggle the lobster wriggles himself free. It is a startling performance."

Mr. Russell exhibited a number of the shells occupied by former tenants. From an examination of the lodgings it was quite evident that a lobster, after being fed up with the old homestead, practically explodes with disgust and escapes through his own back, emerging in a pulpy state, clothed in raiment soft as a rubber glove. After a week of concealment he becomes hard boiled, so to speak, and rejoins his pals one inch longer than when he left home.

It is ironic but true that a soft shell lobster, unlike a soft shell crab, is unfit for the table, and instead of being included among the million pounds of his kinfolk which reach the metropolis annually out of the Caribou plant, he is released as an outpatient, unable to make the grade, and given another season to dress for the part he is to play on a hot platter set before some plutocrat who "likes 'em broiled alive."

Pictou stands out as a flaming red jewel in the diadem of the Maritime Provinces.

## VIII

### DETAILS OF CARLYLE'S LOST LOVE

#### CHARLOTTETOWN

AT but few spots on this earth has fate set the stage for such a romance as came to life at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, August 24, 1798, the birthday of Margaret Gordon, the girl whom Froude, the historian, identifies as the character of Blumine, the "Rose Goddess . . . The Heaven's Messenger . . . fair and golden as the dawn she rose upon my soul . . ." woven into Thomas Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, generally conceded to be autobiographical with Diogenes Teufelsdröckh and Wotton Reinfred — mere aliases for the storm-tossed Scotchman.

To turn back one hundred and sixty-six years: In 1770 Walter Patterson, Esq., a man of fine ancestry and identified with British progress in the New World, was appointed Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in His Majesty's Island of St. John, renamed Prince Edward Island, 1799. Details as to his life while a resident at Charlottetown are work-a-day, save that in 1770 he married Miss Hester Warren of Stratford, England, settled down and brought up a family; also that the Governor, some time between 1771 and 1774, brought into this world without benefit of clergy two

daughters, Margaret and Mary, mothered by Miss Margaret Hyde, daughter of Thomas Hyde, who came from Clare, Ireland, 1770. Both children took the name of Patterson and were esteemed in Charlottetown, where they grew up.

Alexander Gordon, an army doctor, after an active career in the service, decided to make Charlottetown his home. Bearing the date of March 5, 1791, the book of Marriage Licenses, which also deals with tavern taxes, farm matters, seeds and flower prices, contains an entry recording the marriage of Alexander Gordon and (Miss) Margaret Patterson, daughter of Prince Edward Island's Governor, who upon the occasion of the wedding happened to be in London appealing to the Government to replenish his fortune lost in Prince Edward Island investments. Failing in his mission he turned his back upon the scenes of his youth, went into retirement and died in poverty at his lodging in Castle Street, Oxford Market, London, September 6, 1798. He will be long remembered as the father of the Margaret Patterson who became the mother of Margaret Gordon, Thomas Carlyle's "Blumine."

According to the records, Dr. Gordon's marriage to the Governor's daughter resulted in four children, of which Margaret was the youngest. Fortune failed to smile upon Dr. Gordon, who was born to trouble. In 1803, en route to England from Halifax, accompanied by his daughters, Margaret and Mary, he died on shipboard, leaving his widow and children in destitute circumstances. The two sons, Edward and Henry,

of whom there is little to recall, remained in Halifax with their mother, who remarried in 1806. Margaret and Mary Gordon, four and one-half and seven years old respectively, having arrived in England in 1803, on the same ship that bore the remains of their father, were at once adopted by Alexander Gordon's youngest sister, a Mrs. Usher, the childless widow of the Rev. John Usher, who died in Edinburgh in 1799.

Now comes from the Academy at Annan, Scotland, in the autumn of 1816, the then obscure Thomas Carlyle to the mastership of a school in Kirkcaldy, Scotland, where Mrs. Usher lived with her adopted nieces, Margaret and Mary Gordon. Here for the first time Margaret Gordon looked upon Thomas Carlyle who, according to the historian Froude, was in love with Margaret, "a girl who must have been possessed of rare insight to recognize so accurately the gifts and the genius, the strength and the weakness, of the obscure young school-master who had not yet written a line." At that time Margaret was in her nineteenth year; Thomas in his twenty-second.

That these two were drawn together by sympathetic interests there is no doubt whatever. Rarely do such unusual personalities approach the quaking zones from which they radiate without in some measure influencing each other. To what extent the flame that leapt across the spaces warmed or illuminated is pure conjecture, but it is significant that Mrs. Usher, a cool and collected guardian of the divine Margaret and a skilful appraiser of the visible manifestations that betoken

the approach of fervor, took occasion to frown upon the dawning emotions of young Mr. Carlyle. And, too, there may have been in her mind a need for caution against her niece encouraging a poor school-master in advances that might better be postponed.

At all events, barriers appeared that in the end were regarded as insurmountable. Mrs. Usher's campaign ended victoriously with the penning of a letter written June, 1820, in which Margaret said farewell forever to Thomas Carlyle. June, 1821, he met Jane Baillie Welsh, the most remarkable girl in Haddington, and began a courtship. In the year 1824 Alexander Bannerman, a second cousin of Mrs. Usher and a person of aristocratic lineage, married Margaret Gordon. In October, 1826, Carlyle married Jane Baillie Welsh. It would seem that the fabric of illusion was now rent asunder and that Margaret's letters put an end to Carlyle's romantic fancy. But then there was still the beautiful "Blumine" of *Sartor Resartus* crying out for recognition.

And last, but not least, is the startling climax: Margaret Gordon, now Lady Bannerman, after nearly fifty years returns to Charlottetown as the wife of the Governor of Prince Edward Island, reigning as the first lady of the land. And still standing, not far from Government House, is the little building where Margaret Patterson, the mother of "Blumine," first saw the light.

These extracts from Margaret Gordon's letters to Thomas Carlyle spell tragedy to a sublime infatuation:

DEAR SIR—.... Perhaps you may be inclined to think, when I had last the pleasure of seeing you, I might have expressed my sense of the favor, without now writing a formal epistle on the subject. This, had our short interview permitted, I would have gladly done. You know the cause that prevented me. If your call had merely been one of ceremony such as I am accustomed to receive from the ordinary herd of men I should neither have seen nor declared any obligation. . . . To possess your friendship, I have often said, was a constant source of delight to me; to lose it, you may believe was proportionately painful. Your coming to see me in Fife, appeared not only a proof of the noble triumph you had obtained over your weakness (forgive the expression) but seemed to be an intimation that I was still thought worthy of that esteem with which you formerly honored me. . . .

I was very sorry to hear your health had been impaired by the severity of your winter's study. . . . You must not wear out your constitution by such continual application. Still, permit me to entreat you not to desert the path Nature has so evidently marked you should walk in. . . . The difficulties of the ascent are great, but how glorious the summit. . . . You see I have taken the liberty of a friend, I had almost said Sister who is probably addressing you for the last time, and who would regret to learn hereafter that Nature, in spite of her unusual bounty, had been cruelly opposed.

May Fortune prove propitious to you in every part of your voyage through life . . . ever find you prepared to resist . . . and ever followed by that peaceful calm the virtuous alone are capable of enjoying . . . be assured that I shall ever remain your sincere friend,

M. GORDON.

Carlyle's reply, unquestionably a letter written only for the eyes of his beloved, is not now in existence; more the pity. Margaret's reply, dated June 28th, reveals volumes between the lines:

... What a risk did you run in sending your letter. I was away from home when it arrived. . . . Remove those "troubles of the soul" and you must be well. Why indulge those miserable racking thoughts? . . . You ask me to write you often, this, I must repeat would not be doing justice to you. . . . You promised never to indulge those "vain imaginations," which have made us both so unhappy. You tell me, do they not still require steady restraint? And would not I, by acceding to your request, encourage that "weakness" it has been my object to remove? Oblige me not to refuse by asking me to do what is not in my power. . . . If you have no cause to speak gently of this friend [Mrs. Usher, Margaret's aunt] remember 'twas a regard for what was considered the interest of her charge that tempted her to look unkindly upon you. She really esteems you. For my sake return the kindness. . . .

And now my dear friend, a long time adieu. One advice, and as a parting one consider, value it—cultivate the milder dispositions of your heart, subdue the more extravagant visions of the brain. In time your abilities must be known. . . . Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved. Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men, by kind and gentle manners; deal mildly with their inferiorities. . . . Let your light shine before men, and think them not unworthy this trouble. This exercise must prove its own reward. It must be pleasing to live in



the affections of others. Again, adieu. Pardon the freedom I have used and when you think of me, be it as a kind sister, to whom your happiness will always yield delight, and your griefs sorrow. Yours with esteem and regard, M. GORDON.

I give you not my address because I dare not promise to see you.

But Margaret did see Thomas again, fifteen years later, in London, after she had become the wife of Bannerman, banker, wine merchant and manufacturer. In Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, penned fifty years after his days in her sight, we find this ember still glowing:

Poor Margaret! Speak to her since the "goodbye then" at Kirkcaldy in 1819 I never did or could. I saw her, recognizably to me here in her London time, twice, twice, once with her maid in Piccadilly, promenading, little altered; a second time that same year or next on horseback, both of us, and meeting in the gate of Hyde Park, when her eyes (but that was all) said to me most touchingly, "Yes, yes; that is you!" . . .

In *Sartor Resartus*, admittedly his autobiography, Carlyle in the parting between Wotton and Jane Montague sears a page with his branding iron:

"Farewell, then, Madam," said he, not without sternness, for his stung pride helped him. She put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started to her eyes; in wild audacity he clasped her to his bosom; their lips were joined, their souls, like two dew drops, rushed into one—for the first time and for the last. Thus was Teufelsdröckh made immortal by a kiss.

Material evidence, this, although a tragic culmination of a romance that has since occupied the attention of those students who are forever concerned about the emotional life of others. The best book on the subject is *Carlyle's First Love: Margaret Gordon*, by Raymond Clare Archibald, the Bodley Head, to whom I am indebted for much of the information contained in this tale.

In Charlottetown Margaret Gordon to this day remains the first saint of Prince Edward Island, which to my way of thinking is a heavenly spot where mortals may well attain perfection.

## IX

### EFFECT OF STARLIGHT UPON POACHERS

#### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

**Y**OU know how it is; worn to the quick by cares that infest the day; dulled to exhaustion with details, what with one damned thing after another, and more to come, when the welcome shadows of night enfold one in benignant embrace and Nirvana extinguishes the blinding fires of the public eye.

Curious indeed that I should have come so far from home to observe the transformations that take place among mortals so beset by weariness, when at last goaded into retaliation, they strike off the fetters of convention and enter the primitive state.

Take the case of Art and Dan and Al, three sterling and law-abiding citizens of Charlottetown, the capital of this salubrious island washed by the waters of the Atlantic and the Gulf of St. Lawrence; an empire favored of the gods and endowed with Elysian charms transcending the endowments of paradise.

It was my good fortune to partake of the unlimited hospitalities bestowed with lavish hand by Art and Dan and Al, all anglers of the highest types; dry fly casters and disciples of light tackle. Seldom is it the lot of a comparative stranger to fall within a circle of pre-eminent piscatorial pundits in any respect comparable

with the three above mentioned Dromios. All men of action, as follows, to wit:

About 11:30 P.M., that is to say the last run of the evening's feature film, we four trickled out of a movie theater, halting on the curb to inspect the beauty of the night.

Said Art: "The sea trout are biting."

Said Dan: "Let's go."

Said Al: "You'll join us, Bob."

Said I: "You bet. When?"

Said the bunch: "Now!"

I declared my unpreparedness. No clothes, no boots, no tackle. The trio guffawed. Night angling except for black bass and eels was low down, I insisted. "You're crazy," said Dan. "We'll be on the stream by 12 M., the witching hour," said Al. "Hop in, boys," said Art, elbowing the rest of us to his car, idling at the curb. That settled it. We piled in and hit for the country.

Once beyond the city lights every star overhead burst into a beacon. Across the landscape lay an iridescence that brought trees and scattered farmhouses into soft relief against the sky line. Through a rural section where all the inhabitants were slumbering we glided swiftly, twenty miles, halting at a pasture gate. Entering, we crossed a hay field, the timothy and clover flicking against our hubs. A quick drop into a lush valley, wrapped in deep shadows. The perfume of rivers smote my nostrils. Just ahead, set against a grove of jack pines, appeared the outline of a rambling abode half concealed by the trees. A dog barked. Art doused the headlights, bringing the car to a halt in

the angle of a rail fence on the edge of a marsh redolent of sweet fern. Again the dog barked, this time quite near. Dan whistled a soft call. "Come here, Prince." From the gloom stepped an Irish setter and licked the hand extended to him. "Out, boys," said Al, making his way to the rear of the car and opening a large motor trunk from which he produced gum boots, creels, rods and nets, light canvas coats and hats for all hands. "Get into these things. Step lively. Stow your town clothes and shoes in the back seat. Prince will watch them."

The subdued tone of the conversation aroused my suspicions. Could it be that poaching was the program, and that Prince even was a vicarious participant? Hinting as much, I evoked suppressed laughter, but no defense. "Anyhow," said Art, "the pool awaits us and the trout are there. Up, Prince, do your stuff; we'll be back in a couple of hours."

Into the rear seat bounded the setter to take up his guardianship.

A short walk through maples, birch, spruce and hemlock brought us to a stretch of alders. Beyond, a river bank, open and free of brush, gave casting room for all. An angler's heaven; a hundred yards of deep, slow-moving water broken by rising sea trout leaping for but never attaining the stars. By the light of the big Dipper, Saturn, Mars and the Milky Way we coupled up our rods, tied on six foot leaders, bearing a Montreal or a Parmachene Bell, and we went to it, each for himself alone.

Under the hypnotic influence of the night, the ex-

panding circles born of breaking and striking trout; the faint cries of night birds passing overhead, I experienced a sense of complete detachment from all earthly things, though brought back at intervals by exclamations, mutterings and echoes of mild blasphemy from my all but invisible companions. Forward and back, fighting, netting and landing fish I visioned the triumphs that were mounting to the right and to the left of me. All the zenith shimmering in sidereal fire seemed to hold in its embrace this poacher's paradise. Alas! no mortal's pen can write the history of a dream.

A quartering moon rising in the east fixed its accusing eye upon us. As one man, under the sudden white light of guilt, we dismembered our rods, gathered up the fruits of our encroachment and vanished.

Small wonder, after counting our catch which totaled three creels full, that Art should have then and there tendered Prince a live trout for protecting poachers while his master lay asleep in the cottage under the spreading jack pines.

"That dog," said Dan, from the back seat on the way home, "always comes through like a gentleman when we take visitors fishing after dark."

"Do you suppose he knows that you're a poacher?" I asked.

"Sure," replied the night raider, "that's why he likes me."

## X

### LOVE SAGA OF THE MICMAC RED MAN

LENNOX ISLAND RESERVE, P. E. I.

**W**ITH all due respect to Capt. John Smith and the romantic Pocahontas, whose love affair will remain forever green in American memory, I find here on Prince Edward Island a still more enchanting tale.

In this, my story, the characters are reversed: John Smith is the Indian, and Pocahontas the pale-face. The history of the twain is thus and so:

John Sark, son of John Thomas Sark, for thirty years chief of the Micmacs on Prince Edward Island, was born in Houlton, Maine, November 2, 1888. In his boyhood he was brought to the Lennox Island Micmac Reserve. In his seventeenth year he entered St. Dunstan's College at Charlottetown, graduated in 1909 with high honors in learning and achieved as well the distinction of being the greatest rugby football player in the province. It is said of Sark that when in action he moved with the velocity of a hurricane and no man, red or white, could withstand the shock of his two hundred and ten pounds. At the height of his surging supremacy war was declared between Germany and England. It is better that John Sark finish this story:

"When the call to the colors reached Lennox Island,"

said he, "I was twenty-seven, teaching school on the Micmac Reservation. My father, chief of his people, wanted to know my intention. There seemed plenty of reasons for England's going to war again. The following day, at the lunchtable, I declared my intention to enlist and departed for Fredericton, New Brunswick, where I entered the army, took a short course of training and went on to Halifax, the point of embarkation for England, where I joined the 24th Battery as an N. C. O. Before leaving Prince Edward Island, certain that it meant farewell for keeps, I renounced all hereditary rights to the chieftainship of the Micmacs in favor of my brother, Jacob Sark, who upon the death of my father last year assumed the title."

"How long were you at the front?"

"I reached England in September, 1915, and was billeted at Dover Castle, Dover, where through her brother Harry, an artilleryman with the 24th Battery, I met Elsie Houghton, an English girl, who was serving as a volunteer nurse. To fall in love with her was my lot, nor did I make any attempt to conceal my honest affection, which she reciprocated. The action of war separated us for a time, but in 1916 brought us together again, reviving the courtship. December 23, 1916, we were married, with her brother as best man. After a brief honeymoon we were again parted, each to go separate ways, awaiting reunion. In the spring of 1917 the wheel of a gun carriage fell upon my chest, shattering my constitution and affecting my heart to the point where I became utterly helpless. This turn of events was depressing because when I underwent phys-



ical examination upon arriving in England the doctor called three of his assistants to observe my condition. 'This man,' he said, 'has a perfect heart, the finest in the Canadian contingent. I have never heard the equal of its beat.' The gun carriage wheel got me; otherwise I was unscratched and in the mood for war. Invalided back home, after a nerve-racking farewell to my wife, I was sent with my broken heart to the Dalton Sanatorium at Wiltshire, P. E. I."

And what of the war bride, still on the firing-line, doing her bit while the red man of her bosom lay on his pillows back home—helpless...?

"What was I to do? Smashed! Finally a letter came asking if I wanted her to come to me. The English authorities wished to know if I could support her. 'Yes; send her to me.' Crossing in foul weather, with icebergs on this side, reminding her of Cabot, the explorer who had come long before over the same route, my wife, without proper wearing apparel to keep her warm, reached Halifax. Then and there came the great test of her character. Afterward she told me that her one impulse was to take temporary refuge in Halifax, put the past behind her, and as soon as possible return to England. But no. Without help she found her way to Dalton and walked into my presence unannounced. When I saw her standing there, looking down at me, I knew that her heart was the perfect heart. 'Where you are, I should be,' she said, 'and I have come to make you well.' And she did. The doctors had told me that I would be an invalid all my life—or the rest of it.

"Within six months she brought back my strength

and I was able again to take over the Micmac school at the Lennox Island Reserve. In the eyes of my people my wife was a stranger and for a time unwelcome, but the beauty of her nature, the unselfishness of her life and the affection she showered upon me won their everlasting admiration. There has not been an hour since she came among them that she has not in some way improved their condition, lightened their lives or made the path of life easier to travel. We have six children, four girls and two boys. The eldest, a daughter, is fifteen; the youngest a son, five months. All of them except the baby speak both English and Micmac. My wife does not speak Micmac, but she knows what we say, and what we think; no mortal will ever know more of the Micmacs than my wife, the English girl who gave up her people for my people. The future generations with her blood can well be proud of their mother who after one moment of hesitation in Halifax took the step that turned the rest of my life and the life of her children into a heaven on earth. I hate war and the consequences of it, but I have to thank God for the world upheaval that brought me the English girl, and the children that now surround us."

John Sark, no longer the Rugby champion, but a man of strength and purpose, mighty among his people, surveyed me with calm eyes and high hopes in his posterity.

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## XI

### LETTER OF ADVICE TO A POLITICIAN

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

**S**INCE the passing of Walpole, Hewlett, Fielding, Goldsmith, Chesterfield, Emerson, Holmes, Benjamin Franklin, and not by any means forgetting the talented Austrian Maria Theresa, mother of Marie Antoinette, who plied a pen flowing with good counsel, the world has been woefully shy of first-class letter-writers.

While on the subject, it has been my observation that one may appreciate the style and beauty of a letter without being the least bit concerned in the advice it contains. Had Antoinette taken the time to read between the lines of the letters from home her graceful white neck might not have suffered the harsh stroke of the guillotine.

Is it because the art of letter writing has perished, or that the writers have perished? For a certainty something has interfered with the nobility of style and the quality of advice which in the long ago was dispensed in correspondence.

To his Honor George B. DeBlois, Lieutenant Governor of Prince Edward Island, upon whom I called while enjoying a visit to Charlottetown, one of

the loveliest residential municipalities in existence anywhere, I am indebted for the privilege of printing, for the first time, a letter written in 1769 by Theophilus Desbrisay to his son, Capt. Thomas Desbrisay, the year of his appointment to the Lieutenant Governorship of St. Johns, now Prince Edward Island. As a design for the conduct of national, State, district and ward politicians now at large in any country, it deserves wide distribution. I quote the classic in full :

DEAR TOM,

As by all appearances, and my great age, I cannot hope to see you more after you leave this Kingdom and my circumstances not affording me means of showing you my affection by real effects, I shall at least discharge a duty by laying before you such advices for the conduct of your life, which if attended to may be conducive to your welfare and happiness.

Let me observe to you :

1. That your principal duty is to offer daily your worship to the Supreme Being, not only in private, but let your family join you in acts of devotion morning and evening. In the post wherein it hath pleased God to place you, you are not to consider yourself alone, but to be an example to others. This you will do by never neglecting, with your family, to attend the public worship.

2. As Lieutenant Governor of St. John's Island I think there are many obligations laid on you and the mentioning of some of them may, I hope, be of use.

3. In regard to the Inhabitants of the Island whom His Majesty hath laid under your inspection, be to them affable and courteous, but especially to the

Officers immediately attending on Publick business be civil but not familiar. Have no favourites and beware to let any one get an ascendancy over you. Reward virtue and punish vice without shewing any partiality in either case. Be just and fear not. Dare to be wise.

4. Be very sparing in giving Entertainments. From a long experience I have found that they answer no end, insomuch that those persons who have eat your meat and drunk your wine will look upon it as a small obligation and perhaps blame you in their minds.

5. Be constantly on your guard against being tempted to make any advantages, tho' perhaps they may appear innocent. Money making is a dangerous snare and avarice hath often perverted the best minds, who, when out of reach of temptation, thought themselves secure from that vice.

6. As you may be allowed to dispose of employments, do not stretch your authority too much to your advantage, forever give the preference to merit, tho' at your loss. By this method you will gain friends. His Majesty's service will be better promoted and you will have the inward satisfaction of having acted by the rules of generosity, disinterestedness and with sentiments abhorring a filthy lucre.

7. You will, I suppose, have plans of Worship of different Denominations. In general people are very tenacious of their Religious Principles: When their differences are laid open History will inform us to what length opinions and prejudices will carry men. The consequences are always fatal. If any such arise in your Island, these, as Governor you may compose, by an impartial behaviour accompany'd with gentleness and moderation. If you can compass this great end, your Island will be peaceable and every particular

member will apply himself to his private affairs and consult the good of the whole. Do not suffer party's of any kind to take root. Prevent them, at their first appearance, but always with good manners.

8. Apply yourself to Agriculture and Horticulture. This will employ some hours in each day, keep you from Idleness, and will occasion such reflections, as will raise your thoughts, and fill your mind with sublime ideas, by admiring the works of Providence and will give you an amicable taste to virtue, which will every day increase.

I have now laid before you some few heads for your conduct, to which you may add your own reflections, and enlarge upon them.

As to the passions ingrafted in us, by our nature, or to speak better by Providence and what relates to the education of your Children, you are come to that time of life, that I should be sorry that you should want advice.

I most ardently pray God that He may bless you and yours, that He may sow in your minds seeds of morality and virtue, that you may pass the days of your pilgrimage with all those who belong to you, in health, happiness and comfort and the conscientiousness of doing well.

Amen

THEOPHILUS DESBRISAY

London, England, 1769.

"Curious," I said to the present incumbent, "that this letter containing superlative advice from the sage Theophilus should fall into the hands of Thomas Desbrisay's successor."

"Not at all," replied Governor DeBlois, whose ancestors are recorded in Burke's Peerage back to the twelfth century. "Theophilus Desbrisay, father of Thomas, was my great-great-grandfather."

Which goes to prove, beyond peradventure, that the letter above quoted, was not written in vain.

## XII

### "EIGHT BELLS" FORETELLS DISASTER

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

**R**ATHER fancying the speech and manner of the Rev. Dr. Moorhead Legate, minister of St. James's Presbyterian Church, I lost no opportunity to converse with him.

Rather early in our acquaintance I intimated, with commendable reserve of course, that in connection with his parish whatever of interest might occur to him would in all probability appeal to his listener.

"Are you superstitious?" he asked.

"Certainly, my dear Doctor. Trolls, leprechauns, banshees, signs, portents, disembodied spirits, horse-shoes with the calks toward me, and black cats are all classified in the catalogue of my concerns. What have you?"

"The story of the mysterious eight bells that rang out from the belfry of the old St. James's Church, replaced in 1877 by the present structure just around the corner from the Canadian National Hotel. The tale possesses all the ingredients of mystery."

Setting a match to his well-packed briar the dominie proceeded:

"In the early morning of October 7, 1853," he began, "a retired sea captain, name of Cross, who had



given up the ocean wave for the faster sport of horse racing, was on his way to his Royal Oak stables, there to inspect an animal recently shipped in from his father's farm on the Brighton Road. The day was cold. A harsh wind was rising off the sea for which the Captain had ceased to yearn. Quite naturally he was plunged in speculation concerning horse flesh as a revenue-getter. To this day the thoroughbred is held in high esteem on Prince Edward Island, where wagering may yet be indulged in.

"As the Captain approached Black Sam's Bridge the faraway echo of eight bells broke in upon his reflections. Why eight bells at that hour, 6 A.M.? He turned his steps toward the harbor hoping to find the cause of the irregularity, but before he reached the corner of Pownal Street he heard the bell again, this time tolling, tolling, tolling in measured cadence. Not from the Straits but from the direction of St. James's Church, toward which with hastening steps he hurried in bewilderment, arriving at the moment the dolorous tolling ceased to be, at once followed by eight bells ringing loud and clear above the rising wind from the sea. Ominous reverberations!"

Dr. Legate refired his pipe, peering at me through the blue smoke.

"The Captain, now disturbed to his innards, dropping his eyes from the belfry tower to the main portal of the house of worship saw three female figures dressed in white, with uncovered heads and bare feet. To his further dismay, through the church door which was open, he saw a fourth woman who was joined by

the three figures on the front steps. Silently the oak portal closed upon the quartet. Simultaneously Davy Nicholson, the sexton, alarmed by the unseasonable clamor, ran around the corner of the manse, joined Captain Cross, and both began an investigation, only to find the church doors locked securely. Davy was dispatched to fetch the rector, Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, who promptly arrived from the manse with a key!

“The trio entered immediately, Captain Cross and Davy hastening into the tower from which voices and footsteps were plainly audible. Due to the howling of the wind rioting in from the Straits, Dr. Snodgrass, who remained in the chamber below, did not hear the voices aloft, although the twain ascending a ladder, the final approach to the bronze bell hung from the cross bar, certified that a final clanging of eight bells was by them heard above the tumult of the gale. Furthermore, upon their entrance into the bell chamber, though quite empty of human agency, so far as they were able to determine, the bell itself was still vibrating from the impact of the mental tongue.

“Davy afterward, despite the fact that he claimed to have seen through the small window at the side of the door the single figure of a woman ascending to the loft, decided that vagrant wind was responsible for the mysterious intonations, regarded by many as a warning prefatory to the sinking of the mail steamer *Fairy Queen*, lost that afternoon between Pictou Island and Caribou. Seven passengers, four women and three men, three of whom were members of St. James’s

congregation, perished. Curiously enough, several other creditable witnesses heard both the eight bells and the measured tolling that fateful day. Captain Cross went to his grave confident that on his ears had fallen a message sent to the living from the dead."

Dr. Legate, knocking the ashes from his briar, arose from his seat on the hotel veranda. "Come with me, to the kirk," he said, "and read a tablet that commemorates the tragedy, recorded on marble. It proves nothing one way or another, nor yet does it disprove, which leaves us as in the beginning, none the wiser."

On the right of the chancel at St. James's, Dr. Legate observed me in silence as I read these lines:

In Memory of

N. COLIN MACKENZIE, M.D.

Army Medical Staff, and a Native of Ross-shire,  
Scotland,

Who Perished in the Wreck of the *Fairy Queen*,  
Near Pictou Island, Oct. 7, 1853.

---

Landing on the Island an entire stranger, He became  
during an official stay of ten years, the intimate  
friend and gained the esteem of all.

THIS TABLET

Records the sorrow occasioned by his death, and  
especially the loss sustained by the parish to  
whose suffering he ever attended with  
promptitude and beneficence.

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*Hic Sidebat.*

## "EIGHT BELLS" FORETELLS DISASTER 323

"The concluding line," spoke the present rector of St. James's, "means in Latin, 'Here he was accustomed to sit.' It fixes the position of the pew he occupied in the original edifice. If there is anything in relativity Dr. Colin Mackenzie is here now."

### XIII

#### ICE BREAKING IN BORDEN STRAIT

PORT BORDEN, P. E. I.

UNLESS one choose to fly or take the swank yacht that runs between Pictou, Nova Scotia, and Charlottetown, there remains for those arriving or departing from Prince Edward Island the monster ice-breaker *Charlottetown*, which swallows a whole train of Pullman sleepers together with one hundred automobiles and rumbles in and out of Port Borden to and from New Brunswick. I mean during the tourist season. In winter, that's a different matter. When I say winter that's what I mean, for when the ice is due to put in an appearance along Northumberland Strait the serious business of clearing the intercommunicating routes calls for the best efforts of an all-metal monster.

Captain John L. Reed, skipper of the *Charlottetown*, has spent forty years of his life smashing traffic lines through the ice pack driven down from the inexhaustible Arctic supply, and piled up with the aid of zero weather in the harbors of the Maritimes. Experience with the persistent floes has taught him that men and machines in a tilt with the element, despite the odds, can win 90 per cent of the engagements.

"There was a time," he said, "when these waters in the clutch of winter were impossible of navigation.

Neither the propellers nor the hull could stand the gaff in the initial experiments. I was in the Government service from 1909 to 1917, at which time I transferred to my present connections, and saw about all there was to be seen of ice fighting. In the year 1913 on the ice-breaker *Minto* on the Borden Strait I was sixteen hours making six feet through ice packed to the depth of forty feet on the floor of the sea and three feet above the sea level.

"I have known ice to be packed in to the depth of seventy feet, but to-day a lane could be broken through it. The icebreaker *Earl Gray*, 7,500 horse power, frozen in for four weeks in the winter of 1915, was broken out by the *Minto*, 2,500 horse power. The *Gray* was victim of a sudden freeze swifter than the action of the ship could overcome. She was frozen tight as a drum. Such a calamity would not be likely to happen in the present practice which consists in making a zig-zag course to port and starboard alternating with side pressure."

"What thickness of ice could the *Charlottetown* negotiate and keep moving?

"Through three feet of field ice she will proceed without interruption at the rate of six knots an hour. Yet on one occasion I consumed seventy-two hours making nine knots. Another time it took us twelve hours to break a way across the Northumberland Strait, and but one hour and forty minutes to return."

"Will you explain to me how an icebreaker lunging through great masses of field ice, smashing prow on and busting at everything in sight, isn't battered to pieces,

stove in and sent to the bottom?" I asked. "Yet when a transatlantic liner, like the *Titanic*, for example, clips into an iceberg she is ripped asunder and sinks at once?"

"A reasonable question," replied Captain Reed, "and easy of explanation. Bergs are formed of pressure ice, that is to say, ice made solid as glass, solidified by incalculable weight before it is forced into the sea. It possesses the solidarity of rock, whereas field ice, comparatively new ice, frozen but not subjected to solidifying pressure and still carrying a high percentage of air, can be broken up. The thickness of the forward plates on the *Charlottetown* will not exceed one and one-half inches. We seldom have a puncture. However, in 1913 on Hudson Bay a piece of pressure ice, not more than twelve feet square, rolled a steel plate off the *Minto* under the port bow and made it look like a piece of tin. Ice breakers will stand a lot provided they are handled properly, but don't treat 'em rough. Steer clear of pressure-ice set-ups."

"Why do ice breakers carry a propeller forward?" I asked, bewildered by the presence of one shown on the *Charlottetown's* model in the lobby of the Canadian National Hotel.

The sea dog laughed. "Tricks in all trades," he said. "Did you observe that it was set back several feet from the actual prow? No, perhaps not. Well, this forward propeller, thirteen feet six inches in diameter, revolving at one hundred and fourteen revolutions per minute, creates a vacuum fourteen or fifteen feet in diameter, into which the field ice tumbles and breaks up to be

pushed aside by the moving ship. In this manner a continuous disintegration of the ice is accomplished and the lane opened. I presume you would like to know how the propeller blades under such conditions remain intact. To begin with, each propeller, one forward and two aft, weighs approximately two tons, and each carries four blades of the finest quality of nickel steel. In testing these blades each is elevated by powerful cranes to the height of seventy feet and dropped free of restraint on a solid concrete platform.

"Any blade that fails to come through this ordeal without a blemish, is at once condemned and discarded as unfit for the ice-breaking business. If the test proves the quality and resistance of the blade it is assumed that it can be trusted to stand up when called on to clear the traffic lanes of the north seas. While the *Charlottetown* is operated by the Canadian National as a passenger boat and train transport, it is subject at all times during the winter months to the call of the Government in the event that waterways and harbors cannot be kept clear of ice otherwise than by the regular arm of the service."

I asked Captain Reed how he spent his spare time when all was bright and fair. "By raising prize stock, poultry and silver foxes," he replied, scanning the skies with a weather eye.



## XIV

### THE ORDEAL OF "LIFE OR DEATH"

FLAT RIVER, P. E. I.

WHILE fishing on one of the numerous estuaries that flow in from the Atlantic and the Northumberland Strait, bringing countless schools of sea trout for the creels of Prince Edward Islanders, I met a pair of Scotchmen, one but recently arrived from the Ronnack country, the other a native of Flat River, thirty miles out of Charlottetown. Argument was on.

"Aye, mon," said the Scot from the mother country, "ye ha' na mountains 'ere; na heroines like Hannah Lamont, the brave woman who rescued her bairn fra the eagle's nest, high in the cliffs, in the He'lands."

"Hoot, laddie, de ye ken the tale of Misses Ross who plucked her offspring fra the bottom o' a well in Flat Reeve three score and ten year ago?" retorted the native.

"Nay, I dinna' know't. Is it that ye speak from hearsay, mon?"

"Aye mon, but fra the lips o' John Anderson, a reesedent o' Charlottetown and by the grace o' God still among the leevings, who knew the child rescued by her Mither fra the depths of the well. Ye wouldna ask more. Aye?"

Preferring direct testimony to mere rumor, the next

day I called upon Mr. John Anderson of Charlottetown, retired Provincial Auditor of Prince Edward Island, and asked for verification.

"True as gospel," he averred, "and known to all the early settlers of Flat River. I did not know Mrs. William Ross, the mother who performed the rescue, but the child, Christine, grew up on this island and married Captain Donald Martin. They moved to Bell River where I saw and talked with her frequently. Of course, being less than three years old at the time of her narrow escape from drowning, all that she knew about the details was obtained from her mother than whom there can be no better authority. The circumstances as related to me by Mrs. Martin prove beyond all doubt that a woman confronted by a situation that leaves her no choice other than to accept the responsibilities, is equally capable with any man of meeting the issue.

"I'll give you the story just as it was told to me by Mrs. Martin, the survivor. Keep in mind that back in the early sixties the homes were relatively far apart, and it was difficult to get help from a neighbor. In the case of Mrs. Ross, whose husband happened to be occupied on an adjoining farm tract, she was practically alone with her child who had the run of the house. Thirty or forty feet from the kitchen door was a twenty-six foot well, three feet in diameter and rocked its entire length. There was an open coping less than a foot high around the top. A windlass carrying a one-inch hemp rope, fixed to the usual oaken

bucket, lay horizontally on supports across the well's opening.

"Presently Mrs. Ross, entering the house in the course of her occupations and observing the child's absence, made a quick analysis of what to do. Dreading the possibilities and with all haste she went directly to the well, only to find her fears verified. There at the bottom in the dim shadows she made out the half-sunken form of the child, whose head was still above water. Mrs. Martin, accustomed to acting for herself, detached the bucket, made a loop and dropped the rope down the well. The shortened hemp failed to reach the bottom. But that did not deter Mrs. Ross from proceeding with the work of rescue.

"She lashed the windlass handle securely to the upright and hand under hand let herself down as far as the rope went, from which point her feet and back braced against the dank and treacherous rocked walls, she worked her way downward, gathered the child into her homespun apron, tied the two free corners into a tight knot, which she seized in her strong teeth, worked her way back to the loop aloft and hauling at the hemp rope, hand over hand, assisted by her feet, seeking the interstices between the rocks, and her back against the opposite wall, began the ascent to light and life. The distance from the surface of the pool to the top coping, twenty-six feet—I have seen the well—was a journey of constant jeopardy. Mrs. Ross was never able to even estimate the time consumed on that terrible tour from darkness to sunshnie.

"Upon reaching the top, almost spent and her teeth

about ready to break loose from her jaws, Mrs. Ross, summoning her waning vitality, heaved her body forward with her now unconscious burden upon the good earth. Fighting off faintness lest she swoon, Mrs. Ross bore Christine to the kitchen, applied first aid and reëstablished respiration. I know of nothing more heroic, more indicative of the kind of women bred on Prince Edward Island than this performance of Mrs. William Ross, and I doubt if elsewhere there is recorded a braver deed of man or woman in all the Maritimes. I trust that occasion will never rise where mortal is called upon to compete with it. Alone, of her own initiative, and at the risk of her life, this pioneer mother achieved the very pinnacle of human accomplishment.

"The sequel to this chapter in Nova Scotian history is interesting in that it involves Christine's sister Katherine. She it was who jumped from a ship and rescued her child, only to be lost at sea with her husband and two boys a few years later. It seems odd indeed that the Ross women should have suffered so much from the ordeal of water."

## XV

### DRUMS AT LOUISBOURG AND BUNKER HILL

LOUISBOURG, N. S.

AND within the hour I could take you," said my friend the Sydney oracle, "to a peaceful, grass-covered promontory, level almost as a prairie, and washed by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, where two of the most decisive battles in the New World were waged to the final glory of the Anglo-Saxon race."

"But I am not interested in mute battle-fields . . ."

"Ah, but this one, my dear sir; this blood-saturated strip of the good earth has to do with the passing of France on this continent and the birth of the United States. The genesis of your liberty began there."

"Your invitation to the hallowed spot is accepted with thanks. At your service."

Over a beautiful highway, through a favored country equally divided into land and water, partitioned by rivers and arms of the sea, we motored out of Sydney twenty-five miles to the battle-ground of Louisbourg where the bastions, fortifications and instruments of war set up by the French between 1714-34 at a tremendous cost, now lie prone beneath an undulating carpet of timothy, redtop and clover nourished by the mists from the ocean. It is a tax upon one's imagina-

tion to vision the stronghold with a garrison and civilian population of nearly six thousand French intrenched behind a great fortress on the south, and the Atlantic on the north, two hundred years ago.

"By the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713," said the oracle, sweeping an arm over the grave of French ambition, "England was given undisputed possession of the Atlantic coast of North America from Florida to Hudson Bay, with the sole exception of Cape Breton Island, known to France as *Isle Royal*. To keep that island under her flag France, in 1714, began at Louisbourg the construction of an impregnable fortress, unsurpassed in the New World; a stronghold that according to an overconfident French officer, could be held against any assault by an army of women.

"Unless the British had control of the whole coast from Cape Sable to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, all of New England would be constantly threatened. Governor Shirley of Massachusetts—this was prior to the muttering of the Colonists against English domination—wrote to London asking the help of the Government in a campaign to take Louisbourg, but without waiting for approval a small fleet was equipped and four thousand men mustered for action."

"From what point in New England was the expedition launched?"

"Boston, the scene of another uprising thirty years later to be launched against England and King George, with dire consequences to the British Crown. The Louisbourg assault was made by an untrained army of artisans, fishermen, farmers and laborers of all classes,

headed by one Pepperell, a Boston merchant, with no previous experience of arms or even of skirmishes. March 24, 1745, the ill-conditioned fleet left Boston Harbor, arriving ten days later at Canso. After three weeks' waiting for the ice to melt in the bays, they were joined by Commodore Warren, whom King George had sent to aid in the Louisbourg assault. M. Duchabon was in command of the French fortress.

"One night, following a public ball and after the gallant officers and their ladies, exhausted with revelry, had gone to their abodes, a young captain, clad in his night robes, appeared in the Governor's chamber to report the approach of a fleet entering Gabarus Bay, five miles distant. Amidst wild alarms, the ringing of bells, the blowing of bugles and the booming of cannons, both the garrisoned troops and the civilian population streamed into the streets of the town. The morrow broke with the invaders spreading confusion and panic among the Louisbourgers, for the first time unexpectedly assailed by an enemy.

"Before nightfall two thousand New Englanders, surging on the heels of Pepperell, trod upon the shores and the siege of Louisbourg was begun. Warehouses, official residences and barracks broke into flames, hiding the fort in a smoke screen, which enabled the British fleet to enter the harbor and bombard the fort with five hundred guns, crumbling the walls of stone, brick and timber that the New Englanders had sold at good prices to the French when the fortifications were being built. After forty-nine days of ironic pounding by Pepperell and Warren, Louisbourg surrendered."

"Thus proving, if my history is not in error, that the New England amateurs were more than a match for seasoned French soldiers entrenched and impudent."

"Exactly," replied the oracle, "and Pepperell was made a baron for the part he played. However, injustice of a sort, Louisbourg, by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1747, was handed back to France to be restrengthened and converted into a frowning menace to the whole Atlantic coast. In May, 1758, the British resolved upon its annihilation and the final routing of France from America, moved by sea out of Halifax, arriving June 2nd off Louisbourg, there to destroy six ships of the line and five frigates in Gabarus Bay, while General Wolfe, investing Lighthouse Point, erected batteries and forever silenced the island fortifications.

"July 26th the French, hopeless in defeat, capitulated and the British moved in to stay. The final work of destruction was placed in the hands of the grandfather of Lord Byron, the poet, and Louisbourg was leveled to the dust. It was not long afterward that the New Englanders, emboldened by the part they had played in the conquest of 1745, massed in revolt against unjust taxation, threw a cargo of untasted tea into Boston Harbor and took to the war-path that concluded with independence for the Colonists under the American flag. That's what the destruction of Louisbourg did for your United States. The same drums that led the advance upon Louisbourg sounded at the Battle of Bunker Hill."



## XVI

### BIRTH OF WIRELESS COMMUNICATION

#### GLACE BAY

**I**N the history of harnessing electrical power that the continents might be united through magnetic mediums, the Maritime Provinces play a leading part. Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Cape Breton are all identified with important experiments which made it possible for man to contact through space. Great names associated with the whispering chorus are listed here for keeps. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, solved the mystery of transmitting human speech in the village of Baddeck, Cape Breton, where his mortal remains repose to-day under a native stone set on a hillside overlooking a land of amazing natural beauty. The father of Thomas Edison, inventor of the phonograph, spent much of his youth on Cape Breton.

It was at St. John's, Newfoundland, that Marconi, seeking to span the Atlantic with an impulse sent through the uncharted ether, heard for the first time overseas three dots—the letter "S"—by wireless radio from Poldhu, Cornwall. Could any trinity of seconds in the life of an inventor be more impressive or rouse higher hopes than were then born in young Marconi's mind?

Desirous of learning just how such an impressive manifestation would affect ear witnesses, one of whom, R. L. Johnstone, now with the Halifax Radio Station at Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, was présent, I sought an interview. Could he recall the event?

"Assuredly," he said, musing upon the past, "I shall never forget the thrill that passed through me that morning, December 11, 1901, 9:00 A.M. on Signal Hill, St. John's, Newfoundland. Though Marconi, through experiments between France and England, across the Channel, had already proved his theories of wireless communication, nothing comparable with this test overseas, a matter of 2,500 miles, had ever been attempted. Conditions were perfect, although there was much anxiety concerning the outcome. Marconi, Chief Rigge, Mr. Kent, Engineer Paget and myself were present, each wearing ear-phones, delicately adjusted for the occasion. At the appointed moment, previously arranged, in an atmosphere of profound silence, each of us straining every auricular faculty, we heard three faint but distinct signals: 'Dot. Dot. Dot.' A pause. 'Dot. Dot. Dot.' Pause and repeat, until there was no longer any doubt that Poldhu, Cornwall, had signaled St. John's, Newfoundland.

"'We've got it!' shouted Marconi, first to break the silence. I shall never forget the flame in his eyes—That was before he lost the sight of one in Spezia, Italy, while experimenting with chemicals. The Italian went white as a ghost; so did the rest of us. The message came in over a coherer receiver, through an aërial mounted on a flying kite connected by wire with

the coherer. Wireless that morning came into its own with no limits to distance, once the equipment was made sufficiently powerful. The following year at Glace Bay, we carried on further tests for overseas transmission. But it was not until October 17, 1907, that Marconi opened the Glace Bay Station for the handling of commercial, private and press dispatches. I remained with him during all of the preliminary experiments and handled the first messages sent and received at Glace Bay."

"Was there ever any doubt about the radio communication as a commercial proposition?"

"It would surprise you to know what difficulties were encountered when we inaugurated the service at Glace Bay. Not less than twenty-five journalists from the Maritimes, the States and England were on hand to cover the story. The belief was general that we were operating over a cable and that the so-called wireless was pretense. Some of the correspondents went so far as to openly express their suspicions. The editor of the *Sydney Post*, Milton Brown, who was representing at the same time American and British newspapers, practically demanded that I send a message to the London *Daily Mail* correspondent stationed at Clifden, Ireland.

" 'Write what you wish me to transmit,' said I. 'No, I prefer to dictate it,' said he, 'and to wait at your elbow for the reply.' There was nothing for me to do but accept the ultimatum. I remember the dictation:

" 'Gaskin, London *Daily Mail*, Clifden, Ireland: Sorry to keep you waiting, but circumstances over which I had no control delayed me. Brown.' After a

delay of eleven minutes this answer was received: 'Brown, Sydney *Post*, Glace Bay, Cape Breton: Don't worry, old man, Connemara is a good place to wait in. Gaskin.'

"That demonstration of radiography satisfied all the correspondents present and marked the station's official opening for business. The present-day wireless equipment, compared with the 500-kilowatt plant in use at Glace Bay is beyond discussion. That infant has become a giant. It may interest you to know that following receipt of the letter S, at St. John's in 1901, Marconi prophesied wireless telephony via radio as it exists to-day. It should not be forgotten that Canada, inspired by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then Premier, contributed the sum of \$80,000 to advance Marconi's experimental work in wireless communication."

"Your own hand has had an index finger in the pie," I observed.

"Also with this same index finger," replied Operator Johnstone, wiggling the digit, "from the Postal Telegraph Building, New York, July 4, 1903, I tapped out the first world-girdling cable message sent over the system by Clarence Mackay. Inasmuch as any cablegram that circles the globe must go through the Maritime, I regard this fact as worth mentioning."

What a babble of tongues now throbs through the ether.

## XVII

### LIFE OF ANGUS MacASKILL, THE GIANT

#### ST. ANN

**J**UST inside the entrance of the Bay of St. Ann, on an estuary that is unmatched in Cape Breton waters, reposes the village from which the bay takes its name. In one of the cottages, notable for its simplicity and cleanly surroundings, is preserved for the inspection of visitors the gargantuan raiment of a mortal who in life was equal in mold and might with Goliath, Samson, Hercules or any of the fabled musclers met with in the travels of Mr. Gulliver.

All that now remains of this Angus MacAskill, celebrated wherever brawn is looked upon with appreciation and awe, is draped upon a coat hanger.

Angus, fourth in a family of twelve—three girls and nine boys—was born in 1825 on the island of Lewis, one of the Hebrides group. His parents were of normal size, as were all their children save Angus, who showed no predilection for rising in the world until after his tenth year.

As a matter of fact, in his sixth year, when Père MacAskill brought his wife and progeny to Cape Breton, Angus was the least impressive of the tribe. Evidently something in the atmosphere of St. Ann set Angus to sparking on all cylinders and at the age of

eight he became an addict to rich cream and porridge served in large portions—after each meal. When Angus reached ten this fodder for giants began to get in its deadly work to such purpose that at fourteen the lad MacAskill, tipping the steelyards at 200, was dubbed “St. Ann’s Big Boy.”

Contrary to the peculiarity of mastodons among men, the muscles of Angus began to harden in magnificent ratio with his growth until at the age of sixteen he was thewed like a Thor and no man in all Cape Breton could take the measure of him. Bare handed and without effort he could master his fellows and if need be pull them apart; albeit he was endowed with a disposition so docile and kindly that none could rouse him to anger.

Studious by nature, Presbyterian in faith and familiar with the teaching of the kirk, Angus to the end of his days deputed himself as a God-fearing man, under the influence of the Golden Rule. He smoked and drank, with what to him was moderation, although his consumption of tobacco and rum would have destroyed the average man.

At his chosen occupations of carpentering, fishing and farming he was match for ten men and often took his place at the plow as substitute for a sick horse.

Dared by a misguided roughneck to wrestle and fight, Angus declined on the ground that the suggested enterprise was bound to be one-sided. “Coward,” shouted the bully. “You do not dare even to shake hands with me.” “Put her there,” said Angus, and promptly squeezed the proffered mitt until streams of

blood spouted from the finger tips of the challenger, for which rebuke he begged the victim's pardon, bestowing a gentle pressure as an indication that no hard feelings had been engendered.

It was no trick at all for MacAskill to lift a hundred weight with two fingers of either hand and hold it out horizontally for a period of ten minutes. With a three-hundred-pound barrel of salt pork under each armpit the pride of St. Ann would run lightly for a block or so along the main street any time a visitor "wanted to be shown."

A born fisherman, Angus spent his spare time in a sail-boat of his own construction that weighed a thousand pounds. When the craft required bailing the lone nimrod found no difficulty in picking it up while standing in shallow water and spilling the bilge.

Alone and unaided he set a forty-foot mast into a schooner with the ease that a book-keeper sticks a pen into a raw potato. Early to bed and early to rise, a grand sleeper, Angus, weighing 480, and 7 feet 8 inches over all, was a thundering performer in his dreams, audible of a still night to the distance of two nautical miles.

At twenty-five, mature in mind and body, Angus went forth on a five-year tour of Canada, the United States and Cuba, attracting unprecedented attention. To his brother he wrote from Quebec a letter that concluded with this paragraph:

In conclusion I think I'm safe in saying that my homesick melancholy is "evanishing amid the storm"

and bustle and confusion my bodily size here occasions. I am your fond brother ANGUS macASKILL.

In his journeys he met General Tom Thumb, who danced on the Cape Breton Giant's hand, which was six inches wide and twelve inches in length. His foot measured eighteen inches. He appeared at Windsor Castle before Queen Victoria, who pronounced him the most magnificent specimen of manhood that had ever entered her castle.

About 1855, on a pier in New York Harbor he was invited to try his strength on an anchor said to weigh 1,750 pounds. With little effort he lifted it to his shoulder, walked up and down the dock and then heaved the massive iron burden from him. One of the flukes struck him in the back and felled him. From that blow Angus MacAskill went into a decline, returned to his beloved Cape Breton, where on the date of August 8, 1863, at the age of thirty-eight, the Big Boy of St. Ann, after a week's illness passed into slumber like a tired child. His mighty bones, in a coffin that would hold three men, lie in the graveyard at St. Ann and on a stone rising above his mortal clay, this:

Erected to the Memory of  
ANGUS MACASKILL  
The Nova Scotia Giant  
Who Died August 8, 1863  
Aged 38 Years

A dutiful son, a kind brother. Just in all his dealings. Universally respected by friends and acquaintances. Mark the perfect man and behold the upright; the end of that man is Peace.



## XVIII

### WRECK OF THE *DIADIAMA* FOURTH

DIGBY, N. S.

**T**HANKS to my lucky star, whom should I meet up with in the lounge of the Pines Hotel but my old friend W. H. Snell, convention traffic manager of the C. P. R.

"Still herding tired business men up and down the landscape far from home and fireside?" I asked.

"Not this trip; I'm taking what you might call a sabbatical tour for my wife's and my own account. She arrived this morning from Gloucester, Massachusetts, bringing with her, all wrapped and tied with ribbon, a treasured relic that was washed up on the Nova Scotia coast nearly seventy years ago."

"Kin I see it?"

"Sure. Come upstairs."

The parcel lay on the center table swathed in blue tissue, neat and shipshape.

"Now before I give you a flash at the contents," said Bill, waving me to a chair, "you must let me tell the story of its origin. Along about 1854 a convict ship carrying a mixed passenger list of English law-breakers, among them a high percentage of petty offenders who were paying a high price for their derelictions, set sail from Liverpool for Australia. A cabin-boy, Frederick

T. Hall, the youngest member of the crew, had signed on for one way, his intention being to remain in the Antipodes to make his fortune in the mines; in those days quite the thing. Ten or twelve fruitless years sickened him of the country and his thoughts turned back to England. Broke, but determined to get home, he signed up as an able seaman on board the bark *Diadama Fourth*, headed for Liverpool via Cape of Good Hope, Pernambuco, for hides and the West Indies for spices. A succession of violent storms drove her into Caracas, on the east coast, where, after repairs, she took on a cargo of hardwood and salt beef for Prince Edward Island. Dirty weather all the way along the American coast into Boston, where the bark took on a new mainmast and topsails. The breath of the devil was in every wind that blew. At last, battered from stem to stern, her cargo shifting, her seams opened and her canvas in ribbons, *Diadama Fourth*, smitten by a nor'easter, went ashore in the pitch black of the night at Liverpool, Nova Scotia. Yes, the right port, but in the wrong country.

"In a high gale and running seas the ship broke up, spewed her cargo and went to pieces. With the exception of three sailors who were thrown ashore on the crest of high breakers, the officers and crew perished. Among the survivors was Seaman Fred Hall, who reached high land clothed in his undergarments and wearing a bandana bound around his head. Climbing a boulder-strewn slope he struck a wagon road and staggered along in the direction of lights gleaming

from a habitation. Along the way he met a young woman, dripping from head to foot, but bearing a lantern, by the light of which she saw the plight of the shipwrecked refugee, now at the point of utter exhaustion. Without loss of time she brought him to shelter, warmth and food. Put to bed between thick blankets he awakened the next day to find himself under the roof of a Good Samaritan and sound in limb, though wracked from the pounding of the sea. The daughter, who had brought young Hall in from the open road, succeeded after a few days of tender ministrations, in making him a well man. Heart whole and fancy free, the rescued sailor, stimulated by the romance of his preservation offered his name to the Nova Scotian Grace Darling and was accepted. They were married, and took up residence in Gloucester, Massachusetts, where Hall went into the shipping business and prospered. Eight children blessed the union. One of the Hall daughters is the mother of my wife, so you can see . . .”

“Clear as a bell,” I interrupted, “but what’s in the blue tissue parcel? Come through.”

“Just a moment, old man. There’s more to tell. After forty years Hall, now approaching seventy, made a pilgrimage to Liverpool, where the *Diadama Fourth* went ashore, and located her ribs, one of which, still in a fine state of preservation, he salvaged and brought to Gloucester, where he dried out all of the moisture, seasoning the oaken rib to suit his fancy. When the time came for him to put his great idea across he carried the precious timber to his carpenter

shop, where after elaborate measurements he cut eight blocks about 12 inches in length and 4 inches square, together with small sticks from 8 to 12 inches long and the diameter of large lead pencils . . .”

“Bill, you’re torturing me. What’s in the blue tissue? Gimme a look.”

“... from the blocks he chiseled and whittled with his own hands eight models of the *Diadlrama Fourth*, stepped in the masts, bent the canvas, tied the rigging and flung out the English flag,” went on Snell, gesticulating as though he himself had fashioned the baby boats from the mother hull, “eight little ships, one for each of his children. Yes, eight duplicates of the old bark that brought him to Nova Scotia and heaved him on the shore at Liverpool. And this—” he turned to the parcel in blue tissue.

“Is one of them,” I all but shouted. “In the name of heaven open up, Bill.”

The ribbon untied with a pop, and the soft note of tissue tearing completed the invasion. On the tips of his fingers, in the manner of Lord Nelson viewing a model of the *Victory*, Bill Snell, husband of Frederick T. Hall’s granddaughter, held the miniature *Diadlrama Fourth* aloft with the steadiness of a petrified man. Lo, and behold! I also overcome, was static with admiration.

“Grandfather Hall on the date of Jan. 11, 1934, Gloucester, Massachusetts, died in his ninety-seventh year,” said Bill. “What a drama of the sea.”

Which concluded the story of how eight little barks came to be launched by their builder.

## XIX

### "JEROME," THE MAN WITHOUT FEET

METEGHAN

**M**Y wife, who is a mystic without knowing it, has an uncanny genius for steering me into unexpected channels where unusual and startling tales have long lain concealed.

On the way out of the Maritimes we dropped in at the Pines Hotel, Digby, to see my old friend Manager O. C. Jones, who has spent fifty years of his life bonifacing in this favored spot in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But this time his stock of information, which is unlimited, failed to produce just the type of narrative needed in my business and I was all for drifting along toward Yarmouth, from which port the steamship *Acadia* was scheduled that evening to sail for New York. "My husband is always in a hurry," said the frau, impatient of my impatience. "If he could be made to travel more leisurely . . ."

"Like Jerome, the man without feet," replied Jones, somewhat cryptically. "He took his time . . ."

"Where is he now?" I asked.

"Dead for a decade, after living forty years in these parts and without walking a foot or uttering a syllable of speech in any language."

My psychic better half flashed her “something-in-the-wind” signal and sat back to listen.

“In the early eighties,” continued my friend Jones, with tantalizing deliberation, “some fishermen, over by Digby Neck, St. Mary’s Bay, found a sailor lying on the shore above high-tide mark. Beside him, within easy reach, was a paper bag containing a dozen pilot biscuits; hard tack I suppose you would call it. Both feet, four inches below the knees, had been amputated. The wounds were healed. All efforts to converse with him failed utterly, nor did he then or at any time since, display the slightest concern in what went on about him. For some time “Jerome,” by which name he was known, lived with a Russian fisherman from whose hut he made frequent attempts to escape. He was always brought forcibly back. In the presence of children he seemed to be quite contented. On a slate that was given him by a school-boy he wrote occasional sentences, but always rubbed them out before they could be read. Eventually his Russian friend went away, or died, and Jerome was placed in charge of a Mrs. Comeau, who lived at St. Alphonse, about thirty miles farther along the coast. You will pass through the village on your way to Yarmouth. Mr. Ellis, my assistant, will motor you down. He knows everybody in Digby county. Possibly you may find a new lead to the solution of the mystery.”

I am indebted to Mr. Jones for the tip and to Mr. Ellis, who possessed the nose of a Labrador retriever for fresh scent. Between him and my wife I was rushed here and there until at last William, a son of Mrs.

Comeau, was cornered on his front porch and induced to come through with some new stuff concerning the life and habits of the mysterious Jerome.

"He lived with us ten years," said William. "If he ever said anything to my mother she kept it to herself. She was present at his death. I always thought she might have known who he was, but she never revealed it. Jerome didn't like it at first when he was taken away from the Russian's house, but he finally became very easy to handle and accepted my mother as a true friend. She told me that two days before Jerome was found on the beach at Digby Neck a strange bark came into the harbor and anchored off shore near the spot where Jerome was afterward located by the fisherman. It was remarked at the time that a plank had been placed forward, both port and starboard, so that the name of her could not be seen."

"What is your solution?"

"Well, if you ask me, I think Jerome had met with an accident that made it necessary to amputate both his lower limbs and that a ship's surgeon did the job. What's the use of a sailor without feet? And why keep him on board? So the Captain, knowing he would be found, just set him ashore along St. Mary's Bay where the French people are known to be kind-hearted, and sailed away. Very simple to me. And Jerome, finding that he was to be cared for the rest of his life, had the sense to keep his mouth shut. He was nearly seventy when he died. His footless body is buried at Meteghan."

"What, in your opinion, was his nationality?"

“Irish. He had the look and manner of a man from Erin, his were Irish eyes if ever I saw a pair. He wore a full beard. I’ll tell you something else that I’ve never told others. A few years before Jerome’s death I went with my brother to Long Island City, New York, to build a stone house. While we were there two middle-aged women who gave the name of Mahoney called to see us, and asked about Jerome. They said they had known him in Mobile, Alabama; that he was a runaway from his boyhood and had three times gone to sea. They didn’t say anything about being related to him, but one of them looked enough like Jerome to be his sister. Would I hand him a letter when I returned to Saint Alphonse? Certainly. But the letter they gave me had no name written on it; not even the name Jerome. When I got back I did what I promised to do, but I’m sorry to this day, because the poor devil, without so much as a nod, after looking at it a full minute, tore the unopened envelope and contents into small pieces and tossed them unread into the fireplace. He didn’t look at me again for a week. The expression in his face was too sad for words. A runaway from boyhood was he? Well, during the fifty years he spent here the poor fellow didn’t run far. We always knew where to find Jerome. I don’t imagine the whole truth about him will ever be told. I’m telling you only what I think. But I’m certain that he was Irish.”



## XX

### FINEST XMAS GIFT IN ALL HISTORY

ST. JOHN

ON the evening of December 24, 1923, William Mahaney, a contractor, residing at 74 St. James Street, called in his family physician and expressed the hope that Mrs. Mahaney, comfortably installed in another quarter of the city, would have as little difficulty in bringing her next child into the world as she had with the preceding six babies.

"You might give me a ring, Doctor," said the genial Mahaney, who looked upon paternity as one of the neglected domestic arts, "and say whether it is a son or a daughter."

The following morning—that is to say, the historic 25th of December, same year as above stated, Pa Mahaney was summoned to the telephone to be advised that he was the father of a girl. "Mother and child in splendid condition. Season's greetings."

Mr. Mahaney after spreading the good news to his other children, returned to his reading. Another jangle of the telephone bell. "That you, Mahaney? You are also the father of a son; a fine youngster. . . . Mother strong and normal. . . ."

Not so bad for the sterling contractor, who now had something to think about. A half-hour elapsed.

Again the merry ringing of the bell. "More news, Mahaney; another girl has arrived.... Now keep calm. All are well. No, don't come over; you've done all you can do for the present. If anything happens I'll keep you advised...."

Well, something else did happen: Another girl put in an appearance almost before Mahaney the Great could collect his nerve. Quadruplets! One boy and three girls, sound and squawking. "I'm coming over anyhow," said Mahaney, hotfooting it for the scene of his triumphs, there to behold in four parcels, side by side, sixteen pounds<sup>1</sup> of pink and perfect offspring spouting baby talk for "Merry Christmas!"

The wife, pale and exhausted, her heart beating firmly in her maternal breast, was coming slowly out of the ether in the next room. All of the Mahaney quadruplets, none of them ever sick a day, are alive after thirteen years, to tell the tale.

In the name of American mothers I called upon Mrs. Mahaney and asked to see the four wonders: Lydia-Christine, Edna-Louise, Edith-May and John-Douglas.

"Had I been consulted," said Mrs. Mahaney, "they would have been named after four flowers. That would have been more appropriate under the circumstances. But our minister, fearful that one or more might not survive, suggested immediate baptism with Mr. Mahaney's support. I woke up to find that detail taken entirely out of my hands. However, to me they are still flowers."

<sup>1</sup> The Dionne quints totaled a fraction less than ten pounds.

"How many children have you mothered, Mrs. Mahaney?"

"Twelve in all. My antecedents are German and English. My maiden name is Lydia Oyckle. My father is Nova Scotian, my mother of New Brunswick stock. Mr. Mahaney, ten years my senior, is a Newfoundlander. I had my first child, a boy, when I was 18; a girl, Anna, at 21; a son, Cecil, at 26; a son, Frank, at 32; a son, Walter, at 35, who died in infancy; a daughter, May, at 37. And then, bless you, and my husband and me, the four flowers arrived at 39. Yes, it would seem that we had done our share. But no, a daughter, Belle, came to me at 41, and as though a substitute for the lost baby, Walter, another son, which we baptized as Walter, in honor of his brother, joined the family when I was in my forty-seventh year."

Perhaps it isn't good form to ask a lady's age. Nevertheless, I did.

"Forty-eight," replied Mrs. Mahaney, "and never a day in my life ill. Nor have my children suffered from complaints common to the young. We are all rapturously healthy and happy. New Year's morning, seven days after the quadruplets were born, my eldest son's wife presented him with a son, nephew to three aunts and one uncle but a week old. I suppose it will be my lot before long to step into the grandmother class pretty frequently. Five daughters and six sons growing up. Well. . . ."

What about traits and peculiarities that manifest themselves in quadruplets? Had Mrs. Mahaney observed anything of interest?

"Yes, they seem to be quite apart from the rest of the children; not in the sense of being—well, I might say snooty, but in their physical relations. If one is down or feels a bit off, the other three are sympathetically affected. At eleven each of them weighed a little better than fifty pounds. By hook or crook they manage to keep pretty close to each other, without seeming to be aware of the inclination. My mother was left handed, so are Cecil and Edna-Louise. She by the way is mathematical and methodic. I can trust her to execute any mission that might otherwise be entrusted to an adult. John-Douglas exercises an air of superiority over his sisters; a passion for direction and leadership. All three girls display thespian talent, to which they contribute dramatic literature, acting in their own plays. Of all my children the quadruplets are the most buoyant and the least critical."

I hinted at discipline; the difficulty of bringing up four kids all the same age and of varying temperaments.

"One for all and all for one," replied Mrs. Mahaney, laughing in high spirits. "The same discipline that I apply to one will, if the occasion demands, be meted out to the rest. They know that."

And what sort of looking woman is Mrs. Mahaney? I can answer that question, too: Sturdy, black hair, with hardly a trace of gray; strong in body; straight shouldered and of fine carriage; rosy cheeks free of artificiality; red lips and perfect, regular teeth. Her eyes, alert and wide open, are dark and responsive.

She does not look to be more than thirty-five and I defy even her enemies—if she has any, which I doubt—to place her above forty.

I'm all for a country that breeds her kind of woman.

## XXI

### THE DOCTOR AND THE BOY SCOUT CODE

#### PALFREY LAKE

**T**HIS is a tale of the woods and the waters, of the wild spaces, of the frontier that divides two countries; a tale of the moral and spiritual influence that the great outdoors has upon small boys and men alike; a tale of the courage, the friendship, the fraternity that unites us one to the other.

There was a touch of spring in the air, a tinge of green upon the earth and Central Park, in the feathery chiffon of verdant June, was weaving a garment for the elms and lilacs. Across the lawns, vanguard of the fecund spring, hopped a delegation of robins resting on the northern flight. The air was redolent with the perfume of new grass and of pale bursting foliage coming back to life.

Dr. Ross McPherson <sup>1</sup> and I, rambling through the labyrinth of highways, inhaled the air joyously.

"I need a vacation," said the medico. "I want to go fishing; far enough away to escape the telephone. What can you offer in the shape of suggestions? Any time after the 15th of June. Come, now."

"What's the matter with New Brunswick?" I answered. "Bass, trout, white perch and Northern pike."

<sup>1</sup> Since deceased.

"Sounds good to me. Who'll we take with us?"

"Oh, some established philosopher like Simeon Ford."<sup>1</sup>

"Great! Line him up at once."

When we met at the Grand Central Doc had two grips, a duffle bag and a satchel packed with all kinds of surgical instruments.

"Thought we were going on a vacation," commented Sim Ford, glancing at the tools.

"Sure," said the Doc; "but I always go armed. When a doctor is needed he is needed badly, and this kit is with me for the whole route."

We went right through via Boston to the northern corner of Maine, into New Brunswick and the Palfrey Lake country.

A motor-boat planned to meet us at the lower lagoon, but owing to a high wind the craft was delayed. In order to get into the lee we hailed three kids and crossed the stream in a putt-putt skiff that took us into quiet water, where we landed with our duffle under some pine trees. The boys hustled all the luggage and received us like long lost brothers. I handed the eldest some loose silver, but he refused to accept it. "We never take anything from fishermen," he said. "No, sir."

I dropped the coins into his upper shirt pocket and told him to split it among the trio. Finally our motor-boat came along and we bade the boys farewell. They invited us to visit them again on the way back. Every one of them was a trained woodsman.

<sup>1</sup> Since deceased.

When we had gone a mile or so Sim Ford put his hand into his coat pocket and with a loud exclamation withdrew all of the coin I had forced upon the boy camper. Sim handed it over to me with a broad smile. "Here's your gold, Mr. Davis. Gentlemen of the great open spaces are above receiving fees. Noblesse oblige. The little devil dropped it into my pocket unbeknown to me."

"Remarkable," I commented, "that the boy gave it back."

"It is much more remarkable, Mr. Davis, that I gave it back," retorted Sim Ford.

During the two weeks we spent in that region the surgeon's kit remained unopened. Doc was ever on the alert to perform some professional service for the good of humanity. But nothing happened. The little black bag seemed to be just an assortment of useless implements, iodine and gauze.

We were all packed up ready to leave for home. Doc, sunburned and fit, was seated on the steps of our cabin with the surgeon's grip beside him. Sim Ford was reading the last chapters of *Barchester Towers*. Across the lake echoed the chug-chug of a motor-boat coming under forced draft. When the keel touched the beach the motorman lifted the limp figure of a boy from the cockpit.

"This kid put an ax in his leg and I think he is bleeding to death," cried the boatman, running up the shale.

"Bring him to me," shouted Doc, diving into his



mysterious black bag, from which emerged all the marvelous equipment for a surgical operation, even to a pair of white rubber gloves.

"Hot water . . . towels . . . put him on my bed and get his clothes off. . . . I'll be ready in a minute." The boy was as pallid as death and his attire was saturated with blood.

With deft and delicate fingers the medical man prepared his needle and thread to tie an artery and to sew up a gash five inches long which began at the crown of the shinbone and ran deep into the fleshy part of the youngster's leg, from which the blood gushed slowly but persistently. Doc smoothed the damp hair from the boy's forehead and got his attention. "Young man, you must help me. Seven stitches, and they'll all hurt. Are you game?"

"Yes . . . sir," faintly.

"And you'll lie still?"

"I won't . . . move . . . Doctor."

"Fine. Now shut your teeth. Steady."

Seven times the terrible needle penetrated the flesh, dragging its hot thread across the gash until the wound was finally closed and the bleeding stopped. Under the torturous ordeal the thin frame of the boy contorted and strained, but not a syllable escaped the white lips into which at last he bit to smother a cry of pain.

"Done. Now the bandages. I'll be easy. That's . . . all . . . right. Better? Here, drink this." Doc poured a soothing draft into a trembling mouth and covered his patient up with a blanket. In ten minutes the Spartan boy was asleep. Beside the cot lay a pile of dust-col-

ored wearing apparel. On the left arm of the coat, stitched to the khaki, were five "honor stripes." They explained everything.

Shortly thereafter the mother arrived from a neighboring camp and found her sleeping son out of danger. She asked Doc for his bill.

"Madam, there is no fee," said he, wiping his instruments. "All of us Boy Scouts serve each other in sickness and in health free of charge."

The sequel to this story is that the kid who dropped the ferry fee into Sim Ford's pocket and the Boy Scout who lay wounded on the cot with seven stitches in his leg, were one and the same. A gentleman and a hero.

Salutations to Baden-Powell and Dan Beard!



**PART FIVE**  
**CAPTAINS**  
**ALL**



# I

## DANGER AND DARING ON THE DEEP

### STEAMSHIP MONTCALM, OFF SCOTLAND

THE first day out of Liverpool, and while still in the zone of the sea gulls, I met Captain Gillies,<sup>1</sup> C. B. E., general manager of the Pacific and Atlantic fleets for the Canadian Pacific Company. Having spent more than half of his sixty years in this service, bucking wind and weather and competition on two hemispheres, and having come to grips with a world war, it was an even wager that he had met up with adventures. I fired a shot across his bows. He came up standing.

"Wrecks, hurricanes, physical action," said he, tapping his forehead, "become significant only when associated with human reactions. What men do and say in a critical situation; how they behave; what they express in demeanor, becomes the focal point in the drama."

Here was a man with a new viewpoint. I asked for an illustration, one within his own experience.

"In 1916, during the World War, I was in command of the old passenger steamer *Tunisian*, which had been taken off the Liverpool and Montreal run and sent

<sup>1</sup> Since deceased.

into the Mediterranean for service as a troop ship," replied the Captain, all set for tale-spinning. "Twin screw, 11,000 tons, under order to transport 3,000 officers and men between Marseilles and Alexandria. We left port at 8:30 P.M., with all lights doused, and put out along a protected channel guarded by mines and nets, with the intention of making a dash into the open sea, there to take our chances. We had on board a French pilot whom we were expected to drop at the entrance of the channel so that he might board an incoming ship. There was a certain risk to this stopping and starting, but we had no option.

"About two and a half miles out, while I was at work in the chart-room under a bright light, with all curtains drawn, the first officer entered and reported a ship straight ahead. I stepped out on the bridge, but due to the glare of the electric bulb under which I was working it was quite impossible for me to adjust my eyes to the darkness, although I caught the echoes of machinery and made out vaguely a dark hull, too close for comfort. Contrary to regulations, but as a protective measure for the troops on board, I sounded the whistle. Instantly a light appeared ahead. The ship swung to starboard, described a semicircle and soon showed another light.

"Automatically figuring her speed at fifteen knots, I informed the first officer that she might hit us any minute. The next instant she crossed our bows. We sheered thirty feet off her prow and were ourselves stove in forward on the starboard, coming clear out

of the crash with tons of water entering the hold. I ordered soundings.

" 'Five feet of water in No. 1; No. 2, dry.' Second sounding: 'Eleven feet in No. 1; No. 2, dry.' Third: 'Seventeen feet, No. 1; No. 2, dry.' The *Tunisian* was stricken. There was nothing to do but to put back to Marseilles, trusting to God that we would make port while yet afloat. Like a water-soaked log, the ship responded laboriously to her rudder. We proceeded at diminishing speed back to Marseilles. The French pilot came forward with information that he knew a near-by spot where we might beach her.

"I feared such maneuver, for the reason that the moment the prow slid up on the sand, the weight of the water in the hold would shift astern and drag the ship into the shelving depths. By this time she was drawing thirty-seven feet of water, on a level with the sea, and floating on an even keel. Of the three expedients—beach her, take the troops off in small boats, or keep the propellers going as long as she touched water—I chose the latter. 'You will block the harbor,' warned the French pilot. I told him that I would block every harbor in Europe under similar circumstances, and the *Tunisian* went creeping onward in the dark.

"Life-belts were dealt out to all on board and the officers and troops lined up to meet any emergency that might arise. The Colonel of the regiment approached me as I came down on the deck and asked if he could be of service. It was a critical moment: the engines laboring, the ship wallowing like a wounded thing and the crew aware of impending tragedy. 'You can be of



service,' I said. 'How?' I handed him a cigarette. 'Light this; keep the match aflame as long as possible and illuminate your face so that your men can see you. Be steady, casual, serene. Six thousand eyes are watching us. Don't let your hand tremble!' He came through, rigid as a statue, and as he cast the match away I saw a bead of sweat glide down his neck and merge with the khaki collar of his uniform. It was magnificent. Not a man in the ranks knew what threatened us."

Captain Gillies fixed me with his blue eyes. I now understood what he had meant by "human reactions" in a crisis.

"We put the *Tunisian's* keel flat on the bottom of Marseilles Harbor in forty feet of water," continued the Skipper, "and not a single man of those 3,000 troops so much as got his feet wet. On the way in a P. and O. captain on the way out megaphoned the terrible accusation: 'Road hog!' to which I megaphoned the reply: 'Pardon, Skipper, but I'm a lame duck.' And the next instant, his voice vibrating with regret, he called back: 'Oh, I am so sorry. Forgive me!' It was the *amende honorable* and from the very depths of his soul. That understanding cry in the dark and the lighted match against the Colonel's pale face stand out as the two most dramatic episodes in my whole life at sea.

"Before midnight we lightered all the troopers to another ship and had them on their way to Alexandria, which they reached in safety. The *Tunisian* was pumped out, repaired and again went into action inside of ten days. The ship that hit us reached port without casualties."

## II

### THE STOWAWAY MEETS HIS MASTER

STEAMSHIP MONTCALM,  
MIDATLANTIC

CAPTAIN GILLIES'S tale of The Troop Ship merely whetted the appetite for this narrative of the stowaway, which, unlike its predecessor, deals with physical instead of psychological action.

"Men of the sea, and others who live dangerously," resumed the Skipper, "are brought frequently into contacts not of their own making. In the twinkling of an eye, harmony is turned into discord; quiet into commotion; peace into war. Indeed, the blood in a sailor's heart may be suddenly transmuted into water. Plying between Bristol and Canadian ports, 1904, I was Chief Officer on the *Monmouth* handling colonizers from the British Isles, and parts of Europe. Every voyage from five to ten stowaways got on board, causing us no end of trouble. One, a carpenter, was routed out of the hold by a bucko mate named Jones. 'It would be inhuman to put me ashore,' pleaded the carpenter. 'My tools are below and if I am forced off the ship I have no equipment with which to make a living. Put me to work and I'll earn my passage.' The mate softened.

"When the matter came to my attention I called Mr. Jones down for unwarranted leniency. In retaliation he

hunted the stowaway up and nearly beat him to death. I separated Jones from his victim and read the riot act, but he was adamant in the belief that all stowaways were a bad lot and that it overjoyed him to slug one occasionally. The next day, after we were at sea, I opened an exclusive hatch on the forward deck, under which was packed a cargo that left not more than four feet clearance beneath the planking. As the hatch was raised a colossal hand came into view; a hamlike object, bristling with dark red hair and fastened on a wrist of bone and gristle that seemed to be part of Hercules. Quickly it was withdrawn from view. An excellent opportunity, thought I, for the rude Mr. Jones to yank the giant from hiding and give him the works. But after hearing my description of the human fragment already disclosed the mate announced that he didn't want the rest of it and forthwith passed the buck to me."

"Did you play the hand?" I asked.

"You'll hear," replied Captain Gillies, setting his teeth expressively. "Jones had called me and I had to come through. On the top of the cargo was a roped bundle of shovels, one of which I used to rout out the owner of the gargantuan mauler. After a few jabs in various directions, I hit flesh and got a wild yell in response. 'Come out of there, you bronze lubber!' He began to emerge, hands first. I never beheld upon any living man such mighty and terrible extremities, or such a pair of wrists. 'You asked for it,' said Mr. Jones, grinning. 'He's yours. Take him.'

"I knew at once that if I didn't act quickly the



CAPTAIN GILLIES OF  
THE "MONMOUTH,"  
WHO WON A TILT  
WITH FEAR

GIANT MAC ASKILL'S SHOE  
WINS THE FOOT DERBY

JOSEPHINE OF SEIGNIORY  
PUTS ON A ROMANCE

FORT LOUISBOURG, NOVA SCOTIA, WHERE BUNKER  
HILL DRUMS WERE FIRST HEARD



ATLANTIC SALMON FROM  
RESTIGOUCHE IN NEW  
BRUNSWICK



MRS. HERMAN VON HOLT'S  
PACIFIC SALMON,  
VANCOUVER ISLAND



A PAIR OF PREVARICATORS FROM THE DOMINION  
AND THE STATES

something in there to be reckoned with would soon have me in its deadly embrace. Laying strong hands upon the red wrists—I was no weakling in those days—I hauled forth two colossal arms, hard as steel; a massive head covered with a shock of coarse copper-colored hair, and set on shoulders without a peer among men. I had challenged Goliath and fear beset me. Jones, inert, but not indifferent, suggested that it was time for me to begin activities of a definite sort. The stowaway was cursing in a round, rich brogue, and struggling to free himself from my iron clutch.

“With the strength of desperation, I hauled him forward until the small of his spine rested against the hatch combings. And then, with the whole weight of my body, while still holding his hands, I bent him backward in a half-circle, set my right knee into his belly, and with a succession of pile-driving lunges drove every atom of breath from his carcass; nor did I cease until he wilted beneath the attack. It was either that or extinction for young Mr. Gillies. With my last effort I dragged the rest of him—he was six feet four—from the hatchway, and threw him gasping and helpless upon the deck. A few buckets of sea water brought him back and he was taken below for repairs. The next day I put him to work.”

“Had you broken his spirit?”

“Not in any particular,” said Captain Gillies. “He remained unbowed during the eleven days of the voyage. He never knew, but I was afraid of him. He could not penetrate my veneer of authority. But, oh, how he hated me! At the end of the trip the Skipper was

for prosecuting the red giant and four other stow-aways, but at my suggestion it was decided to give them freedom. I went below to order them off the ship, with warnings that a moment's delay meant irons and prosecution. I made bold to inform the colossus that if fate ever again brought us together on land or at sea I would engage him to a finish. And my heart stopped beating when I uttered the boast. When his feet touched the wharf, he turned, straightened up to his full height, and with both hands extended, the fingers opening and closing at intervals, said slowly, addressing himself to me:

“‘You red-headed bluenose! To get you in there for five minutes would be worth ten years in hell to me. Come—down—from—that—deck—.’ He looked to be seven feet high. God knows what possessed me—perhaps it was the presence of the Captain on the bridge—but like water flowing helplessly downhill and with a prayer on my lips as one going to execution I accepted the invitation with the full conviction that it meant the end. My sole armor was the thin veneer of authority, clothing an empty shell. But Goliath dropped his arms. The glare departed from his eyes, and, without other sign of interest, he turned and walked away. I let him go. ‘Mr. Gillies,’ said the Skipper when I returned to the bridge, ‘you must be a man utterly without fear.’ ‘Captain,’ I answered from the very depths of me, ‘no living man knows more about fear, or even suffered from it more than I, Jamie Gillies, at your service, sir.’ ”

### III

#### A WINDJAMMER'S APPRENTICE DAYS

##### STEAMSHIP MONTCALM, OFF THE GRAND BANKS

**A**ND as I sit here conning the past forty years, trying to cook up something with a thrill in it," said the Skipper, "my thoughts hark back to the time I served as a cabin-boy on a square rigger. At fourteen I put to sea before the mast, and for the next five years knew nothing about human relationship except what I learned from the Captain, the cook and the crew. Overnight I stepped out of short pants and farm life into an uncharted world, filled with mystery and peopled with hard men.

"I was brought up on the deep, in wind and rain and sunshine. Yes, and in fog, blizzards and ice-coated masts and frozen rigging. I've been hungry, and cold and sick; and happy and drunk with the joy of life under all the beacons of heaven from the Southern Cross to the North Star. I've slept in bilge water below decks on a sailing craft and snored in a captain's cabin on a liner eighty feet above the water line. The whole bag of tricks, but the first five years of my novitiate at sea stand out as the richest of them all."

Umph! I was up against a sea dog who was different; a sailor man whose ears still heard canvas crack-



ing in a gale, and wild water in the scuppers, and the creaking of ship's timbers, and ropes straining, and booms groaning.

"Man alive," he went on, as he spun three points in his revolving leather upholstered easy chair, "when I signed on as an apprentice of the bark *Garland* out of Liverpool forty years ago the Captain sent for me to come forward. 'What's your name?' 'Rothwell.' 'Damn your last name; what's your given name?' 'Arthur.' 'Well, that's not your name on this craft. We've got one Arthur aboard. Your name's Joe, which is one hell of a good name, and you'll keep it. Go down in the galley with the cook. That's all, Joe.' From that day to this I am known as Joe Rothwell. People never call me Arthur. If they did I wouldn't know who they meant. Even my wife calls me Joe and letters from the C. P. Company, to which I have been attached twenty-eight years, frequently come addressed to Joe Rothwell. The cook tried his best to make me change my last name, but having some pride of ancestors I declined."

"Did you learn anything of the culinary art at sea?" I inquired.

Commander Rothwell flung me a hard look. "Yes, all of the best maritime dishes were imparted to me in the course of my early experiences," he confessed, with a pretense of proficiency. "For example, I became an expert in the preparation of what was known as 'dandy funk,' composed of one pound of canned butter, two quarts of marmalade and a sufficient supply of broken up pilot biscuit to fill a gallon tub. It

is regarded as a great delicacy among mariners and is supposed to last four able seamen one week. By adding cracker dust we increased its longevity, but not its excellence.

"Then there was a toothsome dessert called 'spotted dog,' consisting of boiled rice and black currants, a combination that resembled the welding of Portland cement with a swarm of blue bottle flies. When cold, it solidified like gutta-percha and when dropped cracked in several directions. Salt pork in all its forms, and army beans in all their grades, beginning at No. 5, which is the outcast bean of commerce, supplied the staple ration. Now and then we got a shot at dried apples, petrified prunes and a small slug of New Orleans molasses. There was a coffee and tea ration but nobody ever knew which was which."

"No brain food from the sea?" I asked.

"Yes, during rough weather flying fish, attracted by the rail lanterns, came aboard in the low waist, but not in sufficient numbers to encourage gluttony. Sailor men get less fish than those ashore. And cobblers' children have no shoes. In early days, sailing vessels carried a pig, which was fattened on the garbage from the galley and killed with ceremony before the ship got back to port. The captain's dinner, so to speak."

"No other fresh meat on the bounding deep?"

"During a calm we caught sea pigeons, a small salt-water bird about the size of a dove. We took them on triangular pieces of tin baited with salt meat or pork rind. The birds swallowed the bait and were brought in, hand over hand, before they could disgorge. A sea

pigeon, soaked in vinegar to kill the fish flavor, is a palate tickler for a seaman, although on shore it would get second money when matched with a slice of fried doormat. The *pièce de résistance* of deep-sea grub is a dish made of canned roast beef or mutton, a handful of desiccated potatoes and one small onion, covered with a flour crust and baked in the oven. It is known as Harriet Lane, so called in honor of an unfortunate cockney girl who, about fifty years ago, was slain by a jealous lover. He cut her into small pieces, reassembled by the London police. Harriet's slayer expiated on the gallows. Hence Harriet Lane as an ironic course on windjammers.

"You can understand why the life of a lad before the mast sticks in his memory and completely absorbs him. When, after five years' absence, I returned to the farm I was in a sense still at sea, so much so that upon arriving home I walked up the graveled pathway leading to the front entrance, rang the bell and waited to be asked in. My sister opened the door, let out a glad cry, shouted 'Arthur!' and took me in her arms. It was the first time I had been called anything other than Joe since I had left for the limitless deep. The next night when I took a stroll downtown to see my old friends, returning at ten, my father, pointing to the clock over the mantel, said sternly: 'Young man, this is no hour for a boy of your age to come sauntering home. Get to bed and be damned quick about it.' "

Captain Arthur Rothwell laughed loud and deep. So did I.

## IV

### THE STORY OF THE MYSTERY SHIP

S. S. DUCHESS OF BEDFORD,  
OFF IRELAND

Captain James Turnbull, R. N. R., has been granted rank of Commodore, 2nd Class. Navy List shows only one R. N. R. officer (the senior Captain) entitled to fly the broad pennant, and, of course, there is no rank in this service. Captain Turnbull, who is an A. D. C. to the King, is a member of the R. N. R. Advisory Committee, which foregathers at 58 Victoria Street "as necessary." He received the C. B. E. for his war services and the Reserve Decoration for long service. —London Truth.

THE above-cited naval officer is my authority for one of the most interesting mystery tales that has come my way during a decade of drifting over the seven seas. If in this column I refrain (contrary to my custom) from naming the central figure it is because Captain Turnbull imposed silence by withholding that information.

"I will tell you a story," he said, in response to my request for a yarn of the ocean, "that has to do with the originator of the so-called 'mystery' ship, identified with the World War. I give you dates and places—not names."

In the interest of accuracy, and for the benefit of posterity, I urged that all of the evidence would add conviction to the narrative.

"Mystery is mystery," averred the Skipper, firmly. "This is what occurred: In the summer of 1915, the Submarine Department of the British Navy, acting upon advice and information in its possession, gave carte blanche for a certain officer in his Majesty's service to make war at sea upon the enemy in such manner as he saw fit. In response to requisition, a tramp steamer, 5,000 tons gross, with a speed of eight knots and a crew of officers and men totaling, let us say, fifty, was placed at his disposition.

"This ship, rated as a cargo carrier, proceeded directly to a Canadian port, via the Straits of Belle Isle. Prior to sailing, her commander, for reasons of his own, devoted part of his time to the business of growing a full beard, which adornment, as you will learn, was to become a prime factor in the program. Upon his arrival at Canada he donned a black frock coat and a top hat, commonly worn at that time by the skippers of cargo ships, and, with the inevitable leather bag, containing ship's papers, was rowed ashore in the ship's tender by a crew of able seamen. In due course, a cargo of pine lumber to the full capacity of the hold and the deck was taken aboard and she cleared for England without having attracted the slightest attention in Canadian waters. It will interest you to hear that up to this period in history no mere freighter so well equipped to make war upon an enemy had ever put to sea."

"In what port did her conversion take place?"

"That particular point," said Captain Turnbull, bristling mildly for his own account, "is part of the mystery in which this particular mystery ship is shrouded. In any case she was prepared for reprisals of the most unexpected nature, and from any quarter. I may say to you, however, that her commander, the better that he might play the rôle of an old-time ship's master, made it a practice to wear his top hat all the time except when asleep. Curious? Perhaps. But he was that kind of a man, and for the better, as you will see, eventually."

"And wore continuously the beard also, I presume?"

"Absolutely! Through the duration of his service; the top hat and the flowing beard to which latter decoration he added a few silver threads by means of make-up. Dressed for the part, one might say. The trip across the Atlantic, uneventful, as befits a ship laden with lumber."

"Why lumber?" I asked.

Captain Turnbull harpooned me with a hard look. "So that in the event of being shelled," he said, "she would remain afloat and carry on. You get the point? To proceed: Off the Irish coast—select your own longitude and latitude. Off the Irish coast, as I was saying, weather fair, and the sun shining, an enemy submarine popped up and signaled the lumber ship to shorten speed and produce her papers for examination in the conning tower of the underseas craft. Without delay, the lumber ship skippe faultlessly garbed in frock

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coat and plug hat—which from long practice he wore with becoming grace—and carrying his credentials in the black bag, signaled his willingness to comply. The tender was lowered and pulled by strong arms alongside the submarine, whose Commander, taking careful stock of the garb and the evident age of his visitor, extended the courtesy of a helping hand that the ancient mariner might the more easily come aboard over the dripping flanks of the U boat, after which the tender backed away. The papers were brought forth and cautiously inspected.

“Of what use was a cargo of lumber, or an eight-knot tramp ship to the enemy? Why detain the old hulk? And yet, though apparently harmless, an enemy ship . . . Was she with a torpedo? In the midst of the conference the Englishman, as though to make a bow for whatever effect it might have, leaned forward over the hatch of the deep-water monster, removed his plug hat and, from its spacious interior dumped four high-powered bombs into the submarine’s thin vitals and with agility, amazing for one so far advanced in years, leapt into the sea. At that instant a tremendous reverberation, exploding downward, and muffled in the depths, blew out the bottom of the metal hull.

“A geyser of acrid smoke, stifling and mixed with spray, shot through the conning tower. The stricken thing writhed in its last agonies. From the boiling sea the crew of the mystery ship tender hauled their hatless but uninjured Commander, and rowed away as the submarine, forever out of commission, went down by the head in thirty fathoms of water.”

"With all on board?" I inquired, not without astonishment at the swift development of the drama.

"That also comes under the head of mystery," replied Captain Turnbull, with the air of one who had finished his story.

Further particulars, woefully lacking, are not important anyhow.

## V

### SEQUEL TO THE MARTINIQUE DISASTER

R. M. S. LADY NELSON

OFF ST. PIERRE

**T**O the west of our ship, a mile distant, Mont Pelée, the ashen tombstone that marks the scene where, in 1902, forty thousand human beings were snuffed out in the twinkling of an eye, lifts its blasted pinnacles. Not within the memory of man had the sleeping monster even yawned.

April 25, 1902, at 8 A.M., preceded by cosmic mutterings, Pelée spat a smoke plume that expanded and rained ashes upon darkened St. Pierre for two hours. May 2nd and 3rd Pelée displayed greater activity, followed by an outburst of molten lava, burying one hundred and fifty employees on a sugar plantation located a few miles north of the city. The announcement on May 7th that the Souffière in St. Vincent, one hundred and fifty miles away, was in eruption led to the belief that the internal pressure had been relieved and that the danger was passed.

On the morning of the 8th, Ascension Day, all the shopkeepers, looking forward to the enjoyment of a holiday, were at home with their families. A brooding quiet hovered over the sleeping city. Mont Pelée, smoking quietly, gave no suggestion of her intent.

More than a dozen ships were anchored in the roadstead within half a mile of the shore, while smaller craft and lighters lay alongside the docks. All fear of the mountain had subsided. St. Pierre slumbered in the tropic heat.

Shortly after 6 o'clock, without a moment's warning, an explosion reverberated throughout the Caribbean. The whole east side of Mont Pelée opened and vomited a tide of black smoke, gas, rocks and earth upon St. Pierre, the water-front and the roadstead: a vast asphyxiation accompanied by flame and lava. In the twinkling of an eye everything, human and animal, on the slopes of the mountain down to the occupants of the very ships anchored at sea, was either dead or dying. The only vessel that escaped from the harbor, where all other shipping met destruction by flame, was the cargo steamer *Roddam*, under command of Captain Freeman. The story of the *Roddam's* flight from that panoramic inferno is a chapter on human torture. Immediately following the explosion a mighty blast of cinders at white heat struck the ship broadside with such force that she careened to the starboard rail. When she righted herself the *Roddam* was on fire. The first officer, responding to Captain Freeman's command, ran forward to stand by the anchor and was so terribly burned that he jumped overboard, aflame. Where he had failed another succeeded. Freed at last, the *Roddam*, with Captain Freeman at the wheel holding the hot spokes in the hollows of his elbows, attempted to steer out to sea. The rudder gear, fouled

by tons of cinders and lava dust that had fallen upon the deck, was all but useless. Finally, clearing the hull of the blazing *Roraima* of the Quebec Line, the *Roddam*, alone and with but a handful of men alive, limped from the harbor of horror to the clean and open sea. At 5 P.M. on the same day, her masts burned away, her rigging destroyed, her decks buried under one hundred and sixty tons of volcanic ashes, the *Roddam* reached St. Lucia. "Who are you?" shouted one in the crowd standing on the deck. "Where do you come from?" "The gates of hell," answered Captain Freeman. "You can tell the world that St. Pierre has ceased to exist."

Roll-call revealed that the first and second officers, chief engineer, carpenter, one able seaman, two firemen, two stewards and the cook, besides seventeen out of twenty-one laborers taken on board to work the cargo, had lost their lives, while the Captain and ten men were badly burned. Further details concerning this appalling disaster, which reached heroic proportions in split seconds of time, would add nothing to its definitions or widen the ranges of one's imagination.

While the R. M. S. *Lady Nelson* steamed past the city of the dead, an awkward but reverential silence obtruded; a state of mind that in some instances amounted to embarrassment. When this feeling had worn away and Martinique was far astern, a passenger turned to Eric L. Roper, chief officer of our ship, and launched a leading question:

"How was it possible, in such a critical situation,"

he asked, "to get up the anchor and start for the open?"

"Curious that you should make that query," replied the chief officer, "and startling that you should make it here within sight of Martinique. And still more startling that you should make it of me. I will answer by relating an incident that, in the present circumstances, is nothing short of astounding. Ten years ago September, in Liverpool, England, where I was taking my examinations for a second mate's certificate, a member of the board asked this question: '*If your ship riding at anchor was threatened by a hurricane, or other extremity that required quick action, what would be your initial act in order to proceed to sea with the least possible delay?*' Now, sir, I must explain to you that in all anchor chains there is a link that is hinged, a link held together by what is called a shackle pin, which is about six inches long, an inch in diameter and made of hard wood. These hinged links are placed fifteen fathoms apart, so that at all times when the anchor chain is overboard and the hook is down a shackle pin is visible above water. By the simple act of removing one of these shackle pins the anchor chain parts and the ship is free. Therefore the reply to the question I have just quoted is: '*Knock out a shackle pin.*' The curious thing about your query in the present case is that the examiner who put the question to me in Liverpool, September, 1922, happens to have been Captain Freeman, master of the *Koddam*, which was able to get out of the harbor here at St. Pierre by virtue of the simple expedient of knocking out the

shackle pin from the sixty-fathom segment of an anchor chain, which in all probability at this moment is still piled up on the floor of the sea a few miles astern of the *Lady Nelson*, where you and I accidentally meet off St. Pierre thirty years after the Martinique disaster."

Whereupon another silence fell, as well it might.

## VI

### WAY OF THE WIND AND TIDE AT SEA

H. M. S. LADY NELSON

MONTSERRAT

**I**N the seventeenth century this island was almost entirely populated by Irish, and the present inhabitants still speak with a distinct brogue. Under the circumstances it is reasonable that at this point I should run afoul of something concerning a big wind. By rights the narrative should bear a Pacific coast date line, but having found it here I shall write it here. Moreover, I will let Joseph Alfred Heenan, second officer of the *Lady Nelson*, on which ship I am floating through the colorful Caribbean, impart the story in his own words:

"Out of Hamburg," he began, "1909, in the four-masted British bark *Lynton*, with a crew of twenty-four, including officers and the Captain's wife, a general cargo for Santa Rosalie, Lower California, via the Horn. From Santa Rosalie in ballast, we beat down the Gulf of California, dodging seven water spouts, more than I ever before encountered in so short a space or span of time. Rounding Cape St. Lucas, with a spanking breeze on our port quarter, we ran for Tacoma, Washington. At Cape Flattery, renowned for rough weather, our barometer began to fall and the fair wind developed into a gale. When the tug that



was sent out to tow us into Puget Sound arrived it was too rough to take the line. Nothing left to the *Lynton*, but a break for the open sea. After seven days' battling with successive gales we worked our way back to the entrance of the sound, and much to our dismay encountered weather conditions similar to those that had driven us to sea a week before, but a stronger tug came out and took our line. We furled our sails and looked forward to reaching port. It was not to be.

"Before we could make the point of the cape the gale drove us back; we had held out too long. Without warning the tug captain cast off, signaling that his steering gear had gone bad, and fled for safety. We sure cursed him. He left us on a lee shore with no sails set, in water too deep to anchor. To this day I recall the terrible momentary silence that swept over us, a silence profound in its awful significance suddenly broken by the voice of Captain Morrell ordering all hands aloft to loose the topsails. The lowers were soon sheathed home, then the uppers loosened. I, who had been in the ship for three and a half years and knew her as a mother knows her child, took the wheel.

"Above the gale I could hear the men singing that old chanty, 'Roll the Cotton Down' while they hoisted the upper topsail yards. Mixed emotions possessed me as voices came swelling above the roar of the breakers and the screaming of the wind in the rigging. Beside me, braced like a rock, stood the Captain. 'Steady, lad . . . steady. Luff her up. Luff . . . her. Steal every inch. We need it!' he cried in my ear. An effort to set the main topgallant came to naught. The canvas exploded

like a cannon shot, blew into ribbons and was carried away. Every minute the thundering echoes from shore came nearer. There comes a time when the elements defy mortal man. That time seemed to be present."

"What of the Captain's wife? Was she aware of the danger?"

"Quite," responded Officer Heenan, "but no man could have been braver than she. Not a word of complaint, nor a sign of fear. The Captain gave orders to lower the starboard lifeboat to the rail and prepare to launch it when the ship struck. He wrapped his wife in thick blankets, with his own hands lifted her in and kissed her good-by. She knew, regardless of all the rest, that he would be the last man to leave the ship. When he returned to my side at the wheel we were so close to the shore that the gray crests of the mountainous breakers were visible in the darkness.

"As a last resort, the Captain decided to put the ship head on among the rocks, rather than let her strike on her beams and pound to pieces, reasoning with logic that striking with terrific force forward she might stick and give us that one chance in a thousand for rescue or escape, or that she might hold together until daylight. It was our last chance. At the moment he was about to shout in my ears the order, 'Hard up the wheel!' the very heavens opened and a deluge of rain such as I have never before experienced fell upon us.

"The Captain knew and I knew that it was one of those tremendous squalls of wild water that invariably precedes a shift of wind, especially in that part of the

world, from southwest to northwest. With a bellow that seemed to come from the whole arc of the sky it burst upon us. The shock was like unto a hurricane; and the ship was taken aback; and it seemed as though the masts would snap. But they held. With all hands at the braces the yards were put around on the other tack. The miraculous had happened. Providence, which sailors call God, had saved us.

"She responded to the helm as a sea gull veering off shore. We cleared the rocks, the land swell, the wild coast and like a bird of passage, with a bone in her teeth, the *Lynton* made Cape Flattery and romped into Puget Sound to her anchorage. She was minus her main topgallant sail, but not a man was missing. The Captain's wife, lying blanketed in the small boat, received the full benediction of the heavenly rain and is still alive to tell the tale.

"The next day, when we docked in Tacoma and went uptown, what should greet us in the window of a local drug-store, gleaming among the rainbow-hued flagons that adorned apothecary shops in those days, but a bulletin announcing the loss of all on board of the bark *Lynton* off Cape Flattery and the 'pathetic death of the Captain's wife and child.' It is seldom that one is called upon to read of one's demise, but it is preferable to get the news in person than to have it retailed to one's widow."

## VII

### THE COCONUT PALM AS A CAMOUFLAGE

H. M. S. LADY NELSON

BRIDGETOWN HARBOR

THE *Lady Nelson* dropped anchor off Barbados to take on 1,800 puncheons of molasses, 3,000 crates of tomatoes and some balata rubber, from which golf-ball covers are made. The passengers played golf, went sea bathing and saw the sights in Bridgetown. Toward evening, as the ship was preparing to depart for St. Lucia, Second Officer J. A. Heenan, whom the readers of this book met in the preceding chapter, came swinging along the deck, his sharp eyes peeled for anything that wasn't exactly as it should be. Experience had taught me that Heenan possessed rare observational powers and could be depended upon to spin a good tale once he got under way.

Half a mile distant on the starboard quarter of the *Lady Nelson* lay the British battle cruiser *Repulse*, awaiting her consorts before proceeding to England after a West Indies cruise. Behind her, breaking the horizon, was a fringe of coconut trees silhouetted against a chrome-yellow horizon. Heenan swept the shore-line, observed the *Repulse*, and broke into a broad smile, unmistakable evidence that his mental barometer was recording.

"What are the indications?" I asked. "Nothing too confidential, I hope, for a landlubber to know?"

"On the contrary," he replied, "you would be much amused at the combination of incidents which culminate with the arrival of the *Repulse* off Barbados in front of these coconut groves. The whole setting takes me back to 1914, on the coast of German East Africa, where there was considerable action between England and Germany during the World War. In the course of events, the German cruiser *Königsberg* sank a British merchantman, *City of Winchester*, off Aden, at the entrance to the Red Sea, and later, in Zanzibar Harbor, the British cruiser *Pegasus*, after which the *Königsberg* disappeared as though swallowed up in the mists, leaving no trace of her whereabouts. Five British men-of-war patrolled the entire German East African coast without avail and finally converged off the Rufigi Delta, where the cruiser *Chatham*, Captain Drury Lowe commanding, had already arrived.

"The assumption was that the *Königsberg* had hidden somewhere in these waters, ideal for a ship of her comparatively shallow draft. The conformation of the shore, which formed many bays and estuaries, all more or less protected by tropical growths, added to the difficulty of detection. One morning, from the bridge of the *Chatham*, a signalman—the eyes of the service—observed through his glass that two coconut trees about one hundred yards apart were lifting their front skyward with amazing rapidity. Nothing with which he was familiar in botanical growth had ever before displayed such phenomenal activity, either in the

tropics or elsewhere. Before his very eyes the two noble trees, about ten thousand yards away, elevated their proud crests into the cerulean blue. Without loss of time the *Chatham's* signalman reported this remarkable manifestation of vitality and all eyes were turned to the twin coconuts, now towering several feet above their neighbors.

"The officers of the *Chatham*, aware in advance that spring tides were due in the Delta waters, decided that something not wholly due to natural causes was brewing. Whereupon the Captain ordered that a salvo of six-inch shells be put into the coconut grove. The first round got startling results. Down came both coconut trees, which had been fixed for purposes of camouflage on masts. The *Königsberg*, hit twice, showed her heels without firing a shot, withdrawing into the deeper protection of the *Rufigi*. Thanks to her light draft, she got away, vanishing completely. Her supply ship, the *Samoli*, hit many times, took fire and sank. I was aboard the British cruiser *Fox*, which appeared shortly after the collapse of the coconut conspiracy."

"How did the *Königsberg* get out of her predicament?" I asked.

"She didn't," retorted Heenan. "We had our hands full, however, and she evaded us for nearly two years, taking advantage of her familiarity with the Delta and running into shallow waters that none of the British ships could negotiate. Two years later the British monitors *Mersey* and *Severn*, with a draft of four feet, were sent out to German East Africa from England,

ran down the *Königsberg* and destroyed her in the swamp where she had been bottled up by British ships ever since the sky-climbing coconut trees had betrayed her presence in the Rufigi Delta, where to this day her ribs repose in a cemetery of tropical foliage."

"But what part in this combination of strange circumstances does the *Repulse* play?" I asked. "You spoke of her at the beginning of your interesting narrative."

"Enough part to be included in the record," answered Heenan. "When the Germans realized that the *Königsberg* was incommunicado, with no possible hope of escape, they set about building another and larger *Königsberg*, which was launched in 1917 and put into immediate commission. If you are familiar with the naval history of the World War you will recall that the last action of any importance was in the North Sea, when the *Repulse* engaged German battle and light cruisers, among them the new *Königsberg*, into whose heart the *Repulse* put a heavy shell, the final wound delivered against the Germans in an action at sea. The last time I saw the *Repulse* was in December, 1918, when I left her at Portsmouth after the Armistice. And now, here, at Barbados, I behold her again anchored against a background of coconut palms doomed to grow deliberately and not be called upon to masquerade as masts for ships concealed. Small world, isn't it?"

"And getting smaller every day."

## VIII

### A RED MAN PLAYS FOR HIGH STAKES

S. S. PRINCE RUPERT

FREDERICK SOUND

CAPTAIN DONALD steaming past Cape Francis at fourteen knots, took a few pulls at his pipe stem and tapped the early days:

"For nearly thirty years I have sailed these waters and watched the development from Seattle on the south up along the coast of British Columbia and through the circle that swings westward by southwest, the whole length of the Alaska coast clear to the tip of the peninsula. It is my opinion—and I have been in every important port of the Seven Seas—that there is no finer or richer land washed by the oceans. The wealth has not even been scratched.

"Here lies the golden hoard that for the next century will be gathered by brave and young men. In the beginning it was the land of chance, where men staked everything on the turn of a card, on desperate luck, on a wager to win or lose all. The very Indians were gamblers. It is now the empire of efficient development, scientific research, systematic business and commercial permanency, with a guaranteed return for every dollar invested."

The Captain, who hails from Greenock, Scotland,



and still retains a musical burr in his speech, went back to puffing his brier. After what seemed to be an unnecessarily long spell of silence—which is a Scotch characteristic—he returned to the beginnings.

“In the nineties I ran along this coast trading for furs. The Indians, then living under the most primitive conditions, held fast to their legends and customs. A first-class sealskin could be bought for five dollars in cash or eight dollars in goods, and other valuable furs in proportion. Totem poles, signs, portents and animal monstrosities served as gods and weather indicators. The medicine man was in his prime. Prophets were held in high esteem.

“An old Indian once told me that whenever a certain animal was seen running along the shore it was an indication of approaching storm; an infallible signal of bad weather which no sane red man could ignore with safety. When I asked for a description of this pilot of disaster my informant became quite incoherent, but I gathered that the animal was something on the order of a composite dragon. Years later a trapper told me that he knew an Indian chief who on several occasions has seen the beast. ‘Get him to draw me a rough picture,’ I said; ‘an outline in the Indian manner.’ He agreed to make the attempt.

Nearly two years afterward I received a package from Graham Island. The contents proved to be a reproduction of the mythical monster carved in black slate stone, reduced to the proportions of about six inches in length. The head was decidedly wolfish and contained a large set of fang teeth. The ears were the

ears of a bear; two tails, one containing a tuft, the other flat like a seal's. The legs were moose in structure and the feet cloven. Down the back was a dorsal fin as long as that of the grayling. I have the carving still in my possession. None other exists to my knowledge. It shows that the Pacific Indians were not without imagination. In that one image the sculptor had exhausted all the animals with which he was familiar. Natives to whom I have shown the carving seem to know what it means.

"I spoke of the gambling instincts of these aborigines. Whenever our ship arrived at a fur center it was the custom to drop anchor in deep water, usually within fifty feet of the shore, there to wait the pleasure of the Indians, who invariably staged a gambling orgy visible from our anchorage. With a blanket between two lines of players, seven on each side, the layout would be arranged by piling up articles of equal value. A knife against a powder horn; a moccasin against a glove; a pistol against a spear; and so on. Behind the backs of one of the lines of seven men a short stick would be passed to and fro, coming finally into a definite hand. At a signal one Indian in the opposite row would be called upon to locate the stick across the blanket. They kept this up, to an accompaniment of crude song, hour after hour until the whole company was exhausted or one buck had cleaned the bunch. They gambled every earthly possession and not infrequently their dogs, huts and wearing apparel. One Indian wagered his wife, but the winner was glad to sell her back for fifty dollars.

"With the advent of playing cards poker came into its own among the coast Indians. They went to the pasteboards with an energy that staggered the white men. Down in Hazelton, B. C., a mixed company of red men and pale faces put on a high-stake game and started to clean each other up. In one corner of the room, where the chips were passing from hand to hand, lay the klouch (wife) of the leading Indian plunger, a chief of the tribe. Over her consumptive form was spread a rare hand-woven blanket, a treasure handed down from a long line of ancestors. A thick pall of tobacco smoke hovered over the players. The atmosphere was stifling. Four sharks, the chief among them, were backing hands for big stakes. They had piled up all their cash and were wagering goods and chattels on the side. Ruin stared three of that quartet in the face.

"It was the chief's turn to make his last stand. The jackals were waiting. With his five cards held against his breast the red monarch got out of his chair, walked over to his sick woman, lifted her head from the squalid pillow and held the poker hand close to her sick eyes. The klouch strained, her emaciated body shook with a racking cough; a cryptic smile played around her pale lips. She nodded and closed her eyes. From her thin form the chief lifted the blanket and crossing to the poker table 'saw' the ante with his last chips and raised the bet to the full value of the ancestral robe. That play, together with the nod of the dying squaw, had done the trick. Three players threw down their hands and quit. The chief swept the winnings into his arms.

The woman in the bunk coughed again and then lay still."

"What," I asked, "did the chief hold?"

"A bobtail flush," answered Captain Donald, puffing at a pipe that had gone out.

## IX

### OFFERS JOB TO DEAN OF CANTERBURY

S. S. EMPRESS OF CANADA  
PACIFIC OCEAN

ON the second day out from Honolulu, returning to Vancouver, quite suddenly there appeared on the promenade deck a tall, gray-haired, very benignant and highly ecclesiastical individual wearing the clerical collar and radiating a graciousness that bespoke the traveled man. An hour later I came upon him inspecting the library. "Would you be so kind," he asked, "as to recommend to me a volume that is typically American?"

"Saving your Grace," I replied, "possibly you will find *On Home Soil*, Volume V of the travel books of Bob Davis, the particular work you seek. It deals exclusively with characters native to the United States."

From the shelf upon which the tome reposed I selected Volume V with a deft hand.

"Ah," said the cleric, thumbing the index, "short stories—very short. If one is not interested in one tale one may turn to another."

"That's the idea the author had in mind," I replied, blushing. Thereupon we exchanged cards. Strike me dead!

## DEAN OF CANTERBURY

The Deanery, Canterbury, England

"And you," said he, whilst I was recovering from my confusion, "are the writer of this book? I shall read it with pleasure."

On the morrow, assuming that he had formed some idea of my methods as a scrivener, I took time by the forelock whilst the Dean and I were joint guests at the table with Captain Haley, and asked him to recount for me an unusual episode in the life of the present Dean of Canterbury.

"I'll tell you two," he answered. "One before I became Dean and another after. As a boy I decided that mechanical engineering would best suit my disposition. I entered a machine-shop in Manchester; served my apprenticeship; became a proficient machinist, and made a comfortable living at it. From the shop I turned to the church and in course of time became Dean of Manchester. Imagine my astonishment when I learned in after years that the celebrated motion-picture star Mr. Charlie Chaplin was an apprentice in the same Manchester shop where, as one might say, I took my degree in mechanics. And the extraordinary thing about it was that none of us knew that we were cheek by jowl with a genius. For my own part I shall apologize to the artist, should occasion offer."

"Charlie would be glad to see you again, especially at the Deanery," I suggested.

"Where it would be a privilege," responded the Dean, with a twinkle in his expressive gray eyes, "to put him up for the night."

We talked of the silent, blatant and legitimate drama at great length before the Dean came around to the second memorable episode in his ecclesiastical life.

"It was during a banquet at the Midland Hotel in Manchester, 1923, attended by the British associates of your Mr. Henry Ford, gathered together for the purpose of celebrating the sale of the first quarter-million Ford cars in England. Imagine my consternation at being asked to speak, being quite unprepared for such a summons. However, I complied as best one might under the circumstances about as follows: 'Much has been said and written concerning the number of children that have been run over by the automobile since its advent in our daily life. Statistics as to the maimed and the killed are startling.' That sounded like a bad beginning for the Dean of Manchester. 'However,' said I, 'there is yet another phase, bearing as it does upon mortality among infants, to which I would call your attention. It is this: Henry Ford in producing a comparatively cheap motor, has rendered it possible for small tradesmen, butchers, bakers, fish venders, milkmen and so forth to make deliveries by gas rather than horse-driven vehicles. The advent of a Ford car meant the elimination of one or more horses; the elimination of a horse meant the elimination of a stable and the passing of a stable meant doing away with flies that spread insanitary conditions fatal to children. Every Ford car sold to a London shopkeeper making

delivery to his patrons serves to lower the annual death-rate and improve the health of England's posterity.'

"That was the tenor of my speech," said the Dean, "and much to my satisfaction it was well received. Immediately on my right sat Sir Henry Veno, manufacturer of a patent medicine known as Lightning Cough Cure. On his right sat the editor of an automobile trade journal. 'Introduce me to the Dean,' said the editor. 'I will if you'll give him trade rates for his copy,' said Sir Henry. And thus it came about that I received 7 guineas for my extemporaneous remarks at Mr. Ford's Manchester celebration. Shortly after, I received a proposition from the Ford publicity department to write automobile advertising, and at a much more substantial income than is customarily received by a dean. Thank you; I remained a theologian.

"In 1929, after I became Dean of Canterbury, Mr. Ford came to London. Believing that he might like to see the oldest cathedral in England, I wrote and asked him down for a night or as long as he might care to stay. His reply was mailed unstamped. At the request of the Canterbury postmaster I sent 3 pence and received Mr. Ford's courteous epistle announcing, much to his regret, that business engagements prevented him from accepting my invitation. Therefore, I never have seen Henry Ford, my possible employer; or, so far as I can recall, Charlie Chaplin, my fellow machinist. But for each I have high esteem."

For the information of Charlie Chaplin, the Dean of Canterbury, when at his trade in Manchester, was



entered on the pay-roll as plain Hewlett Johnson. It is high time they met one another.

Captain Haley, since retired from the sea, told me that he had never seen a mortal man that looked more like George Washington than the Dean of Canterbury, whose portrait is published elsewhere in this volume.

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